God
821 · 3
Sid/wor
93709

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Government of Maharashtra
on 30 January, 2020

A

SIXTH BOOK

TO THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

WRITTEN

By *R. B.* of *Lincoln's-Inn*, Esq;

Sat, si Bene; si Male, inimicum.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXIV.

TO THE

READER.

TO *ſtrive to leſſen the greatneſs of the attempt, were to take away the glory of the action. To add to Sir* Philip Sidney, *I know is raſhneſs; a fault pardonable in me, if cuſtom might as well excuſe the offence, as youth may preſcribe in offending in this kind. That he ſhould undergo that burthen, whoſe mother-tongue differs as much from this language, as* Iriſh *from* Engliſh, *augments the danger of the enterprize, and gives your expectation, perhaps, an aſſurance what the event*

muſt be. Yet, let no man judge wrongfully of my endeavours: I have added a limb to Apelles's *Picture; but my mind never entertained ſuch vain hopes, to think it of perfection ſufficient to delude the eyes of the moſt vulgar, with the likeneſs in the workmanſhip. No, no, I do not follow* Pythagoras's *opinion of Tranſmigration: I am well aſſured divine* Sidney's *ſoul is not infuſed into me, whoſe judgment was only able to finiſh, what his invention was only worthy to undertake. For this, courteous Reader, let it ſuffice, I place Sir* Philip Sidney's *deſert (even in mine own eſteem) as far beyond my endeavours, as the moſt fault-finding Cenſor can imagine this Eſſay of mine to come ſhort of his* Arcadia. Vale.

R. B.

THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

A SIXTH BOOK.*

WHAT changes in fortune the princes of *Macedon* and *Theſſaly* have paſt, together with what event the uncertain actions of ſo blind a goddeſs have been crowned, they may remember, whoſe ears have been fed with their eloquent ſtory, written by the never-enough renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Baſilius, therefore, having beheld with the eye of ſucceſs, the accompliſhment of his miſinterpreted oracle, haſtned (together with *Euarchus*) to his court of *Mantinea*; where the infinite aſſembly, and the publick ſacrifices of his ſubjects, did well witneſs what joy did poſſeſs their hearts, whoſe eyes were reſtored to the ſight of long eclipſed ſoveraignty. Fame, alſo, proud to be the meſſenger of ſuch royal news, had ſoon (with ſpeedy flight) paſt the limits of *Arcadia*; ſo as in few days the court was filled with foreign princes, whom either the tie of a long-obſerved league of amity, or a

* This Sixth Book, was written in the Year 1633.

nearneſs in blood to *Baſilius*, at ſuch a time, brought thither, to congratulate with him; or were ſuch, whoſe honour-thirſty minds hunted after occaſions to make known their acts in chivalry.

And now was the marriage-day come, when *Pamela*, attired in the ſtately ornament of beauteous majeſty, led by the conſtant forwardneſs of a virtuous mind, waited on by the many thoughts of his fore-paſt croſſes in her love, which now made up a perfect harmony in the pleaſing diſcord of indeared affection, was brought to church; whom, ſoon after, her ſiſter *Philoclea* (being in the ſame degree of happineſs, clad in the baſhful innocency of an unſpotted ſoul, guided by the ſhamefaced deſire of her *Pyrocles*'s ſatisfaction, attended on by many graces of a mild chearfulneſs) followed; both equally admired, both equally looked upon.

The temple (whereto in triumph beauty and majeſty were led priſoners by the famous ſiſters) was a fit dwelling-place for the *Arcadian* Deities, fenced from the ſun and winds too free acceſs, by many ranks of even-grown, even-ſet trees, near which, in divided branches, ran two clear ſtreams, whoſe ſweet murmur (as they tumbled over their bed of pebble-ſtones) did much adorn the religious ſolitarineſs of that place. And, that nothing ſhould be wanting that might ſet forth the careful judgment of the builder, it was ſeated in ſuch a near diſtance from the palace, as might not preſently bury the glorioufneſs of the ſhow, nor cloy the beholders with the tedioufneſs of the ſight. In the way, on both hands, were many altars, on which the crowned intrails of the much-promiſing ſacrifices were laid. At the door the two ſiſters were received by as many virgins, attired in a white lawn livery, with garlands on their heads of lillies and roſes intermixed, holding in their left hands a pair of pigeons, the grateful offering to the Queen of Love. Soon after, the accuſtomed rites in the *Arcadian* nuptials being ended, the king and *Evarchus*, with the reſt of the princes, returned unto a ſtately palace, ſumptuouſly furniſhed, where both art and nature ſeemed to be at variance, whether ſhould beſtow moſt ornaments to inrich ſo rare a work: ſeated where the earth did riſe a little (as proud to be the ſupporter of ſo curious a building) by means whereof, the ſight had freedom to

over-

overlook a large territory; where the green level of the *Arcadian* plains, beautified by the intercourſe of many foreſts, repreſented the delightful mixture of a civil wilderneſs. The building of *marble*, where whether the art in carving into many forms, the in-vain-reſiſting hardneſs of the ſtone, the cunning in knitting the diſjointed members, or the invention in contriving their ſeveral rooms, did excel, was hard to be judged of.

The inſide alſo might well be the inner part of ſo glorious an outſide; for, beſides the well-matched largeneſs of the rooms, and lightſome pleaſantneſs of the windows, it was all hung with the choice rareneſs of far-fetched *Arras*, in which the ingenious workman, with the curious pencil of his little needle, had limned the dumb records of revived antiquity. Here did he preſent the memorable ſiege of *Thebes*, where the ruins of her walls ſeemed yet to hang, and make the beholders fear the downfal of the lively ſtones. There you might ſee how cunningly he had expreſſed the conſtrained flight of the *Trojan* prince, and the cruel ſacrifice of inraged *Dido*'s love. Nor was the ſtory of *Scylla* forgotten, who there ſtood before *Minos*, with the preſent of her father's fatal hair; while you might perceive, by his bent brows and diſdainful countenance, the juſt reward of her unnatural attempt. With theſe and others, wherein coſt and invention ſtrove for the maſtery, were the hangings adorned; yet theſe many ſtories did ſo ſtealingly ſucceed each other, that the moſt curious obſerver's eye (though his admiration might dwell on each piece) could find no cauſe of ſtay, until he had overlooked them all. But neither theſe, nor what art or nature could have added, did ſet forth ſo much the palace, as the graceful preſence of the *Arcadian* ſiſters; whoſe beauties, till now, of long time had borne a part with their troubled minds, in a ſweet pilgrimage to a happy event; and therefore at this preſent, ſo far diſburthened of thoſe thoughts, as it was to be ſettled in the moſt deſired injoying of unſpeakable bliſs, the imagination would needs perſuade, if it were poſſible, were bettered.

Dinner being ſet and ended, while the knights (who, to honour that day with tilting, and to ſhew what they dared and could effect in the ſervice, as they thought, of un-

reſiſtable beauties) were putting on their armour, there entered the hall a page, who, with ſubmiſſive humbleneſs, told the king, He was ſent from his maſter, the naked knight, who deſired there to be received as a challenger, to eternize, as the juſtneſs of his cauſe required, the famous memory of his deceaſed miſtreſs *Hellen*, the queen of *Corinth*. *Baſilius*, much pitying the before-unheard death of ſo excellent a queen, willed the page to relate the circumſtance; which being ſtrange in itſelf, and of ſo great a ſubject, wrought a paſſionate willingneſs in the hearers to be attentive.

After that fortune (ſaid he) had beſtowed, by the conqueſt of *Amphialus*, at *Cecropia*'s caſtle, the victory on his adverſary the black knight, this Queen (having long time, by the command of Love, her inward tyrant, made all *Greece* a ſtage for her wandring paſſions) at length went thither, where the end of her ſearch was the beginning of her ſorrows. Finding the curtains of eternal night ready to cloſe up his eyes, who (in the voyage her affection made) had alway been the port ſhe ſteered to; yet hoping ſhe knew not what, that if perhaps *Proſerpine* ſhould meet in *Elyzium* his departed ſoul, ſhe would, in meer compaſſion of her ſorrow, ſend it back to re-inhabit her ancient ſeat; ſhe carried the liſe little-deſiring body to *Corinth*, where, at that time, lived an aged man, by name *Artelio*, one, whoſe fortunate experience in deſperate cures had made famous. Him, by the powerful command of his queen, and the humble tears of a ſtill-miſtruſting lover, ſhe conjures to employ the uttermoſt of his skill, in preſerving him in whom ſhe lived. Some time there was, e'er his vital ſpirits, almoſt now proved ſtrangers to their wonted manſion, would accept the tye of hoſpitality; but when the hand of art had taught them courteſy, and that each ſenſe, though faintly, did exerciſe his charge, *Amphialus*, returning to himſelf, from that ſweet ignorance of cares, wherein he lived, began to queſtion, In what eſtate the caſtle was againſt the beſiegers? thinking he had alway been there; when *Hellen* entred the room, with a countenance where beauty appeared through the clouds of care and fear of his danger: Her, the double and deeply wounded patient (bearing ſtill about him the inward picture of *Philoclea*, whom long I have heard,

heard, in vain, he loved) thought to be the ſame ſaint, the remembrance of whom returned, together with his wandring ſoul, from which it was inſeparable. Now, therefore, with a languiſhing look (the true herald of what he ſuffered) Lady, ſaid he, though the welcome harbinger of a near-following death hath provided this body (while it was mine, alway devoted to your ſervice) as a lodging for his maſter an ever-certain gueſt; yet when I paſs to the *Elyzian* plains (if any memory there remain of this world of comfort you now vouchſafe, heaven knows! your faithful, though unfortunate ſervant) I ſhall never ceaſe to pay the eternal tribute of thanks to well-deſerving death, who, with his preſence, brings the happineſs in life denied me.

The queen, with a penſive ſilence, ſorrowing ſhe ſtood to act the counterfeit of her rival, and ſtill deſirous to injoy the ſweet ſpeech of her revived *Amphialus*, was like a paſſenger, whom the loud command of the rough winds had forced to wander through the unevenneſs of the deep-furrowed ſeas, now in ſight of land, equally diſtracted between the deſire to leave his unnatural habitation, where each wave ſeems to be the proud meſſenger of deſtruction, and fear to approach it, being jealous of his hard entertainment on the rocky ſhore: thus did ſhe continue (fixed in a doubtful imagination) loth to interrupt his pleaſing ſpeech, and more than grieved he meant not her whom he ſpake to; until *Amphialus* (ſtrengthening his newly recovered ſenſes with the conceited preſence of *Philoclea*) found his error, and then, with a look on his miſtaken object (which he could not make diſdainful, becauſe his happy thoughts had once adored it for *Philoclea*) he ſuddenly fell into a deadly trance; whereat *Hellen* (feelingly ſuffering in his danger) ran to him, and bedewing his even then lovely face with the loving oblation of her many tears, ſhe, together poured forth the moſt paſſionate plaints that love could invent, or grief utter; ſo as a while, this accident overthrowing the fabrick of her half-built comfort with the ſuddenneſs of ſo unlooked-for an aſſault, conſtrained her (with bemoaning his caſe) to forget the care of his ſafety; but being withdrawn by her ſervants, the indiſpoſition of her body, cauſed her a while to entertain in bed the fever of her affectionate ſorrow.

In

In the mean time, *Amphialus*, by the skilful care of *Artelio*, was again brought to injoy that, whoſe loſs he would account his chiefeſt happineſs; and faintly withdrawing the cover that obſcured his weak ſight, and ſetling his look upon *Artelio*; Father, ſaid he, if you felt the inward agonies of my tormented ſoul, as you ſee the deſperate ſtate of my low-brought body, I aſſure my ſelf you would not be ſo inhumane, there to employ your endeavours, where, when they have wrought their effect, they ſerve only to confirm the memory of fore-paſſed calamity, with the growing apprehenſion of future misfortune: But ſince my deſtinies have ſo ſet down, that the whole courſe of my life ſhould be inevitably diſaſtrous, I muſt think my tragedy is not yet acted; though what worſe than hath befallen me cannot be imagined, or what may be kept in ſtore (more than I have paſſed) far exceeds my apprehenſion, tho' not my expectation.

Here he began to run over his unfortunate love to *Philoclea*, the killing of *Parthenia*, his overthrow in the encounter with the black knight; inſerting many more diſgraces, which the moſt envious of his glory, would not have caſt as aſperſions on his well-known fame. Thus, with the thought that fate (whoſe working he could not limit) had reſerved him for more miſchief, he ſuffered his wounds to be cured; and ſoon after, walking one evening, as his manner was, in the garden, he choſe a time, as he thought, uneſpied by any, to convey himſelf thorough a back-door, and there finding his horſe (which his page had brought by his appointment) he rid away, whither he knew not, and not much cared, ſo he might leave her, whoſe affection deſerved a more courteous farewell. But, alas! when ſhe heard of his going, what tongue is able to expreſs her ſorrow, in whom the equally-tormenting paſſions of grief and deſpair were lifted to their uttermoſt height?

Two days, ſince the departure of *Amphialus*, poſted away, ſtriving in vain to overtake their irrecoverable fellows, and now the third was come, to be a prologue to the following tragedy: when *Helen* (ſlacking the violent courſe of her inceſſant plaints) gave occaſion to her ſervants to be leſs miſtruſtful of her actions, thinking

thinking that time began to wear away her ſorrows. But ſhe (as by the event was gathered) uſing this as a policy to rid herſelf of the cumber of careful attendance, when (now her truce, in ſhew, with ſorrow, and the reſtraint of her plaints had wrought the effect ſhe deſired) taking her truſty ſervant *Mylama* with her, and leaving a letter with *Lada* (whom, beſides *Mylama*, ſhe only truſted with this ſecret) which, upon the firſt knowledge of her flight, ſhould be given to *Dronus* the chief of her council; wherein ſhe excuſed her ſecret ſtealing away, by a vow paſſed to *Apollo*, in ſuch manner to go a pilgrimage to *Delphos*; ſhe put herſelf on her journey, having an army of paſſions for her convoy, led by love, and waited on by deſire, in hope of what ſhe knew was hopeleſs; yet often checking her deſpairing foreſight, with ſuch unlikely poſſibilities as affection (upon theſe occaſions) is wont to ſupply.

Many days ſhe had not wandred (changing places, to renew her companions in ſorrow) when coming into a pleaſant valley, where, of each ſide, many trees (in the green-leaved mantle of their ſummer-livery) did apparel two neighbour mountains, where ſome ſunburnt ſapleſs pines, by the advantage of the ground (like little-deſerving, in themſelves, birth-only enobled men) overtopped the ſtraight upraiſed cedar, the ſtock of ſelf begun honour. Through this flowry plain ran a many-headed cryſtal current, that did indent the earth as it ſmoothly glided by, to make the obligation of friendſhip between them more firm; and where, it fame-like, increaſed by travel, there (as it was the natural, ſo) it ſeemed to have been the politick body of the ſtate of ſprings; ſuch was the conſtant care of the fountain magiſtrates, and ſuch the well agreeing union of the watry commons. Here ſhe ſtayed (invited by ſolitarineſs, the beſt repoſe for wearied ſorrow) yet giving no reſpite to her mind, ſhe ſpake nothing but *Amphialus*, or of *Amphialus*. O *Amphialus!* did ſhe ſay, and to this invocation the flattering nymph (that always ſeconds what is ſpoken) did joyn the like of her own; and *Hellen*, delighted to hear the ſound of ſo ſweet a name beaten back upon her, for a time ſealed up her lips, liſtening (with attentive ſilence) what Eccho would have farther ſaid; but ſhe (who of the

the powers of a reaſonable ſoul, only had a memory and a tongue only ſerviceable for that uſe) together gave over to reflect her borrowed language, expecting (with like ſtillneſs) her farther ſpeech. But *Hellen*, not able longer to reſtrain the overflow of her panting heart, began to cry out, Unkind *Amphialus!* Thus alſo did the Eccho repeat. But ſhe hearing by the rebound of the words, *Amphialus* accuſed; Diſcourteous Nymph, ſaid ſhe, and how is *Amphialus* unkind? Can the harmony of ſuch excellence admit ſo foul a fault to bear a part with his vertues? Yet, woe is me! he is unkind: could his hard heart elſe ſuffer this love of his (which I only name, becauſe it is the only part worth naming in me) thus long unregarded? Could not my crown (crowned in being a foot-ſtool to *Amphialus*) have purchaſed ſome reſpect? Alas! no: how could unhappy *Hellen* expect the fates reſerved ſo great a bleſſing in ſtore for her?

She had not long debated the reaſons of her misfortune, when *Rinatus* (the only brother to *Timotheus*, but younger by many years) chanced to paſs that way: a man on whom fame had beſtowed, and deſervingly, the name of valiant; yet of diſpoſition ſo miſchievouſly cruel, and ambitiouſly proud, that where his deeds might well have claimed ſo great an honour, there his conditions (as well weighed) brought a reproachful burthen to the ballance of his reputation. He, (his father dying young, and unwilling to diſmember his eſtate, and unable otherwiſe to ſatisfy the hopes of his ſon's ambition) hearing of the Wars of *Laconia*, went thither; where ſoon he purchaſed the opinion of a man reſolute to undertake, and fortunate to execute what he had undergone: and ſerving under *Elorlas* (chief commander for the king) becauſe of the ſympathy of humours between them (whereby nature did inſinuate for *Rinatus*, and taught him flattery without diſſimulation) he grew great in his favour. Soon after this, *Elorbas*, in a conflict between him and the *Helots*, being mortally wounded, yet in death, careful of the welfare of his country, recommended this *Rinatus* (partly for his good liking of him, but principally for his experience in wars, and well-ſeconded judgment) to the king: who, though with ſome oppoſition, (the country-

country-men repining at his, a ſtranger's, advancement) after truſty *Elorbas*'s death, preferred him to the ſame place: his diſcharge of which, outwent ſo far the envy of the jealous noblemen, that well might their king and they, in the death of the valiant *Elorbas*, deplore the loſs of a private man, but muſt confeſs, that his watchful care and undaunted well-ordered courage, did ſurvive in this their general.

In this eſteem he had ſcarce lived a year, when, hearing of his brother and nephew's death, together with his undoubted right to the large territory which his brother in his life-time had enjoyed, he, notwithſtanding, continued in the charge to which he was lately advanced: framing in his conceit his new-acquired greatneſs but as a ſtep to climb the ſoveraignty of *Laconia*: which being elective, he thought the eaſier to be compaſſed, having, by his bounteous affability, gained the hearts of the ſoldiers, and being already poſſeſſed of the chief forts (the beſt ſtrength of the country) wherein he had placed ſuch, who had their devotions linked to his will, becauſe they owed him the benefit of their creation. But finding the accompliſhment of theſe practices to depend upon the death of the king, which, his youth promiſed, was unlikely ſoon to happen, and fearful to draw on the diſcovery of his practices, by ſeeking any ſecret means to make him away, whom the watchful eye of dutiful obſervance did warrant ſecure from any traiterous plots; he ſollicits the King to diſpenſe with his preſence; who (ſeeing the ground of his journey to be the juſt cauſe of his long-deferred revenge for *Timotheus* his brother, and *Philoxenus* his nephew's death, and now a peace was lately concluded with the *Helots*, and therefore his abſence the more excuſable) upon condition of a ſpeedy return, though unwilling, yet for his ſatisfaction, grants his requeſt: who now on his journey, and having in his way to croſs this valley, met the unfortunate queen, whom, though her habit might diſguiſe, her words (over-heard) did aſſure *Rinaldo* his willingneſs to believe, that ſhe was the ſame ſhe ſo often ſpake her ſelf to be, the unfortunate *Helen*.

A while he ſtood doubtful of the perſon, a while amazed at ſo fortunate an encounter, and a long time perplexed

perplexed what puniſhment his revenge would judge fit for (the conceited heinouſneſs of) his brother and nephew's death. At length the queen (now firſt withdrawing her thoughts from that object whereto affection, in ſweeteſt contemplation, had bound them, and ſuffering her mind, before retired within itſelf, now to be informed by her ſervants ſenſes) ſeeing this ſtranger near her, began, as her manner was, to find by enquiry what he knew of *Amphialus*. Wicked woman, replied *Rinaldus*, the all-ſeeing juſtice hath now delivered thee to receive fit puniſhment for *Philoxenus*'s and *Timotheus*'s death: and uſing no more words, preſently cauſed her to be mounted on horſeback, prolonging her life to make her death more miſerable. Thus far hath *Mylana* diſcovered, who, poor Lady! was there left, moſt cruelly beaten, to be the reporter of *Rinaldus*'s revenge, her and miſtreſs's hard hap.

The laſt act of this tragedy, my maſter had the fortune to know, by one of truſt and great eſteem in the court of *Laconia*, to which *Rinaldus* had conveyed *Helen*, where, for a time, ſhe was honourably entertained, finding no want but of command and liberty: the king, belike, fearing the power of the wronged *Corinthians*, preſerving her as a ſure card for a dead lift. But when he underſtood that one *Tenarus* (a man apt to practiſe innovations, and at this time able, when the many-headed multitude wanted the awful preſence of their ſoveraign) took upon him the government, pretending a title to the crown, as deſcended from thoſe, from whom *Helen*'s anceſtors, as he alledged, had traiterouſly forced it; then did the tyrant of *Laconia*, finding the way ſecure for his miſchievous practice, vehemently importuned by *Rinaldus*, and urged forward by the politick wickedneſs of his own deſire to pleaſure the new king, ſecretly cauſe *Helen* to be poyſoned: Such was the end of this great queen, juſtly beloved of all, who heard the fame of her vertues, and therefore juſtly to be deplored of all, who hear the unredeemable loſs of ſo many perfections.

Baſilius, and the reſt of the princes, were much moved with ſo tragical a ſtory, eſpecially *Muſidorus*, who (in ſearch of *Pyrocles*) having the fortune to ſee her, could witneſs, that though fame hath borrowed

all

all mens mouths to proclaim her many excellencies, yet it was far from doing right to her deſert. But this was no fit lodging for pity to dwell in, where joy had ſo great command. The meſſenger therefore being permitted to part, with free leave for his maſter to enter the liſts, judges were appointed, and the challenge proclaimed.

The challenger underſtanding of the king's liking of his demand, came forth of his pavilion, with armour ſo lively repreſenting nakedneſs, wounded in many places, (where the ſtaunchleſs blood, in the courſe the workman had allotted it, ſeemed to drop deſtruction) that many thought a madneſs had poſſeſſed him (ſo unarmed, ſo wounded) to preſent himſelf in ſuch a trial, where a ſurer defenſe, and a ſounder body were more needful. Before him went ſix, as ſavages, bearing the lances for his firſt courſes; who coming within diſtance to be heard, did ſing theſe following verſes.

Too ſoon you fled from hence to that fair place,
The happy period of a well-run race:
Too late I ſtay in grief's eternal night,
To do this penance for my over-ſight.
Once let me die, let not my dying life
Prolong my woes, and keep my thoughts at ſtrife:
Let him that did offend your heav'nly eyes,
Now pleaſe your anger with ſelf ſacrifice.

Then one of them, reaching him a lance, he began his courſe againſt *Tyro* prince of *Andria*, famous for his conſtant love to the fair *Lydia*, now married, and queen of *Epire*, and ever fortunate in the courſe of his adventures: but here his fortune gave place to virtue, or, rather, joined with her, to aſſiſt the naked knight; for, at the third encounter, he was put beſide his ſaddle, much bruiſed in body, and no leſs afflicted in mind.

The next that ſupplied his place, was *Pauſanias*, a *Macedonian*, one, who in his late wars had done *Pharicles* faithful ſervice, and now thinking to be as ſucceſsful in this enterprize, had put on armour to do honour to his miſtreſs: but his firſt courſe compelled him

to

to acknowledge he was deceived, ſeeing himſelf fall ſo ſhort of his expectation.

To him ſucceeded *Nicanor*, a *Corinthian* knight, advanced by the new king: one extreamly confident of himſelf, becauſe never tried, and now very forward, fearing to be prevented of the honour, for which already, in conceit, he had triumphed at *Corinth* with the great applauſe of the people, and the good liking of the king. But the naked knight, at a ſecond courſe, cut off both his life and imagined trophy: for, couching his lance, and allotting it in his courſe a juſt deſcent, rightly levelled by his well-judging experience, it met with *Nicanor*'s ſight, and paſſing thorough that weak reſiſtance, it pierced his right eye, and with it his brain; ſo *Nicanor* fell down, forgetful both of his forethought fame and following reproach. With this adventure the tilting that day ended; the ſun with looſe rays, poſting to his weſtern home, and the naked knight retired himſelf to his pavillion, whence he ſent his page, who, humbly, for his maſter, intreated, That his unwillingneſs to be known, ſhould excuſe the omiſſion of his duty to the king.

Thus that night drew on, which, to them who enjoyed delight, ſeemed to have put on all her ſails to be the ſpeedier in paſſing over. But far other was the naked knight's apprehenſion: he (who made her ugly darkneſs a pattern of the ſorrow his afflicted ſoul endured) thought ſhe was becalmed in the ſea of his misfortune. At length *Phœbus*, weary of his importunity, made haſte to diſtribute his grateful light, to his care-tired ſenſes; and he as ſoon imbracing the ſmalleſt ſhew of comfort, put on his armour. About two hours after, the judges being ſet, and *Baſilius* and *Euarchus* (with the reſt of the court) preſent, *Leonatus*, the young king of *Pontus*, (who had been there to acknowledge his beholdenneſs to them, whom he was deſervingly bound to) took the field. His armour was of a dark colour, thorough which many flames ſeemed to break out, as when the clouds, great in labour with exhalations, at length gave way to their more violent power: his three firſt courſes promiſed a more happy event, than fortune meant he ſhould enjoy; for (having performed them with a well-ordered firmneſs

firmneſs in his ſeat, and a moving conſtancy in the carriage of his lance, to the great delight of the beholders) the fourth time he was diſmounted; whoſe diſgrace *Pyrocles* was ready to revenge, but he was, by a ſecret look from *Philoclea*, commanded the contrary. Then *Telamon*, *Phelauceas* and *Diremus* felt, with little advantage in fortune, the like ſucceſs.

Thus, moſt part of that morning, the naked knight, with little reſiſtance, had the beſt againſt all comers, which moſt of the lookers-on, with publick acclamation, did teſtify: but he having given over the uſe of himſelf to ſorrow, ſometimes by the careleſs ſhaking of his head, did let them know, they burdened his deſert with the unpleaſing weight of his praiſe; and ſtaying a while on horſeback, he expected the next adventurer, with ſuch a demeanour of himſelf, as (though it did accuſe him of much grief) could not conceal the grace of his ſtately preſence. But when he ſaw none ready to take the field, with an humble bend taking his leave of the king, he ſoftly trotted towards his tent, not ſo much to repoſe his body, as to give a quiet way to the aſſaults of his mind. At length, when all the beholders expectations were almoſt wearied, there entered the liſts a lady, attended only by one page, who having lighted, preſently went towards the place where *Baſilius* ſate; where firſt kneeling, then taking away a black ſcarf (which grief had hired to joyn with her ſelf, in eclipſing the excellent feature of a moſt fair face) ſhe began to ſpeak: but *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* haſtily ran to embrace *Hellen* queen of *Corinth*, for this was ſhe. Great was the joy for her revived preſence, and great the deſire to know the means of her ſafety. But ſhe (accounting theſe gratulations cumberſom, and the relation of her adventures tedious) fixing her watry eyes on *Baſilius*; Great king, I am, ſaid ſhe, that unfortunate *Hellen*, ſometime queen of *Corinth*, now both deprived of crown and kingdom, by *Tenarus*. Yet why ſhould I mention this, as fit to be inſerted among my greateſt misfortunes? The cauſe why now I come, is my care of *Amphialus* his ſafety, in whom I live, to whoſe diſdain I have vowed the tribute of my conſtant love: he (alas! why ſhould I live to ſpeak it?) not long ſince following the courſe of his

adventures, came to *Amaſia*, where he was made priſoner, and carried to *Dunalbus* prince of that country; whoſe brother it was *Amphialus*'s fortune to kill in reſcue of a lady, to whom he would have offered diſhonourable violence. Theſe news came to mine ears (to add more to many miſeries) at that time when I chanced to be at *Delphos*, pouring forth my heartieſt devotions for my moſt beloved, my moſt unkind *Amphialus*: but the pitying God, either to ſtay my hands from the execution they intended (but to what end might that be? that God knows; for no time can unbend my affection) or, as heaven grant it may be, in commiſeration of my caſe, thus comforted me;

> Hellen, *return*; *a naked knight ſhall find*
> *Reſt for thy hopes, and quiet to thy mind.*

Thus far have I wandred, led by that divine promiſe, in purſuit of ſuch a one: But no-where can I find a happy event to confirm that oracle; yet dare I not deſpair, having ſo high a warrant; nor hope, having ſo bad ſucceſs.

You are fortunately come, ſaid the king: This knight, whoſe skill in arms hath made your well-deſerving virtues famous, may be that man pointed out by the finger of heaven, to releaſe *Amphialus*, who both in name and armour repreſents a naked knight. O no, ſaid the queen, it cannot be expected that *Apollo* would leave ſo plain a way for us to track out the footſteps of his obſcure myſteries. Madam, replied *Baſilius* (having firſt placed her in a chair by him) the all-ſeeing Providence, with whom the ends of all things are preſent, is ſometimes pleaſed to caſt forth the emblem of our deſtinies, ſo ſtrangely hidden in the covert of ambiguous words, that, doubtleſs, it ſerves to beget nothing but matters of diſtruſt, and labyrinths of errors, where the imagination a thouſand ways may be led aſtray; of this you have a preſent proof, confirmed by my experience: And ſometimes the ſame juſtice unfolds the ſecret of our fate, and plainly lets us know the myſtery of our fortune: yet even that plainneſs, to the curious ſearch of our ſtill-miſtruſting brain, becomes a reaſon ſufficient to enforce

us

us to a contrary belief. This laſt, I think, (if, in the interpretation of an oracle, my opinion may be received) is that mean, whereby *Apollo* both reveals and hides the author of *Amphialus*'s freedom. This ſaid, he ſends preſently for the naked knight, who as ſoon obeying the king's command, as he was compleatly armed, came before him; to whom *Baſilius* chearfully told (as glad to be the reporter of ſo good news to him, whoſe proweſs in arms deſervingly gained much of his good opinion) of *Hellen*'s being there, together with her deſire to employ him in an action the heavens had alſo intereſted him in. What is it, replied the naked knight, that, without ſuch a command, I would not endeavour to accompliſh for my moſt dear *Hellen*? And then, with exceſs of comfort and aſtoniſhment, his weak limbs were ready to give over the ſupport of his joy-burdened body; but, being upheld by *Muſidorus*, who ſtood next him, his over-charged ſpirits had time to recollect themſelves.

The queen gathering comfort from his promiſe, and ſeeing fair likelihood of the oracle's accompliſhment, with the oratory of love, who thinks no words but his own, able to expreſs his mind, began in this manner: Sir, ill-fortune my awful governeſs, as in the moſt of my actions ſhe is pleaſed to keep a hard hand over me, ſo in this (diſtruſtful belike of my willingneſs) ſhe forces me to repeat my wonted leſſon of receiving courteſies without power of requital; making one undeſerved favour from you, become a cauſe of farther beholdenneſs to you: But the glory that follows your good ſucceſs in this adventure (the beſt ſpur to ſet forward brave ſpirits to noble actions) hath almoſt aſſured me, that the love you profeſs, and a diſtreſſed lady's cauſe, need not joyn petitioners in a requeſt your virtue muſt be willing to grant. The reward of your victory, is the releaſing of *Amphialus*; of whom I may ſpeak, and the world with me, all praiſe worthy things. Madam, replied the naked knight, I thought the gods could not have favoured me more, than in giving you reſpite of life, and me power to be ſerviceable to you: but when I conſider the end I muſt employ my endeavours to, it buries my conceited happineſs in the grave of a certain miſfortune. Shall I labour to pre-

ſerve that monſter of men, whoſe ſtory (if the world will needs read) contains nothing but a volume of diſaſters, and a vain diſcourſe of a few adventures, caſt upon him by the blindneſs of chance? Shall I hazard my life for him, againſt whom, had I lives innumerable, I would venture them all? Shall I live to make another happy in your favour, and croſs mine own deſires? No, madam, I will ſooner leave my blood here before you, as a teſtimony that fear hath no intereſt in my diſobedience to your command, then I will make my after-life truly miſerable in the burden of a hopeleſs affection. To this the queen a-while in tears, as if her eyes ſtrove to ſpeak for her, made a ſilent anſwer; but when her ſighs had breathed forth the over-charge of her breaſt, firſt ſhe kneeled, then faintly ſaid; O eternal preſident of this court of cares, when will thy juſt pity commiſerate my diſtreſs! Alas, ſir, what new way have the gods found to vent their malice on me! have I made diſdain my only miſhap, and muſt now affection towards me be another undeſerved misfortune? Behold, ſir, and, if you can, with pity, a queen born to command, a ſuppliant at your feet, begging what goodneſs ſollicites you to grant; releaſe *Amphialus*: and if your jealouſy thinks he hath too much intereſt in my love, reſtore him to the world that wants him, I will vow a virgin's life. Stay, virtuous queen, replied the naked knight, and lifting up his beaver, receive, ſaid he, thou beſt of women! the overjoyed *Amphialus*.

The queen, as when the ocean ſwells with the rage of a tempeſt, if on a ſudden theſe blaſts be appeaſed, yet the proud waves, mindful of their fore-paſſed injury, and indiſpoſed to ſo ſpeedy a reconcilement, ſome while retain the rough remembrance of the winds malice; ſo were her thoughts, before moved by the ſtorm of deſpair, though now ſhe had cauſe of contented quiet, on a ſudden, incapable of ſo unlooked for a happineſs; firſt doubt, then amazement, laſtly exceſs of joy, by ſucceſſion, were admitted to the helm of her diſtreſſed heart. But when joy had once got to be the ſteerſman, his want of practice (by his long abſence from that imployment) ſoon brought a confuſion; here the warm tears of ſorrow, there the cold drops of a preſent comfort, did ſtrive whether ſhould ſhew himſelf moſt offi-

officious in drowning her pale blushing cheeks: At length they both, no longer able to resist this powerful invasion of their minds, as by mutual consent, fell, the one intwined in the other's arms, and made the earth happy in bearing such matchless lovers: But their senses being soon restored to their wanted function, after some passionate words (to which their eyes and touch of their hands gave life of expression) *Amphialus*, divided into many minds by the turbulent working of his thoughts, turning towards his uncle, with his eyes fixed on the ground, stood with the grace of a man condemned, who having led a loathsome life in an ugly dungeon, is now brought to a freedom of looking upon the open air, yet sees the day is but a taper to light him to his execution. Of the one side he was brought from the hell of despair, wherein he lived in the assurance of *Helen*'s death, to the certainty of her life and presence; of the other, what was his treason to his uncle to expect, but an infamous death, and a divorce from his new-born happiness. The shame also of a crime so foul as his rebellion, was not the least torment to his mind, unwillingly beaten from a settled course of virtue by *Cecropia*'s practices. At length, when these thoughts, that almost overcame all the powers of life in him, were themselves overcome by his resolution, casting himself at *Basilius*'s feet, he thus said: Great sir, if treason in a subject, and unnaturalness in a nephew, be punishable, here you have before you a fit exercise for your justice; I am that subject, whose rebellion interrupted the contented quiet of my king's solitary life, and brought him to behold the bloody tragedy of a civil dissention in his divided state: I am that nephew, whom a wilful disobedience made a traitor to the nearness of his blood. Hither did I come, *Orestes*-like, tormented by the inward fright of my guilty conscience, with my blood to wash away (if good fortune, in the defence of the cause I undertook, would draw death upon me) the stains of such unpardonable faults; but now that I have found what I least looked for (and then he cast a side-look on *Helen*) for her, I confess I should desire to live, if your just indignation might find mercy for so heinous offences; which I will not strive to mitigate, however justly I

may; for I would think ſuch faults ill excuſed, with which, to eaſe my ſelf, I muſt have burdened my neareſt friends.

Baſilius, firſt graciouſly lifting him from the ground, Nephew, replied he, did I retain the memory of your youthful overſights, this your vertuous acknowledgment were ſufficient to bear them away; but long ſince I have buried in oblivion the thought of your raſhneſs, becauſe I knew (by what after happened) that the gods had made you an inſtrument to work their ends; It were injury therefore to queſtion his actions, whoſe will was not his own, being over-ruled by their all-commanding decree. No, nephew, I do not only pardon theſe tranſgreſſions, but freely alſo do reſign all ſuch poſſeſſions as your father held in *Arcadia*, taken from you in the laſt war, and now in the hands of *Philanax*. Live happy in your choice; I ſhall be proud of our alliance with the crown of *Corinth*, and ſhall rejoyce to ſee the ſucceſſion continue in our blood. This ſaid, he led him to *Gynecia*, then to *Euarchus*; but when he came to *Muſidorus*, This, nephew, is that black knight, ſaid he, who, at your laſt meeting, gave ſuch evident proof of his unconquerable valour; This is *Muſidorus* the prince of *Theſſalia*, whom the gods have beſtowed as a bleſſing on my daughter *Pamela*. *Amphialus*, now aſſured by the king's ſpeech, unto whoſe hand the honour of his conqueſt had fallen (for doubt had long tormented him, that ſome baſer hand reaped the glory of his victory;) Prince *Muſidorus*, ſaid he, my hard ſucceſs in our laſt encounter much perplexed me; not that my confidence of myſelf, was lifted to ſuch an arrogant preſumption, to think my ſtrength and skill in arms matchleſs; but that it grieved me, that an unknown knight (one, whom the world might think had concealed his name, leſt, together with him, his bad fortune in tryals of that kind, might be diſcovered) ſhould have the better of me. But now, that I know to whoſe lot my victory hath fallen, I do not only bring an excuſe, but an honour, from the worthineſs of the conqueror.

Courteous *Amphialus*, replied the prince, whoſe ſide the advantage of fortune did then incline to, if it may be determined, with greater reaſon, and more deſert, ſhould the honour be given you, than beſtow-

ed

ed on me; but, however, ſuch tryal I then made of your manhood, that, hereafter, I ſhall deſire to be of your part. Worthy prince, ſaid *Amphialus*, your virtue will always chooſe to be of the weaker ſide. And ſo turning to *Philoclea*, Divine lady, ſaid he, in your excellent choice of the famous *Pyrocles*, you have (beſides the happineſs gained to your ſelf, for which the world may envy you) ſhewed me the way to my beſt hopes, by grafting my affection in the ſtock of my *Helen*'s conſtancy. Dear couſin, replied *Philoclea*, I am glad it was in my power, and your good fortune, ſo much to better your choice in ſo excellent a remove: And ſo, caſting a baſhful look towards *Pyrocles*, Sir, ſaid ſhe, we may joyn in thankſgiving; this is my couſin, whoſe vertuous diſpoſition, during our impriſonment, was our ſafeſt defence againſt my aunt *Cecropia*'s cruelty. I do acknowledge it, ſaid *Pyrocles*, and beſides this favour, in which we have a common intereſt, Sir, I muſt crave pardon for a wound given you at ſuch a time, when, belike, you made patience your only defence. *Amphialus* ſtood with his eyes fixed on *Pyrocles*; for his memory ſupplied him with a confuſed remembrance of ſuch a face: *Zelmane* he could not take him to be, her ſex and this change, at their firſt birth, deſtroyed theſe apprehenſions. *Pyrocles*, his heart ſwore he was not, whoſe youth and beauty, god wot! were no fit livery for ſuch atchievements as the world famed him for. Thus a while he continued, troubled with the uncertainty of conjectures, until *Pyrocles* (happily conceiving the cauſe of his amazement) ſtopped his farther admiration, by letting him know, that the then *Zelmane* was the now *Pyrocles*. Whereat *Amphialus*, as one newly waked out of a dream, cryed out, *Anaxius*, *Anaxius*, ſaid he, 'twas the prince of *Macedon* (not a woman) overcame thee. Whereſoever thy ſoul be, let it keep this time feſtival, as the birth-day of thy glory. And ſo, after mutual embraces, together with the reſt of the princes, they entered the palace; where, when they were ſeated, the eyes of all the company were ſet on the queen of *Corinth*, longing to know the ſtory of her ſtrange fortune; now a queen, then a priſoner; now alive, then dead; which ſhe, at *Baſilius*'s intreaty,

with a majeſty which her fortune could not change, becauſe 'twas innate, thus declared.

Great ſir! that I was made priſoner by *Rinatus*, and by him carried to *Laconia*, fame, together with the news of my ſuppoſed death, belike hath brought you; the reſt, ſince you eſteem worth your hearing, I ſhall eſteem worthy my relation. There yet governs, and then did, among the nobility of *Laconia*, one *Creton*, a man elected to the crown rather to recompenſe the deſert of his anceſtors, than for his own virtues, beloved and borne with for the ſame reaſon; ſuch an everlaſting monument of itſelf, can goodneſs leave to poſterity. To him when I was brought, my guilt and my guilty ſelf, with the beſt oratory *Rinatus* had, was made known; who, with vehement importunity, deſired, that my ſpeedy puniſhment, as my fault, ſhould be terrible. The king anſwered, Though he found his demands reaſonable, and ſuch to which he was ſure there could be no oppoſition made, yet he thought it fit the nobility ſhould be acquainted with ſo weighty a cauſe, before he proceeded farther in it, and ſo, for this time (being committed to the charge of *Pertinax*, chamberlain to the king) I was diſmiſſed. The next day, the council being ſent for, my cauſe run the hazard of many opinions; ſome thought it fit I ſhould die; And tho' juſtice, ſaid they, might not diſpenſe with ſuch ſeverity, yet it was fit to pleaſe *Rinatus*, one who had deſerved well, and had the power, if otherwiſe he were dealt with, to revenge his injury. Others, the more in number, and eſteemed the wiſer, becauſe the king held with them, oppoſed this ſentence, alledging, ſo inconſiderate an act might call the ſafety of *Laconia* in queſtion; For, ſaid they, ſhall we think the *Corinthians* ſo degenerate, that, being juſtly incens'd againſt us, they will not endeavour to revenge the death of their prince, in the ſhade of whoſe reign they enjoy that peace and plenty their neighbours envy them for? and if they ſtir in it, what people is ſo barbarous, whom the juſtneſs of their cauſe will not procure into the ſociety of this war? See then if a private man's ſatisfaction be to be compared to theſe enſuing dangers? No, let her live, and when the gods do otherwiſe diſpoſe of her, let her death come without the ruin of *Laconia*. This determined,

a new

a new doubt aroſe, how I ſhould be diſpoſed of; they that before thought it expedient I ſhould die, now that opinion was put by, concluded, That it was beſt to ſend me to *Corinth*, with an honourable convoy, ſo to tie them, by a perpetual bond of gratitude, to be their friends, whom they ſo much feared to be their enemies: The reſt, to gratify the king, whoſe affection they perceived to lean that way, and well aſſured it was an advice too profitable to be rejected that gained a kingdom, though his promiſe after the queen's death (who, not long before, left him a widower) had been paſt to *Lemnia*, a fair and virtuous lady, daughter to my keeper *Pertinax*; yet they wiſhed, if ſo he pleaſed, my crown might win me to his bed, little doubting but I had thought it an egregious felicity to be ſo graced. The king, after many protractions, at length, as if he were wrought to it by a deſire to ſatisfy the nobility rather than ſelf-will, declares his mind to be directed by them; which, once known, behold! the flattery of the court began to fawn upon me; Who more obſerved? who more admired? Only *Rinatus*, much impatient of this my greatneſs, in court, uttered ſome words in choler, which made known, by a further inquiry, a conſpiracy of his againſt the king, ſo as ſoon after (the rather to give me, whom they ſtudied to pleaſe, ſatisfaction) he was beheaded.

But long it was not before fortune, neither conſtant to my happy adverſity, nor adverſe felicity, had brought thither (ſent by the uſurper *Tenarus*) a wiſe, but wicked inſtrument, whom he called his ambaſſador, who laboured, by the policy of his high-reaching brain, and the ſecret practices of his undermining gold, ſo far for his maſter's ends, that now, in an inſtant, the ſtill-changing face of court-reſpect began to frown upon me: My death was decreed, and, until the time were appointed for it, my ſelf made a cloſe priſoner in my accuſtomed gaol. But the king, chiefly moved with the hope of my crown, and drawn by a ſelf-conceit of liking to my ſorrow, which, perhaps, had a ſympathy with his melancholy, would needs continue the ſuit of his affection to me, though he durſt not interpoſe his over-ruled authority for my liberty. Thus, for a time, did I live, accompanied by ſome few, to whom the king might truſt

truſt his intents, he, in ſhew, courting his firſt love *Lemnia*, and making that a pretence to come private to her father's houſe near adjoining to court. But indeed, as at that time he could have no reaſon to diſſemble with me, this kindneſs came another way; which *Lemnia* ſuſpecting, and being as far gone in affection to this double-dealing king, as he was in the profeſſion of a little-regarded love to me, her watchful eye ſoon found the advantage of a happy opportunity to hear himſelf ſpeak his own deceit, with ſuch a heart-burning vehemency, that *Lemnia* (who had placed herſelf, unknown to either of us, behind the hangings) ſcarce could ſuppreſs her entry, to play a part in our comedy of affection. But to his demands truth anſwered for me plainly, That death, in whoſe expectation I lived, would be far more pleaſing than the marriage he thought ſo reaſonable; adding withal to my ſpeech much of *Lemnia*'s praiſe, which ſhe deſerved, to inſtruct his eyes that, indeed, were blind in his choice.

But when he parted, vowing to be ſevere in my puniſhment, unleſs I reſolved better at his next coming, behold *Lemnia*, with tears in her eyes, fell at my feet; and when ſhe ſaw amazement in my looks, with a kind baſhfulneſs, taking my hand, and riſing with that help; Virtuous lady, ſaid ſhe, if ever you have been acquainted with the tyranny of all commanding affection, to that judge I appeal, who (though courteſy and good manners oppoſe him) will find my fault excuſable. This man, who, in your preſence, hath been the trumpet of his own inconſtancy, firſt with the vehement proteſtation of his ſincere affection, won me in gratefulneſs to meet him, in the recompence of his unknown diſſimulation, if ſuch then it were; and now with the good liking of the ſtate, were the ſolemnities appointed for our marriage, when your arrival croſſed thoſe hopes, and drew his thoughts to their natural temper of unſtayedneſs. But ſince I have found, by this fortunate unmannerlineſs, your anſwers ſo reſolutely oppoſed to his demands, henceforth I vow to work your freedom, or bring myſelf to periſh with you. Her fault found an eaſy pardon at the tribunal ſhe appealed to; I thanked her, as there was good cauſe, for her deſire of my good; only I wiſhed, if my freedom could not be procured with-

without danger to her, ſhe would not heap miſeries upon me, by joining herſelf a companion in my diſaſters. She comforts me with the hope of better event, and to bring her intention to a wiſhed ſucceſs, ſhe wins my unwillingneſs to ſhew ſome favour to the king: Which next day I did, having placed *Lemnia* where ſhe had placed herſelf the day before, to be a witneſs to our conference; for otherwiſe, perhaps, her love this ſecond time might have egged her ſuſpicion, already prone that way, to the diſtruſt of a practice between us. And happy was this forced diſſimulation; for the king, not long before his coming to me, had received advertiſement, That the uſurper of *Corinth* had levied an army, and ſet forth many ſhips to invade *Laconia*, making the delay of my promiſed execution the pretence of this war; which being alſo known, they (who, together with this foreign enemy, feared the rebellion of the *Helots*, who alway lay in wait for an opportunity of ſuch advantage) now, more than ever, began to ſollicite the king to ſatisfy ſo potent an enemy in ſo juſt a demand. The king, well weighing the imminent dangers that were to be prevented by my death, and ſeeing the little comfort he did enjoy by prolonging of my life, (likely every day to increaſe my obſtinacy, being none of thoſe lovers that would die for his diſdaining miſtreſs) was ready to deliver me over as a ſacrifice for the ſtate and country; when, behold! his ſails were filled with ſelf-opinion in my favour. Borne up, therefore, with the wings of hope, he returns to court, where love (or ſome indulgent fate) inſpired this project into his head; He calls the nobility, and after a long narration of the miſchiefs that hung over *Laconia*, he deſires their advice for prevention. They, glad that the only oppoſer, as they thought, of their deſigns, would have recourſe to their directions, in that cauſe wherein they were jealous of his partaking, after a flattering inſinuation (the common *exordium* to men of his place) they concluded, That it was fit that *Hellen* ſhould die. I doubt it not, ſaid he (nor was it to that end I ſought your counſel) that the neceſſity of the times, the welfare of our perſon, and the preſervation of our ſtate require her death; but it much perplexed me, that our fame ſhould bleed with her, or that the world ſhould ſay, The threats of the king of *Corinth* had

had inforced us to behead her whom lately we were to take to wife. 'Twas this, my lords, that cauſed my miſinterpreted reſolution to hang in ſuſpence; for this I have turned my invention into all forms, and now, behold, I have found an even way to lead me between the perils of a threatned war, and the ill-bought quiet of an ignominious peace. My will is, She be brought to court (for *Pertinax* his houſe I think not convenient for this project) and placed here, with ſuch about her as I know moſt truſty in ſuch a ſecret; then, that her keepers, at fartheſt, within two days, poiſon her; which done, we will give it out ſhe died of a diſeaſe; and to confirm this opinion in the vulgar, we will honour her death with ſuch funeral pomp as the ſtate of her life required. Thus ſhall our cauſe of diſſention with *Corinth* be taken away, and we freed from that imputation the world might juſtly lay upon us. The nobility, with ſilent admiration, began to applaud what he had determined, chiefly *Pertinax*, who, making the common cauſe his pretence, laboured by all means to confirm a reſolution ſo neceſſary for his daughter *Lemnia*'s happineſs.

The king having diſmiſſed the council, acquaints me with theſe his proceedings, ſetting forth, with no mean pride, the pregnancy of his own wit, who had found a way to over-reach ſuch gray-bearded dotards; For, ſaid he, you ſhall that night when you are thought to be poiſoned, be conveyed hence (by two of chiefeſt truſt about me) unto my caſtle of *Nicos*; then will I cauſe a ſtatue, formed to your proportion, to be coffined up, on which, forſooth, my grave council ſhall ſolemnly wait, and perform the obſequies in that ceremony requiſite; mean time you ſhall live, and live beloved of him who hath undergone this dangerous enterprize, and will do many more to indear his affection to you. And when the limbs of this disjointed ſtate be ſet again, you ſhall be reſtored to be yourſelf, and to injoy this crown of *Laconia* ſo much envied you: 'Till when, I lock theſe projects in the cloſet of your ſecrecy.

The good king was ſcarce gone from me, when I made *Lemnia* of counſel with me, who, ſeeing the fitneſs of the time, being my journey to *Nicos* was to be performed in the night, and the eaſy execution of ſo dan-

dangerleſs an enterprize, my guard being only two of the king's ſervants, ſhe gives in charge to a ſufficient number of ſuch whom ſhe knew faithful to her, to meet them mid way, and after they had well beaten my convoy, to diſcharge them of the ſuſpicion of their conſenting to the fact, to carry me to the next ſea-port, where there ſtaid a ſhip bound for *Delphos*; to which I needs would bend my courſe. This being reſolved upon, the lady (equally troubled with the care of my ſafety, and the loſs of my preſence) wept many tears, which, I confeſs, had been ingratitude in me not to ſecond; ſo as a while ſorrow ſeemed to have flown thither to bathe her ſelf in our eyes: but love, at length, in both of one another's good, had well-near claimed this paſſion, when the guard, appointed by the king, was come, and ready to carry me to court. But why ſhould I, great ſir, any longer ſtay you in a ſtory, whoſe tedioufneſs I am well aſſured hath tired you? Know therefore, That this mean of my ſafety was as fortunately executed, as happily contrived; the king not once daring to ſend to ſeek me, leſt he ſhould by that diſcover his own craft uſed in his dangerous deluding of the *Laconian* noblemen.

But I was ſcarce a month abſent, when he, whoſe eyes held the reins of his conſtancy, the object being removed, married (as it was before determined) the beauteous *Lemnia*; who, now in poſſeſſion of his love, ſticked not to make known to him this whole matter, which otherwiſe, in her behalf I was bound to keep ſecret. Thus, Sir, if my deſire to obey your commands hath made the ſtory of my misfortunes tedious, you may excuſe me, ſince all is done for your ſatisfaction.

Fair queen, replied *Baſilius*, the ſweetly-delivered ſtrangeneſs of the ſtory, would ſtill raviſh the hearers with a deſire of a farther cauſe of attentiveneſs, did not a greater deſire in us, who know your virtues, haſten to hear the end of your much-pitied diſtreſs: And ſo, calling *Amphialus* to him, having agreed on the day of marriage between the queen and him, they all aroſe; for now their appetites (growing jealous of the ſatisfaction their minds received by the former diſcourſe) began to ſollicite them in the behalf of their ſtomachs.

After

After dinner, when moſt of the company began to imp the wings of time with the feathers of ſeveral recreations, *Amphialus* and *Hellen* privately went together in an arbour in the garden, where, firſt with tears, the common apology of overjoyed affection, they ſpake their minds in ſilence, their panting hearts, as they imbraced, with mutual deſire, beating their envious garments, that gave them not leave to meet. At length *Hellen*, gracefully ſhaking her head, as if ſhe would ſhake away the drops that, like the morning-dew on full-ripe cherries, hung on her roſy cheeks: O *Amphialus!* ſaid ſhe, and then kiſſed him, as loth to leave ſo perfect a ſentence without a comma; I will not ſay, you were unkind, but—— and there with his lips (loth, belike, to accuſe him) ſhe cloſed up her ſpeech. My ſole happineſs! replied *Amphialus*, ſoftly wringing her hand, though the foulneſs of my fault be no fit ſubject for her to ſpeak of, who breathes nothing but goodneſs, yet I want not an accuſer: My ſoul ſets forth my ingratitude; nor can I yet conceive, how mercy can be ſo far removed from juſtice, as to find a pardon for my offence: but you have given it, and, if it be any requital, it ſhall be my after-life's ſtudy to love and honour your vertues, as it was hitherto to offend you. It is fit therefore, ſaid *Hellen*, with the counterfeit ſettledneſs of majeſty, we impoſe a penance upon you for your overſight, and this it ſhall be, That henceforth you neither ſpeak nor think of that you account your fault: and to help you in obeying my commands, I muſt intreat you to keep your mind and tongue, for a time, buſied in telling me what befell you in your travels ſince our being at *Corinth*; and do it not ſo niggardly, as if you meant to conceal what fame hath ſo largely blown abroad: yet, if you were expoſed at any time to much danger, dwell not there too long, leſt I forget I have you here.

Moſt dear lady, ſaid *Amphialus*, to conform my-ſelf to your laſt requeſt, would make me diſobedient to your firſt command. Shall I begin with my departure from you? Alas! at what time ſhould I more employ my memory and ſpeech in diſcovery of my faulty ſelf than now? But I ſee your eyes begin to take

anger

anger into them; I will no longer inſiſt on mine own accuſation.

Know therefore, moſt conſtant lady, That, accompanied only with *Fidutio* my page, when I had paſſed the limits of your dominion, at the time of day when the high-mounted ſun makes leaſt ſhadows, wearied with travel, and deſirous of ſome ſhelter from the ſun's violent rays, I laid my ſelf under the protection of an olive-tree, thinking to ſet my mutinous thoughts at peace, but it would not be; theſe outward ſigns could not appeaſe the fury of an inward enemy. Thus I lay, dearly purchaſing the little eaſe of my body with the affliction of my mind, until mine ears, like faithful ſervants, deſirous to end this diſſention between their maſter and himſelf, cauſed all the powers of my mind to joyn in attentiveneſs: and mine eyes, loth to be out-gone in ſuch good offices, did look that way from whence the noiſe came; where I might diſcern ſix men armed, on horſe-back, carry a fair lady with them, whoſe tears and out-cries well ſhewed her indiſpoſition to that journey. This ſight moved compaſſion in me, and pity brought a deſire to help her diſtreſs: but my horſe (divining, belike, my intent, and unwilling to leave his food) could by no means be taken; ſo that, mad with anger, I began to repeat over all the misfortunes that ever had befallen me, to let this know it wanted no fellows, when there came poſting that way, one whom, by his haſte, I gueſſed to have been of the company gone before. Of him I intreated to know what fault could be ſo heinous, that might take away the name of injury from ſo unmanly a violence as they offered to ſo beauteous a lady: but he, with a ſcornful ſilence, ſmiled, and would be gone: and ſo, perhaps, he might, had not the narrowneſs of the way, and his courteous horſe, that would not tread upon me, compelled him to ſtay. Whereat his anger burſt forth into threats: Villain! ſaid he, thy want of armour ſhall not excuſe thee from a death wilfully drawn upon thee; and though there be no glory, there will be ſatisfaction in thy overthrow. Then, drawing his horſe a little back, he lighted, and, without farther complement, ran towards me: but his fury brought him haſtily to his death, for thinking, belike, his threatning mouth was able

able to defend it ſelf, he forgot to put by my ſword, that, by good fortune lay in his way, and ſo juſtly his death entered at his mouth, whoſe life I think was in his tongue. At his fall *Fidutio* came in, who helping to fit on the armour, of which we had diſfurniſhed this unſerviceable knight, I mounted on his horſe, that ſeemed to have regarded my haſte more than mine own: and riding on the ſpur, I overtook my company, for ſo they would needs make themſelves, ſaluting me by the name of my friend *Satibarſis*. But their better obſervance ſoon put them out of that opinion: ſo as gueſſing (indeed rightly) that I had killed *Satibarſis*, and by that means got his armour; without deſire to be farther than by their conjecture ſatisfied, they joined all hands in his revenge. But the lady's cauſe was juſt, whoſe reſcue I came to, and the all-ſeeing Providence, that would not ſee juſtice overlaid, fought for me. And now five of them had either received their well-deſerved payment of death, or were kept by their wounds from farther oppoſition, when the ſixth, who all this time had held the lady, and looked on, ſeeing my hand, (whoſe weakneſs had left ſuch precedents of the effects of a good cauſe) now ſet againſt him alone, took his priſoner by the hair, and with his ſword gave her a deep wound in the neck. That inhumane act would have given deſire to the moſt barbarous, and power of revenge to the moſt cowardly: but he, as if he meant to ſave me a labour, making haſte that their warm blood ſhould meet, with the ſame ſword runs himſelf thorough, dying as juſt a judge as he was a traiterous offender. Amazement would have fixed mine eyes upon him, but the lady's wound brought them to her ſuccour. Experience on my ſelf, made me skilful, and my fair patient officious: ſo that tying up the wound, for ſome time I ſtanched the blood; ſhe, in mean time, with her watry eyes bent toward heaven, heartily praying for my good fortune, and many times thanking her deſtiny, that, with her death, had ended the miſeries of her ever-dying life. When I had done comforting her, as I thought, with my opinion of her ſafety, I intreated to know her name, and the cauſe of this injury done to her. No, no, replied ſhe, courteous ſtranger, the comfort of my near-coming death

(in

(in ſpite of the torment the memory of my moſt wretched life puts me to) brings this chearfulneſs I now preſent in my looks: and though the leaſt delay of my end is accompanied with a world of ſorrows, yet I am glad, for ſatisfaction of your demand, my breath is a while preſerved.

My name is *Leucade*, the only daughter to count *Brunio*, a man of large poſſeſſions in this country; whom, you may well think, becauſe in expectation of his lands, many ſued for, and thoſe not of the meaneſt eſteem: but my careleſsneſs of love had taught me ſuch a carriage, that farther than of the favour of my courteſy (of which they did all indifferently partake) none could boaſt. And this, till about a year ſince, was my daily practice, diſdaining (as moſt that have not known it, do) ſo ridiculous a paſſion as I then eſteemed love. At which time this *Fluento*, whoſe happy hand hath done us both right, came to my father's court: a neighbour prince, with whom (for incroaching upon the bounds of his territory) my father hath had much diſſention. But a reconcilement being made between them, and both alike thinking the beſt means to perſevere in amity, were to have us two joined in marriage; without my knowledge (as if it were fit I ſhould be a ſtranger to their proceeding) determine of the match. But, alas! Sir, at this time I was ſo far from being at their diſpoſe, that I was not at my own: for love (I think keeping miſchief until it were ripe for me) had preſented a gentleman to mine eyes, by birth noble; whoſe anceſtors, all to his father, being men of known vertue in the country, were admitted to the prime offices of the kingdom: but he, taking a pride to be unthrifty, and little eſteeming theſe publick imployments, laviſhed exceedingly both his fame and patrimony; yet it ſeemed he only made away his eſtate to purchaſe goodneſs for his child: ſuch a ſon he was father to, ſo rare, ſo excellent. His name was *Perſidas*; and at that word the tears guſhed forth in ſuch abundance, that it ſeemed her blood had changed his courſe and colour, to run forth at the ſluices of her eyes: Alas! Sir, what ſhall I ſay of him? or who, from *Leucade*, will believe the deſert of *Perſidas*? But, alas! if they deſerve no credit that love him, in this country

you muſt hear nothing of him; the knowledge of his perſon, and the love of his vertues, being things inſeparable. In him begun this tragedy, in me it ends: for when my father and *Fluento* had drawn their agreement to a head, then, and not before, he thought it time, he ſaid, to let me know my happineſs. And thus, finding me alone, he breaks the matter to me. Dear child, I have, ever ſince the death of your virtuous mother (though much importuned by many) reſerved you to theſe years unmarried, becauſe your content ſhould be of counſel with me in your choice: and happy was this delay for the honour of our houſe; for, behold! *Fluento* makes his fortunes ſerviceable to your will: Prince *Fluento*, daughter, whoſe powerful greatneſs the neighbour potentates ſtand in awe of; him I have won for you, and ſo forward we be, that this day-fortnight he is to take you to wife. Father, ſaid I, that your wiſdom hath deferred my marriage hitherto, to give me the comfort of election, my obedience, my only requital, ſhall be the ſame it ever was to you: and yet I wonder, that having attained to theſe years, when my judgment in my choice may be received, you will exclude me from the end for which I was ſo long reſerved; juſt like a phyſician that tells his patient, He hath brought a potion to cure him, yet ſays, He muſt by no means take it. I muſt be married to prince *Fluento*, and yet your meaning is, I ſhould have liberty to chooſe; as if this enforcement deſtroyed not my freedom of election. That he is a man, beyond all reſpects, as you praiſe him, fit for your eſtate, I may well grant you; but that he is unfit for your daughter, I am privileged to ſay. At this, his ſevere look, before he ſpake, began to lay before me my obedience: and when he had walked two or three turns in the room, Daughter, daughter, ſaid he, I never thought you were ſo wilful! Where, I pray you, is there a match fit for your birth, if not *Fluento*? Beware, beware, you do not give your poſterity juſt cauſe to curſe you, that denied them ſo great, ſo good a father. I anſwered, That I thought it were too tender a reſpect of children, whom perhaps I might not have, or ſhould not enjoy, to chooſe for them, and not a husband for my ſelf; and too ſenſeleſs a feeling of the honour of my houſe, to wrong my ſelf to do

my

my birth right. Then kneeling on my knees, Sir, ſaid I, ſollicite me no more, I have not power to grant. He haſtily, when it was ſcarce delivered, ſnatched this word: And why not power to grant? ſaid he. Becauſe *Perſidas* is the anchor-hold of my life and love. *Perſidas!* cried out my father, Now all misfortunes fall thick upon me: ſhall my means help to make up a bankrupt in his eſtate? accurſed be my fate, that gave me life to hear it. *Perſidas!* why, ſure, it cannot be. Sir, ſaid I, if my love were not far paſſed, my deſperate preſumption would not bring a truth, much leſs an untruth, to move your anger. And if thoſe after-hopes have not clean compelled you to forget you are my father, have pity on me? If ſo, I crave the tryal of the law. This laſt requeſt (after conference with *Fluento*) finding my obſtinacy, he condeſcended to. But becauſe, I perceive, Sir, you are a ſtranger here, and that the knowledge of this law doth much concern the ſtory of my preſent miſhap, I will make it known to you.

This kingdom of *Argos*, wherein you are, was governed not long ſince by *Pheniſſa*, a woman worthy to have come to that place by election, if nature had not beſtowed it upon her by deſcent from her famous anceſtors. This queen (that you may ſee we want not the precedent of greatneſs to excuſe affection) in her father's life-time, though by him ſhe was promiſed to *Deoxippus*, the tyrant of *Syracuſa*, was enamoured of one *Eumenes*, governor (for the *Lacedemonians*) of the iſland and city of *Delphos*. And when it well might be thought the king's death, and her ſucceſſion, had taken away the reſtraint of her will, yet ſhe, growing leſs willing when ſhe was moſt powerful, like a horſe that finding the reins hang looſe upon him, begins to ſtay his fury; ſo ſhe, though by this change ſhe had not received any ſlackneſs into her affection, began to tender the caſe of her country that lay open to the invaſion of her proud enemy *Deoxippus*, if ſo ſhe ſhould have made him. Preferring therefore now this common reſpect, before her private ſatisfaction, as ſhe had done her obedience in her father's life-time before her love, ſhe buries her ſelf in the grave of *Deoxippus*'s loathſome bed.

When the unexpected news of *Pheniſſa*'s marriage came to the ears of her faithful lover *Eumenes*, his paſſion (as *Agamemnon*'s at the death of *Iphigenia*) can beſt be expreſſed in ſilence; all the wild furies that diſtracted grief could gather, being ſummoned to the ſiege of his ſoon-overthrown heart: haſtily thereupon to the temple his mad paſſion bears him; where, caſting himſelf at the feet of *Apollo*, Unjuſt god! ſaid he, have I for this thy ungratefulneſs, given up the offerings of my daily prayers? but if I wrong thy name, ſhew thy juſtice in revenging my death: whereat, tranſported with violence of ſorrow, running his head againſt the altar, his bloody brains flew forth of their battered lodging. Soon after, the contagion of a moſt peſtilent air brought ſuch a plague among the *Argians*, that many daily felt the fury of the gods revenging indignation: amongſt whom, theking and queen, (reſerved, belike, the more to be puniſhed in their ſubjects calamity) after the deſolation of their well-peopled country, both in one day, by the ſame infection, ended their lives and government; wherewith this mortality ceaſed, as hitting now at length the mark it aimed at.

The few remnant of the nobility, ſent to *Delphos*, to know, What fault of theirs had brought theſe miſeries upon their country? where, being informed of what was paſſed, *Apollo* adviſed them to provide, that no ſuch miſchief ſhould after happen. They, well weighing whence it aroſe, being fully ſatisfied by the oracle, enact this law: That neither private nor publick reſpect ſhould detain a virgin from revealing her love; and if her friends, or parents, think another than ſhe hath choſen more fit for her, the combat between them two ſhall determine the gods pleaſure. How unwilling I was to hazard my *Perſidas* in this trial, Love, that bleeds in the thought of a danger, can beſt aſſure you: but his earneſtneſs that it might be ſo, and the hard conſtraint that it could not be otherwiſe, won me to it.

The day therefore being appointed, *Fluento* (upon whom fame, the flatterer of greatneſs, had pinned the opinion of valour) entered the liſts, mounted on a bay courſer, whoſe armour all over repreſented a green plain, through which ran little rivulets of blood, that ſprang from the wounds of many centaurs, diſperſed over all the

the field. In his ſhield he bore the counterfeit of *Hercules* and *Dejanira*, with theſe words, *Indeared by Conqueſt*. From him my *Perſidas* drew the eyes and hearts of all the company: his horſe was a fiery ſorrel: his armour like the azure sky, curiouſly ſpotted with many ſtars, (whoſe glimpſe the well-ſet diamonds, by reflection of the ſun, repreſented) ſhewed as if night had flown thither to end, in that aſſembly, ſome controverſy between her and her brother. In his ſhield he cauſed *Andromeda* and *Perſeus* to be ingraven, with theſe words, *Never too dearly bought*. But I muſt haſten to the event, ſaid ſhe; for long I find you may not enjoy your hiſtorian: Know, therefore, That my *Perſidas*, contenting himſelf only with the victory, when he might have taken (woe is me that he was ſo merciful!) *Fluento*'s life, was accepted by my father for his ſon-in-law; good fortune, as I then thought, changing my husband, and not my day of marriage. In mean time *Fluento*, repining at this diſgrace, and deſirous, even upon the baſeſt terms, to be revenged, plotted a treachery unheard-of againſt him. This morning, having before heard we were to hunt in this foreſt, *Fluento* (with that company your valour hath brought to their deſerved ends) lay in wait for us: and when my ſelf and my *Perſidas* (count *Brunio* my father, and the reſt, having followed the chace) were left alone, behold theſe bloody villains, coming unawares upon him, with many wounds, ſent his ſoul to that place whither mine (hoping to find a more laſting union in that life, than our loves hath found in this) doth haſten. And with this word, her dull languiſhing eyes began to roll as if they ſtrove to reſerve motion in ſpite of death: yet raiſing her ſelf a little, her love found breath to ſay this, Let me be buried by my *Perſidas!* and ſo graſping my hand, as it were, to put me in mind of her laſt words, alas! ſhe dies.

But many tears I could not have beſtowed as obſequies upon her, when ſome of her father's train, who by chance croſſing that way where *Perſidas* lay dead, guided by *Fidutio* (who, with their helps, had now taken my horſe) came to this place; to whom when I had related all what I learned from *Leucade* of *Perſidas*'s death, together with her laſt will, we all joined

hands in carrying her to the next village: whither alſo certain of their fellows (whom they had left behind to that end) conveyed the body of *Perſidas*; from whence, ſoon after, count *Brunio* (having begged of grief a little reſpite of life to fulfil his daughter's teſtament) brought them both with all funeral pomp, to his chief city *Coniga*, where he cauſed a ſtately tomb to be built for them, on which this Epitaph was ingraven,

Love, beauty, valour, when their death drew nigh,
Conſulted long, where they ſhould buried lie:
At length, with one conſent, they haſten'd hither,
And choſe this place to be intomb'd together.

Leaving the woful kingdom of *Argos*, no better accompanied then with *Fidutio*, yet better guarded by *Satibarſis*'s armour, my ſorrow, I think, that bore infection with it, made all places where I came, fit ſtages for tragedies: for, deſcending unto a green valley, where, of each ſide, the rocky mountains threatened the humble earth with the frowns of their down-caſt brows, I might ſee a young man leaning with both hands on his ſword, breathing as over-toiled with labour, and round about him four or five caſt proſtrate at his feet, who were dead, or thought their counterfeiting to be ſo, would prove their beſt defenſe againſt this young man's fury. But the claſhing of my armour had no ſooner made known my approach, then he came running towards me, uttering words, whereby I might gather his quarrel to me brought the excuſe of miſtake with it. Not to draw on therefore his miſconceived opinion, that his breathleſs companions did witneſs would be dangerous for me; Sir, replied I, I am ſo far from maintaining their cauſe, whoſe revenge upon a lone man, being ſo many, mine own eyes do perſuade me was injurious, that had I come at the beginning of your fight (though this event ſhews I ſhould but have robbed you of part of the honour of this action) I would have joyned my ſelf to you.

Alas! Sir, ſaid he, to oppoſe your ſelf againſt me (though it were more unjuſt) would be the more ſecure way: for what you ſee is but a fore-runner of a certain deſtruction

deſtruction ſoon at hand. Leave me therefore, courteous ſir, and ſeek for ſafety: death to me is ſo grateful, that I envy you ſhould be a partner in ſo great a gain. But it were a fault unpardonable, to have abandoned the moſt accompliſhed man, that ever mine eyes, before that time, beheld: my reſolution therefore, though hard againſt his will, muſt have prevailed with him: ſo that intreating to know the cauſe of his former fight, and farther doubt, I found his courteſy as forward in the relation of his own danger, as it was obſtinate in the care of my ſafety.

Sir, ſaid he, ſeeing my ſtory will be but a heap of misfortunes, I ſhall do well to lay the foundation my ſelf, than whom the ſun looks not upon a more miſerable creature: My name is *Carichio*, nephew, by his brother *Caſtor*, to the king of *Natolia*, brought up, in my youth, in the good opinion of my uncle, and the great expectation of many; fortune, then belike, proroguing my miſeries until a more ſerious age ſhould make me more ſenſible of them: which time had no ſooner brought on, but that my ill fate, to train me up for the burthen of the miſchief that was prepared for me, began by little and little to make me acquainted with the courſe I was to run; firſt taking away my father, whoſe virtuous age deſerved (if that may be thought a recompence for deſert) a longer time in this life: When he was dead, and that the ſlippery ſteps of my raſh youth wanted the ſtay of his fatherly advice, preſently (not knowing what one man's hands I ſhould put the reins of my then unbridled youth into, and yet well ſeeing I might not truſt my ſelf with mine own government) I choſe many friends; and being by nature given to hate pride, to eſchew a vice ſo loathſom (thinking it might not be done otherwiſe) I began to affect popularity. But I had ſcarce lived thus a twelve-month, when my couſin the king's ſon, a young man, who (beſides the hope of ſucceſſion, for which the courtiers did adore him) had nothing more than ordinary in him, grew ſuſpicious of my practices, as he termed them: to which humour (beſides the miſtruſt of his own little deſert) his ſycophants, the bellows of this fire, did daily add further cauſes to increaſe his jealouſy. But ſeeing the diſcovery of his ſuſpicion would little pleaſe the king, who ever

ſince the death of my father, had doubled his care upon me; he was compelled to diſſemble a good liking towards me. In mean time a truce, made for ſome few years with the duke of *Amaſia*, being expired, the war grew hot on both ſides: at length, after the trial of many changes in fortune, neceſſity mediating peace between them, my ſelf being given as hoſtage for performance of certain conditions of my uncle's part, a perpetual league was concluded on: 'Twas now, and not before, miſchief began to unmask her ſelf, and take a pride to grow terrible. There was at court, during my abode there, attending upon the dutcheſs, a lady, by name *Alcida*, whoſe many excellencies won as many hearts as ſhe had beholders, nature making her beauty and ſhape but the moſt fair cabinet of a far-fetched mind. To her, mine eyes at firſt ſight gave up my heart, with ſo unfortunate an encounter in affection, that this ſurrender was but a mutual exchange, ſhe having, in a merciful gratefulneſs, fixed her love on mine. But her parentage, though not baſe, was ſo mean in reſpect of my birth, that thence whole armies of afflictions did invade my mind, equally diſtracted between my deſire to enjoy this my beſt of happineſs, and fear of my uncle's diſpleaſure; on whom this match (for his care and love of me) I was ſure would draw on an untimely death. But before I could determine a doubt of ſo great conſequence, the conditions of the league being faithfully performed, I was ſafely, at a day prefixed, ſent back to *Natolia*, deſirous, even in my ſoul deſirous, I am ſure, rather by their breach of covenant to have hazarded my life, than thus cruelly to be taken away from her preſence, who, far beyond my life, was moſt dear to me. Soon after my return, the king, as if the gods had ſtayed him to ſee the quiet of his ſtate, now that was brought to paſs, worn with age, and much broken with travel and care in his laſt wars, left his kingdom to his degenerate ſon and ſucceſſor, who had no ſooner ſeized on the government, but, meaning to begin his reign with an admirable act of policy, now his power was unreſtrained, limits me to the abſence from my country, declaring my blood for ever uncapable of ſucceſſion: and not content with this, to ſuch a height his undeſerved malice to me was raiſed,

raiſed, that he dealt with ſome bad miniſters of his wickedneſs, ſecretly to make me away. To prevent therefore what was plotted againſt me, diſguiſing my ſelf, I haſtily fled away, and, making uſe of neceſſity, to further my affection, I put my ſelf into the ſervice of a nobleman here in the court of *Amaſia*; eaſily remaining undiſcovered, among them who would ſooner fall out with their eyes, that believe that the greatneſs wherein they lately had ſeen me, could admit ſo great a change: by mean whereof, I enjoyed the preſence of my *Alcida*, whoſe conſtancy, neither time, nor abſence (the mothers of affection) nor what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

Thus, while I lived in this happineſs of ſervitude, *Mermidon* (brother to the duke) having commanded, with fortunate ſucceſs, againſt the *Dacians*, returned to court, where ſeeing this lady, he became enamoured of her, to no other end than to ſatisfy his luſt: and thinking, at firſt (becauſe he was in good eſteem with himſelf) ſhe would have ſtrained her modeſty to ſue for the acceptance of a preſent ſo grateful to him, a while he was ſilent; but when he perceived the vanity of his fruitleſs expectation, and found that this delay increaſed the fury of his paſſion, diſpenſing with the majeſty he had taken on, he began to make known his love to her, (for ſuch a title did he give ſo baſe a deſire) forgetting not withal, to tell her, That to excuſe her modeſty, he had firſt ſpoken her wiſhes. But the virtuous *Alcida*, loathing as much the thought of ſuch a ſin, as ſhe loved the memory of me, together with a reſolute denial, let him know how, baſe his mind was that made ſo injurious a requeſt. Whereat *Mermidon*, becauſe this anſwer came unexpected, was ſo much the more amazed. But bringing arguments from his late practice in the war, he began to think his honour would be the greater, if, after long reſiſtance, he did ſurprize a well-defended fort: and therefore daily, both by rich gifts, the baſe enamel of affection, and many promiſes (which, to win the more upon her, were ſent by one of her own ſex, who, if example might move her, could tell of ſuch a precedent in her ſelf) did he ſeek to undermine her reſolution. Mean time, my conſtant *Alcida*, ſeeing the intemperance of *Mermidon's*

luſt to bring the threats of force with it, not daring to ſpeak with me, becauſe our conference began to be ſuſpected, ſent me a letter to haſten her carrying away, appointing this the fatal place of our meeting.

I much rejoyced to be ſo near my happineſs, the rather, that ſince our laſt conference, I received intelligence, that my young couſin of *Natolia* being made away by one whom he had raiſed to an undeſerved height in his favour, the country was in great diſtreſs by the factious ambition of the nobility, and that the beſt affected to the ſtate, much deſired my preſence. But theſe means, how well ſoever, as I thought, conducing to my happineſs, by the unmercifulneſs of my hard deſtiny, were prevented, as one of thoſe, whom it was my fortune to kill, at his death revealed: for *Mermidon* having intercepted the meſſenger, mad with rage to find his hopes croſſed by ſo mean a man, as he took me to be, having again ſealed up the letter, he cauſed it to be delivered, and determining to be revenged, ſent theſe men to apprehend me, himſelf intending to follow preſently, leading with him my deareſt *Alcida*, whom, in my preſence, (to add a glory to the execrableneſs of the offence) he means to raviſh. And now, ſir, you have heard, ſaid he, of my birth and fortune, till this time (when, I am well aſſured, my end is near at hand) kept ſecret.

He ſcarce had cloſed up this lamentable ſtory with a hearty ſigh, the compendious abridgment of his ſufferings, when we might diſcern *Mermidon*, with twenty more (ſo diſtruſtful is treachery, though there be no cauſe to fear) make towards us: but that ſight, together with the thought of *Alcida*'s diſtreſs, was a ſignal ſufficient for *Cariclio* to begin his unequal encounter, ſo as, like a ſhe-tyger, who, at her return to her cave, finds her little ones to be ſtollen, with a wild fury, breathing nothing but deſtruction, he runs amongſt them, making way for my willingneſs to ſecond his attempt. A while, the juſtneſs of the cauſe, and *Cariclio*'s valour (to which the glory is only due) with the death of many, did hold the victory in an equal ballance: At length, the multitude of our aſſailants made injury the ſtronger, bringing to a death much to be pitied, ſo incomparable a man at arms as was *Cariclio*; yet,

nor

not before he had, in the ſight of *Alcida*, ſent *Mermiden* to be his harbinger at *Charon*'s ferry. And when by his death, the only ſtay and ſupport of the ſight was removed, if ſometimes my deſire of revenge made good the ground that *Cariclio* had bequeathed me; alas! how could I long reſiſt without him? Know therefore, excellent lady, that here I was made priſoner, and, together with *Alcida*, carried back to court; though I call *Cariclio*'s ghoſt to witneſs, I ſought all means to joyn myſelf, even in death, a companion to his virtues. The ſolemnity intended for our execution, and the preparation of new forms of torment for us that had been parties in the murder of the duke's brother, won ſome lingring days of life to the inward torture of our expectation: In mean time the everlaſting providence, that by changing the intentions and dooms of men, will let them know there is a power beyond theirs, ſent an unexpected mean to help our diſtreſs.

Plangus, the famous prince of *Iberia*, at this time making haſte with a few, ſuch as virtue had joined partners in his cauſe, and taking into his army ſuch of *Euarchus*'s ſoldiers, as in a tempeſt at ſea were driven to *Bizantium*, to the ſuccour of *Erona* (whoſe ſtory you cannot be ignorant of) and being to paſs through *Amaſia*, ſent to the duke to demand a thorough-fare for his ſoldiers. But he, who of long time had obſerved an inviolable league with the *Armenians*, knowing the pretence of this war, and deſpiſing the weakneſs of thoſe few *Plangus* led with him, not only denied his requeſt, but, gathering a great power of ſoldiers (whom ſince his laſt wars he had kept in garriſon in his frontier towns) meant, with the overthrow of her ungrateful nephew, to gratify *Artaxia* and her ill-choſen husband *Plexirtus*. But the excellent *Plangus* (than whom this age ſhews not, for conduct in war, a better general) with the well-ordering thoſe few reſolute troops, and skilful induſtry in choice of advantages, in two ſet battels put him to the worſt; after which, the duke not able to reinforce his weakned power, put himſelf, with the relicts of his late overthrow, into his chief city, wherein we were priſoners; to which *Plangus*, finding no other reſiſtance, with wonderful celerity followed him: and though the town

by

by nature and art, for ſcite and fortification were thought impregnable, yet being defended but by ſuch, who, by their own loſs, held a too ſuperſtitious opinion of the enemies, it was ſoon forced by *Plangus* his victorious troops, who believed the ſucceſs of nothing impoſſible, to which their ever-fortunate captain would lead them. With the ſack of this city (wherein he took the duke, with his ſon, priſoners) *Plangus* having inriched his ſoldiers with the booty, and his own fame by the ſpeedineſs of the conqueſt, not able to aſſure the country to his devotion, otherwiſe than by diſmembring his army, and delaying his chief ends, moved with a neceſſary clemency, having firſt received ſix months pay for his ſoldiers, and the duke's ſon as hoſtage, to bar his deſire of revenge, (making *Alcida* and myſelf, to ſecure our freedoms, companions in his travel) he leaves the *Amaſians* to their former government.

Many days journey we had not been in our way to *Armenia*, when the good *Alcida*, by the inward working of her thoughts, began to find the burthen of her grief too heavy for her; which when the dulneſs of her ever-watry eyes, and the paleneſs of her cheeks had bewrayed to us, we carried her to a monaſtery near adjoyning dedicated to *Diana*, and much famed for the ſtrictneſs of the virgins orders that be attendants on the goddeſs her ceremonies: where having recommended her to the governeſs of the houſe, alas! I left her, bound, even by the greateſt tye of gratefulneſs, to follow him whom I owe my life to.

Theſe former accidents, moſt dear lady, together with the excellent *Plangus* his company, in whom ſorrow was drawn to the life, made me reflect upon my ungrateful ſelf, and conſider how cruel I had been to you, whoſe deſert paſſed my beſt endeavours of requital; ſo that (far ingaged to the memory of your virtues) thenceforth the thought of my moſt dear *Hellen*, won my heart to a moſt paſſionate affection. The queen at this interrupted his ſpeech, with this anſwer: My *Amphialus*, they, who follow examples in their actions, are to match rightly what they are to do, and what they ſee done. *Leucadda*, *Alcida*, and *Erona* might juſtly claim the reward of love; but *Hellen* (whoſe deſert was far ſhort) could expect but diſdain,

Diſ-

Diſdain! ſaid *Amphialus*, you renew a puniſhment your mercy did once forgive. And here, with tears in his eyes, he would have kneeled to beg a farther pardon; but *Hellen*, kiſſing away the burthen his eyes went with, made as much haſte to prevente his ſuit with the like of her own; ſo that a friendly compoſition being made (as it well might be where both were parties, and both judges in one cauſe) the queen got the continuance of the ſtory (which *Amphialus* would put off to another time) to boot; and then, willing to diſcharge himſelf of the debt he owed for ſo good a bargain, he thus began.

Madam, though my memory be a continued record of much ſorrow, yet, among the many ſtories grief hath ingraven in me, there is none, compared with the diſaſter of *Plangus* and *Erona*, that deſerves compaſſion: Know therefore, my only happineſs, that *Plangus* having received advertiſement how the nobleman, unto whoſe faithful cuſtody *Erona* (upon the accord between him and *Artaxia*) was delivered, being hardly beſieged by *Plexirtus*, and brought to an extremity by famine, had yielded to a compoſition, That if within five days he were not ſuccoured, he muſt deliver the caſtle, *Plangus* therefore over-running the fame of his coming with his preſence, the fifth night was near *Plexirtus*'s camp, where (by one of the enemies, whom his ſcouts had taken) he was informed, That late that evening, the keys of the city and fort were given up to *Plexirtus*, but that he deferred his entry till morning, leaving the next gate to the camp open, that all night his officers might prepare a magnificent triumph for him; as for *Erona*, he would determine nothing of her, until he had received the honour due to his victory. At this news *Plangus*, cauſing the reporter to be ſafely kept, and giving to his wearied ſoldiers ſome time to refreſh themſelves after the toil endured in their laſt day's travel, an hour before day (rightly imagining the air was then apt to diſperſe a dull ſleepineſs among *Plexirtus*'s careleſs ſoldiers) he calls his troops together, and ſetting before them the eaſineſs of the victory, the riches of the camp, and the neceſſity of the time, he did incourage them with the repetition of their former conqueſt in *Amaſia*, the juſtneſs of their cauſe, and the fame of their enterprize;

terprize; and then preſently diſpoſing of them for his moſt advantage, he ſets upon his enemy, who dreamed of nothing but ſecurity. But what ſhould I fright you, moſt dear lady, with the particulars of this fight; it will ſuffice you to know, That *Plangus* (doing things in his own perſon paſt the power of expreſſion) made a bloody ſlaughter among them. Some few there were that eſcaped; among whom *Plexirtus* (fortune being alway indulgent to miſchief) found, in the ſpeed of his horſe, a diſhonourable ſafeguard for his wretched life. This tumult being ſoon perceived by the citizens (whom ſorrow made watchful, and the well-known treacheries of *Plexirtus*, ſuſpitious) they as ſoon imagined this was a practice of his, contrary to his faith given, to ſack the town. This once conceited, it ſeemed by the hideous cries and confuſed lamentations, that, as ſorrow had put on the vizard of night to make grief ugly, ſo black night had borrowed the mouth of ſorrow to implore compaſſion. The people leaving their walls and houſes, ran to their temples and altars, offering up, as they thought, their laſt devotions to their gods. Nor did this miſtake bring forth the effect of miſtruſt only in the city; the camp had likewiſe this fear added to their preſent misfortune; for *Plexirtus*'s ſoldiers (like ſatyrs, frightned with the ſound of the horn themſelves blow) thinking the vanguard of the enemy had entered the town, and cauſed this confuſion, durſt not venture to make themſelves maſters of it; but between both, unable to determine of a mean of ſafety, ſtood fixed in a ſtupid irreſolution.

Mean time *Aurora*, weary of aged *Titan*'s bed, began to warn *Phœbe* of her brother's approach; when *Erona* who had ſet down in her ſettled judgment, a death worthy the greatneſs of her birth, now firſt giving ear to the cries of the citizens, and miſdoubting the ſame falſe meaſure they expected, and not long after, hearing a man armed coming up the ſtairs to her lodging, ſhe took a poiſoned cup, long before for that end prepared, and making haſte leſt ſhe ſhould be made a preſent to the proud conqueror the wicked *Plexirtus*, ſhe drank more than half, when her eyes met with the eyes of *Plangus*, who, unfortunate gentleman! deſirous

to

to be the meſſenger to *Erona* of *Erona's* freedom, had made this haſte. The ſight of *Plangus* ſtayed her full draught a while; but, unable to ſatisfy herſelf how he might come thither, ſhe began to imagine, that it was the force of the poiſon which dimmed her eyes, and placed the character of *Plangus* (ever preſent to her mind) upon each object. With this thought ſhe was ready to begin again, when *Plangus*, falling at her feet, let her know the event of ſo many dangers undergone for her: whereat *Erona* being much aſtoniſhed, lifting him up from the ground, thus ſaid; Prince *Plangus*, you come in a fit time to receive a hearty welcome, and as hearty a farewel. What I mean by this leave taking, alas! you will too ſoon know: Now ſuffer me, only at ſuch a time when the end will aſſure you I did not flatter, ſpeak a few words I would have you believe; yet I am ſorry, for your ſake, I have practiſed ſuch a means to work a belief in you: True it is, moſt excellent *Plangus* (nor let that truth accuſe me of inconſtancy) that ſince the death of *Antiphilus*, whoſe memory even at this time is dear to me, though at firſt the exceſs of ſorrow had cloſed up my mind from the thought of a ſecond choice; yet, inforced by your deſert, and to reward mine own love in rewarding your deſires, I was reſolved to ſatisfy you, and make myſelf happy; but my envious fate, finding the times fit to cauſe me to deſpair, hath made yourſelf the inſtrument to bar our hopes for ever. Dear *Erona*, replied the prince, what may there now be that the moſt partial judgment can equal to the exceſs of content *Plangus* injoys in the welfare of his free and loving *Erona*? for this I have payed the merciful heavens the tribute of my vows and tears: to this harbour, through the ſea of grief, (having imbarked my careful love in the ſhip of my deſire) I have alway bent my courſe; and ſhall I now, when my wiſhes be at anchor in ſo ſecure a haven, fear fortune? No, no, moſt dear lady, you are the life and being of what I only eſteem happy. Alas! *Plangus*, ſaid the ſweet *Erona*, the teſtimonies of your love have been ſo many, that I fear (and only fear) they who have heard your undeſerved affection, and are not preſent at this my dying proteſtation, will for ever record, together with my want of judgment, my injury

to

to your virtues. Your dying proteſtation! ſaid *Plangus*, affright not my ſoul with ſuch heavy news. Long may you live; the fates muſt be indulgent to your youth and beauty. And perhaps, ſaid ſhe, ſo they might, had not myſelf haſtned *Clotho* to cut in two the half-ſpun thread of my life. And then ſhe let him know how (to prevent the tortures and diſgraces *Artaxia*'s indignation had prepared for her, ſeeing the city brought to that deſperate ſtate in which he found it, and thinking himſelf to have been an officer ſent by *Plexirtus* to bring her before him) ſhe had poyſoned herſelf. *Plangus* at theſe laſt words, with a fixed look upon *Erona*, as if his eyes would for ever dwell there, indenting his hands, and ſuffering them to fall down, or rather not able to ſtay them, ſinks to the ground, and was a while happy in this exceſs of ſorrow, that made him ſenſeleſs of all ſorrow. *Erona* would have forced herſelf to help him, but this ſight (joined with the inward working of the poyſon) conſtrained her to bear him company in his happy forgetfulneſs of his misfortunes. But when, by the help of her women, her ſenſes were reſtored, and that my endeavours wrought the ſame effect on *Plangus*, as if this had been but grief's dumb ſhew; Alas! excellent prince, ſaid ſhe, what unexpected effects hath the ſpeech of my death brought forth; and yet though I were ſilent, I believe the deadly ſigns in mine eyes, this trembling in my full-ſwoln veins, and the often ſet and riſe of the blood in my cheeks, would expreſs it. But, my *Plangus*, ſhould you, whom the world is proud of, take it ſo to heart? *Erona* loves you; why ſo may a more deſerving lady: Yet, *Plangus*, remember me, and it will be the beſt part of my ſoul's life to live in your memory. Then, taking his hand, and placing it on her heart, that now proudly began to beat the loud alarm of death, Feel here, ſaid ſhe, the battery is begun, and this fort is abandoned of all the powers of life, only my deſire to be with you, deſperately a while keeps the breach. But, O my *Plangus*! — and at that word death cloſed up, in eternal ſilence, her tongue, that yet ſtill moved, as loth to leave her ſpeech imperfect.

It was a deſperate grief, and wild paſſion, that ſeized upon the heart of the poor *Plangus*. Accurſed earth! did he ſay, how dareſt thou ſupport the burthen of

theſe

theſe many miſchiefs, caſt by the ſpiteful heavens into this ſink of miſery? 'Twas I, *Erona*, brought an untimely ſet to thy ſun-ſhine of goodneſs; and do the heavens mean I ſhould breathe, that have ſo much wronged them? What do they do? Will they hear me ſpeak that killed *Erona*? But they would have me live, to torture me with the memory of my guilt. No, no, I will prevent their project; that were a puniſhment fit for an ill-meant offence, not an unfortunate. And with theſe words, drawing his ſword, and lifting up his baſes, he would have run himſelf through the belly; but I ſtayed his hand from ſo unmanly, as I then alledged it, a violence, forcing (with the remembrance of our friendſhip, and my much-prevailing tears) the ſword, but not his reſolution from him. Then did I begin to alledge all that I thought in reaſon might remove him from his purpoſe; for well I might ſee in the unappalled ſtayedneſs of his countenance, the greatneſs of ſome determination. To all my objections, for a time, his eyes gave a more heedful attention, than did his ears; but when I came to call his valour in queſtion, whoſe unſpotted memory hitherto, I ſaid, this laſt conſiderate act would accuſe of but little firm conſtancy, in bearing the changes of fortune; Alas! ſaid he, and will you, my friend, be cruel to me? Is it certain, *Amphialus*, that it well-becomes that courage you would have in your friend, to bear an equal temper both in the frowns and ſmiles of fortune? and is it not as certain, that when the malice of heaven hath joined with fortune in producing a monſtrous effect, there cannot be left in man ſo infinite a power of ſuffering which he dare oppoſe to ſuch unlimited works? No, I will not, gyant-like, bandy againſt the gods; ſuch is their will; I muſt die. Then leading me ſoftly over to *Erona*, as if he would perſuade me the violence of paſſion had not been his guide to this reſolution: See *Amphialus*, ſaid he, This is ſhe whom you would have me to live after; what can mine eyes, now ſhe is gone, deſire to look on! *Erona*, a woman, could die for *Plangus*, and would you have me wrong mankind with a greater fear of death, or my love with a leſs deſire to die? This ſaid (but with a countenance that promiſed no ſuddenneſs in the execution, eſpecially to me who was maſter

of his ſword, his only offenſive weapon) behold! with a down-caſt look, which ſorrow excuſed, though deceit had then, I am ſure, put it on for farther miſchief, and ſuch a pace as uſed ſlowneſs to the ſame end, he approached the window, where the remain of *Erona*'s intercepted draught, appointed by the deſtinies to be fatal to them both, ſtood in a gilt cup: This he haſtily takes, and as haſtily drinks off. I, all confuſed, pale and trembling, as if the poiſon had wrought its effect in me, made, alas! too ſlow ſpeed to him. But *Plangus* (now firſt preſenting an unfeigned chearfulneſs in his looks, as if this draught had given him life) kneeling near *Erona*; Divine ſoul, ſaid he, if confidence in thy *Plangus*'s conſtancy makes thee hover near this ſacred manſion of thine, to ſee the end of his ſufferings; O ſtay a while, and bear me with thee; thy preſence, when I appear before *Radamanth*, will be a countenance to my cauſe. Then turning himſelf to me, *Amphialus*, revenge, *Amphialus*, *Erona*'s death upon the wicked *Plexirtus*; his blood will be the beſt ſacrifice to my ghoſt. Lead the army to *Bizantium*, and reſtore the *Amaſian* hoſtage. Then putting his trembling lips to the pale lips of *Erona*, he coldly kiſſed away his life.

What my ſorrow was, to be a looker on theſe tragedies, theſe tears, even at the remembrance of that time, may teſtify; yet leaving the bodies to be imbalmed with the nobleman, who, in her life-time, had been faithful to *Erona*, diſſembling the death of *Plangus*, leſt it ſhould work an innovation among the ſoldiers, with ſome choice troops of light horſemen, I followed *Plexirtus*; who, poſting to court, had received advertiſement from thence, How *Arguto* (the admirable engine by whom he wrought much miſchief) being lately fallen from the faith vowed to his practices, had revealed to *Artaxia* the purpoſe his maſter had to diſpatch her out of his way, ſince now he had a ſon by her to whom he might be guardian: eſteeming it more content to be great alone, then to ſhare the royalties of her own kingdom with *Artaxia*. Theſe news made his flight as dangerous as would be his ſtay; but when he underſtood (for the heavens had made this the rendezvous where his misfortunes ſhould meet) That the

princes

princes of *Theſſaly* and *Macedon*, of whom his treacheries were to expect their juſt reward, did live, and ſhould be happy in the addition of *Arcadia* to their greatneſs; That *Leonatus* had ſeized upon his ſeigniories in *Trebiſond* for his treaſon to *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, of which not long before he had gloriouſly boaſted; That there was no new form of diſſimulation left, to which, in this extremity, he might have recourſe: O then the uglineſs of his guilty conſcience, that until this time had made peace with his wickedneſs, preſented before him the progreſs of his ill-ſpent days, drawn to life in the colours of deſpair; Now his father, now his friends, *Tideus* and *Telenor*, were ſummoned by his ſoul to make party againſt him. In this fright he continued all that day, which ſcarce was time ſufficient for him to read over his miſdeeds; and when the ſilent night, drawn in her ebon chariot, had ſpread her curtains to hide her brother's face, *Plexirtus*, glad to ſee her flatter his mind in this likeneſs of darkneſs, reſolved, by deſpair, that the gods wanted mercy for his faults, and well aſſured men had leſs, he ſecretly went into a garden, to which a back-door from his chamber led him; where, loathing as much to die, as wiſhing he were dead, he ſpent ſome time in execrations on himſelf. At length, tying a cord (newly taken out of his bed) to the ſtump of an elder tree, that ſtood with ſuch convenience as if it would invite him to that exerciſe, he ſlipped into his death, eaſing the earth until morning of the burthen of ſo deteſtable a wretch.

But when the day appeared, and made known his death, the magiſtrates of the town, ſtriving who could be beſt-ſighted in the diſcovery of the murther, hoping to have the reward of their diligence from the queen *Artaxia*, ſoon found out, as a man to be moſt ſuſpected, the meſſenger come from court, whom *Plexirtus* had, 'till late in the night, kept in his chamber, to know of him the particulars of *Argalus*'s revolt. This fellow, becauſe none more likely, in the wild form of their popular juſtice, was to die a thouſand manner of deaths; but he making juſt proteſtations of his innocency, being queſtioned what occaſion he had ſo long to ſtay the laſt night with the king, if not for that end, he plainly let

them know what *Arguto* diſcovered, which he then reported to *Plexirtus*. The many-headed multitude called not the truth much in queſtion of what they heard, but with the ſame violence as before, every one, in this alſo thinking to gratify the queen, ran to as uncertain a form of execution on the dead, as they did before to a judgment of the living; firſt they ſtripped the body naked, then dragged it through the ſtreets; now they open his belly, and ſuffer his guts to mark forth his progreſs, doing many more indignities to him who had deſerved many more. I much rejoyced to hear *Plexirtus* had been ſo juſt to himſelf; yet I determined to joyn *Erona*'s revenge on *Artaxia*, to *Plexirtus*'s judgment on himſelf; but her an untimely death had freed from my revenge; for taking to the heart *Plexirtus* his treacheries, and her brother *Tyridates*'s unrevenged death, ſhe calmly gave herſelf over to a life-oppreſſing grief, leaving her kingdom and young ſon to the care of *Salinder*, whom ſhe appointed protector during the minority.

Returning, therefore,, ſomewhat grieved, that both *Plangus* and *Erona*'s death, without any help, had been revenged, I conveyed the bodies to *Lycia*, where the ſumptuouſneſs of their tombs ſhews their eſtates, and their everlaſting fame their everliving virtues. From hence I would have parted private; but remembring *Plangus* his laſt will, I paſſed through *Amaſia*, reſtoring his ſon to the duke, and coming to *Byzantium*, I gave up my charge into the hands of *Liſanus* a *Macedonian*, leaving the ſoldiers full of hearty ſorrow for the death of *Plangus* their general.

Soon after, hearing of your death, and reſolved to ſacrifice my blood to your memory, to diſingage myſelf of ſome part of my faultineſs, leaving *Fidutio* in *Thrace*, leſt by him I ſhould be diſcovered, diſguiſing myſelf in armour, fitly, as I thought, preſenting the maſſacre of my naked heart; paſſing the court of *Elis* and *Argos*, and, laſtly, coming hither, I met (what ſhould I more ſay?) with thee my *Hellen*; reſerved to be a bleſſing beyond what moſt I could deſire. And ſo, with a ſincere fervency, kiſſing her hand, they both walked towards the palace, where, having ended ſupper, where *Baſilius* and *Euarchus*, with the reſt, expected

pected a mask prepared for them; the queen of *Corinth* let them know what ſhe had heard of *Plangus* and *Erona*, together with *Plexirtus*'s deſerved end, and the death of *Artaxia*. The audience greatly pitied their fortunes, eſpecially *Pyrocles*, who much grieved to hear of *Plangus* his death, for the love he bore his virtues, and was no leſs troubled at *Plexirtus* his miſchance, for his dear ſervant *Zelmane*'s ſake. But the entry of the maskers cauſed him to put over thoſe thoughts to more ſolitarineſs, his eye being fed with dainty variety of repreſentations, and his ears with moſt harmonious well-agreeing muſick; to which the footing kept ſo good time, that doubtful it was whether the muſick conformed itſelf to the life of their motion, or the maskers their motion to the muſick's livelineſs. But night (masked in theſe ſports) crept on undiſcovered; and though *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* at other times would diſpence with the length of the ſports, yet now, in reſpect of the armfuls of joys they were to expect in bed, they thought them tedious; which once perceived, their dances were ſooner at an end than was intended.

Thus days and nights paſſed over, as if they had no other ſphere than delight to move in; and the appointed time for *Amphialus* his marriage was at hand; to which *Baſilius* invited the ſhepherds, both to change their daily pleaſures, as alſo to ſhew *Euarchus*, That though a greater cauſe had moved him to the ſolitary courſe of life by him embraced; yet the wits of *Arcadia*, and the pleaſantneſs of their harmleſs life, might have drawn him to that retiredneſs.

The ECLOGUES.

Kalodulus now minded to marry his daughter, and uncertain whether he would beſtow her on the contented young *Arcadian Menalcas*, or tho much-having, much-wanting *Theſſalian Corydon*, who both were then preſent, hearing of ſummons; put over their cauſe to be determined by *Baſilius*; and *Strephon* and *Claius*, no leſs deſirous to bring *Urania*'s name to court, joyned

themſelves to the reſt. Nor was *Agelaſtus* wanting, who, not for a miſtreſs, but, *Heraclitus*-like, thinking man was made to mourn, and repining at the vanity of greatneſs, had maintained a religious ſorrow. No ſooner was the company ſet, and that their ſilence began to proclaim their expectation, but *Strephon*, who, before his coming, had prepared an *Epithalamium*, began thus to ſing.

STREPHON.

Sweet link of hearts, joy's ſureſt anchor-hold,
Love's peaceful crown, the harbour of deſires,
Hymen, *approach, but think not* Pan *too bold,*
If to invoke thy name our love aſpires.
Dwell here for ever, that this couple may
Renew the bleſſings of their marriage-day.

Firm be their root of love, and cauſe a bliſs,
From forth this royal happy ſtock to ſpring;
That all the world may juſtly ſay, He is
Worthy to be, and to ſucceed a king.
But ſhorten not their days; for 'tis decreed,
The beſt can be but worthy to ſucceed.

Amphialus thanked *Strephon* for his hearty wiſhes; but he had ſcarce ended, when *Claius*, looking upon him with as ſowre a countenance as their friendſhip could allow, thus ſaid;

CLAIUS.

I pray thee, Strephon, *if theſe glorious ſhows*
Of courts admired greatneſs, do not cloſe

Thy

Thy mind from former thoughts, where can thy lays
Find other ſubject than Urania's *praiſe?*
Or, doſt thou fondly think, thou wert to blame
To breathe among theſe lords Urania's *name?*
Or, is it certain that her flames in thee
Are quench'd, that lately doubled were in me?

STREPHON.

Nor ſo, nor thus; that verſe I laſt day made,
As with my flock I ſate in Heſtar's *ſhade:*
I ſtudied it, yet all my ſtudy was,
I vow, to ſtrive to let Urania *paſs.*
For 'twas the only name my pen would write,
My thoughts imagine, or my lips indite.
Am I not bold when night's vaſt ſtage is ſet,
And all the ſtars and heavenly audience met,
To ſpeak my mind, while their bright twinkling flame
Seems to rejoyce to hear Urania's *name?*
And ſhall I fear that what the heavens approv'd,
By men (though great men) ſhould be diſallow'd?
But where you think that I have check'd mine eye,
And freed your Strephon *from their treachery:*
O no, mine is the giant Titius's *maw,*
That doth increaſe to feel a vulture's paw.

CLAIUS.

No day runs over, but our love's deep ſore
Renews his pain, and feſters more and more:
Alas! where's pity then? belike it flies
The place we come to, frighted with our cries.

STREPHON.

Pity! why friend, 'tis certain that their eyes,
Who know they can o'recome, learn to deſpiſe:
Yet, Klaius, *why ſhould we repine? our ſaint*
Is pleas'd ſometime to hear our love's complaint.
And if mine eyes, to eaſe my inward pain,
Become not flatterers, ſhe doth not diſdain.

CLAIUS.

Diſdain! that were a bliſs, ſo great a weight
Might liſt our ſorrows to their utmoſt height;
And then, perhaps, our own deſpair would mend
Our lingring hopes, that muſt or break, or bend.
O no, ours is a worſe calamity,
A heedleſs care, and careleſs courteſy.

Then *Claius*, pauſing a while, with croſſed arms and a down-caſt look, began again theſe following verſes to *Strephon*, whom he ſpake to as repreſenting the perſon of Sorrow.

CLAIUS.

CLAIUS.

Foul Sorrow, wilt thou alway build thy neſt
In the wild mountains of my care-ſwoln breaſt?

STREPHON.

O yes, I find it happy for my breed,
And near your hearts, whereon I uſe to feed.

CLAIUS.

But, gentle grief, if not for pity, ſpare
Me for Urania's *ſake: ſhe hath a ſhare*
In theſe my wounds, and ſhe muſt feel the ſmart,
Whoſe image's carv'd ſo lively in my heart.

STREPHON.

O no, ſhe ſhares no pain, from whoſe fair eyes
The wound did firſt, and now the cure muſt riſe.

CLAIUS.

Why, gentle Grief, thou'rt witneſs of my love;
Then always ſigh my plaints, until you move.

STREPHON.

O no, there's too much rigor in ſuch laws,
They bind a man to ſpeak againſt his cauſe.

Sup-

Suppoſe I move, this is my recompence;
Joy muſt ſucceed, and I am baniſh'd hence.

CLAIUS.

Then muſt I die unpitied, no help's found,
Since you, my ſpokeſman, do conceal my wound.

STREPHON.

O no, let not that make us to deſpair:
She know's we love her, but ſhe know's ſhe's fair.

When they ended, *Muſidorus* (in whoſe memory their courteſy to him, had engraven a beholdenneſs) forgot not to approve what they had ſaid. But the audience had little time to determine whether they deſerved what the prince thought them worthy of; when *Corydon*, who longed to hear the debate between him and *Menalcas*, for *Kalodulus*'s daughter, ended, clapping him on the ſhoulder, thus ſaid;

CORYDON.

Fond beardleſs boy! now ſhall the chaſtiſement
(Fit for thy raſh youth's unweigh'd attempt)
Fall heavy on thee; but you may relent,
I'll not be cruel if you do repent.
O no, you will not, you'll be al-way blind,
That graceleſs ſmile betrays thy ſcornful mind.
Sing then, and ſhew theſe goodly dotes in thee,
With which thy brainleſs youth can equal me.

ME-

MENALCAS.

Gray-bearded frenzy, what canſt thou alledge,
To ſhun my blows, but thy age's privilege?
Thy tongue may ſafely ſnarl, while his offence
Is ſtill protected by that reverence.
The dotes, old dotard, I can bring to prove
My ſelf deſerves that choice, are only Love.
A priceleſs treaſure, not to be expreſs'd,
A gueſt too great for thy 'cough-breeding breaſt.

CORYDON.

Young man, thou ſpeak'ſt as if thy brains were wood;
Who can determine of that inward good?
I ſay, I love, and will Menalcas *grieve*
That all the world ſhould Corydon *believe?*
But, that's not it, thoſe flames will ſoon decay,
If they be not maintain'd ſome other way.
A thouſand ſheep I have, whoſe ſnow-white fleece
Do add a Luſtre to theſe parts of Greece:
On whom as many lambs do wait hard by,
That wear their dams white curled livery.
O! what a joy will't be to her I love;
Each morn, and even, to ſee her ſheep remove
From field to fold, where ſhe may freely ſay,
That lamb is fat, That lamb I'll eat to day?

MENAL-

MENALCAS.

Blind fortune, I'll confeſs, hath given you more;
Yet I am richer, my Content's my ſtore.
A thouſand ſheep thou haſt, 'tis very like,
But thy diſeaſes want Arithmetick.
Nature between Our years a marriage made,
We bloom together, and at once may fade.
But your old age is gone too far before,
Time beats you on, and you'll return no more.

CORYDON.

Haſty young man, do not deſpiſe the end
To which your ſelf, as to a centre, bend.
What, if I want your body's active toys,
My ſettled mind a greater good enjoys.

MENALCAS.

Old man, thou ſpeak'ſt, as if thy brains were wood;
Who can determine of that inward good?
Thinkſt thou, will that ſweet beauty take delight
To hear thee cough a proverb in the night?
O no, there are ſome other joys in bed,
She muſt partake whom you deſire to wed.

Corydon, inwardly, out of countenance, to hear his own words bite ſo ſore upon him, would have ſhrunk away: but hoping he had found a judge whom the cauſe

cauſe concerned, ſtood a while to attend what *Baſilius* would have ſaid. But the king put it over to *Muſidorus*, who (glad to find an occaſion to pleaſure *Menalcas*, his firſt maſter in the practice of a ſhepherd's life) thus ended it.

Corydon, ſaid he, could I as well lop away ſome of your over-grown years, to make your match with *Kalodulus's* daughter equal, as I can add to *Menalcas's* ſtate, I would, for a time, ſuſpend my judgment: for readily I know not whether of you two deſerves beſt: but in the one, my power ſeconds my will; as in the other, my will over-goes my power. *Kalodulus's* daughter I therefore adjudge to *Menalcas*, and I will make him worthy of her, the rather, that I know his raſh youth would impatiently bear a repulſe, where your experience (when it reflects upon itſelf) with more diſcretion may conſider ſhe was but a woman. Glad was *Menalcas* to ſpeed ſo well: nor was *Corydon* diſpleaſed, becauſe the prince, as he conceived, had entertained a good opinion of his wiſdom. Thus, when they ended, *Pyrocles*, who marked *Agelaſtus's* ſilent penſiveneſs, deſired to hear him disburthen his mind of the thoughts that brought him to ſo deep a ſtudy: thinking that *Agelaſtus* ſtood fixed, with the eye of his mind caſt upon the beauty of ſome fair miſtreſs: but he, who thought of nothing leſs, thus anſwered his expectation.

AGELASTUS.

Nor fate, nor fortune, whoſe inforcing power,
Man ſtill complains upon his ſtate to lowre,
Do work theſe changes: man himſelf's the cauſe;
They be but wheels that keep their mover's laws:
Yet alway, when he ſees his fault to late,
He turns it over upon chance, or fate.
Each man is born a king, his paſſions be
The practice of his ſovereignty:

Who,

Who, though they ſtill their ſovereign's good pretend,
Conſpire his ruine for their private end.
The love of skin-thick beauty draws his eye
To yield to love, his reaſon's majeſty.
His fear throws bug-bears in his way; his ſtate
Is ſtill infeſted by revengeful hate.
His idle grief, for what he might prevent,
Or might not, doth uſurp his government.
Thus he, whom God ordain'd a king to be,
Obeys his ſubjects, and is never free.
Beſides, whoſe ſtate's ſo firm, into whoſe way
The world flings not his joys injurious ſtay?
The ſurges of the deep, whoſe joys devour
The merchant's far-fetch'd hopes, the skies that pour
A ſecond deluge on the plow-man's corn,
When now his fields are ready to be ſhorn:
The ſoldiers long remote, the doubtful chance
Of bloody war, the new-found ordinance;
The city-horns, the court's brave flattery,
Do force content to dwell with poverty.

Then looking round upon the princes, as if by their ſurvey he were again enabled to ſpeak, he thus ſaid:

Honour, thou ſpongy idol of man's mind,
That ſoak'ſt content away, thou haſt confin'd
Ambitious man, and not his deſtiny,
Within the bounds of form and ceremony.

Oh!

Oh! happy life of ſhepherds, whoſe content
Reſts in a ſoul that's free and innocent;
They ſtay their lodging, and remove their roof,
Not for their own, but for their flock's behoof.
While ſome (to fill the blanks of their mean ſtory)
Do travel in their cares, to gain vain-glory,
They never leave the plains, unleſs, ſome-time,
To look about them, they the mountains climb:
But dwell not there; for ev'n this change doth ſhow
What choicer ſweets they do enjoy below:
Here the rough winds do buzz about their ears,
The rocky ſteepneſs adds unto their fears:
Here they are ready to be torn aſunder,
By malice hateful blaſts, and envy's thunder:
From hence They may deſcend; but, greatneſs, ſtay,
If You come down, it muſt be th'other way:
For 'tis a bliſs, in which your honour ſhares,
That though you would, you cannot leave your cares.

When *Agelaſtus* ended, the company might ſee a man, who ſeemed to be misfortune's herald, with a rope about his neck, make towards the queen of *Corinth*, and caſt himſelf at her feet. They, thinking it had been ſome ſhepherdiſh invention, expected a while the conceit of it: but approaching, after a time, nearer to him, they might diſcern that it was *Tenarus* the uſurper of *Corinth*; who, hearing of the queen's welfare, and her happy marriage to *Amphialus*, (finding, in his own practice for the crown, the *Corinthians* aptneſs to embrace change, and conſidering the powerfulneſs of his enemies) had come thither, in the baſeſt form of humbleneſs, to ſet a belief upon his ſubmiſſion. Him the queen (becauſe he was a ſuitor on her

her marriage-day) pardoned, and reſtored to his poſſeſſions, forfeited by his treaſon to the crown; only ſhe cauſed his liberty to be reſtrained until her going to *Corinth*: whither, after ſhe had taken leave of *Baſilius*, and the reſt of the royal company, ſhe took her journey; making *Amphialus*, within a year after her departure, a happy father of a much-promiſing ſon, whom they named *Haleamphialus*. *Euarchus* alſo, ſoon after, with his ſon *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*, and his nephew *Muſidorus*, together with *Pamela* (who was deſirous both to accompany her ſiſter, and to ſee her mother of *Theſſaly*) parted from *Mantinea*; leaving *Baſilius* and *Gyneſia*, when they had accompanied them to the frontiers of *Arcadia*, to the happy quiet of their after-life.

Tu longe ſequere & veſtigia ſemper adoro,
SIDNEI—— Statius.

END *of the* ARCADIA.

THE

THE POETICAL WORKS OF Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

The FOURTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.XXIV.

THE

DEFENSE OF POESY.

WHEN the right virtuous *E. W.* and I were at the Emperor's court together, we gave ourſelves to learn horſemanſhip of *Gio. Pietro Pugliano*, one that, with great commendation, had the place of an * Eſquire in his ſtable: and he, according to the fertileneſs of the *Italian* wit, did not only afford us the demonſtration of his practice, but ſought to inrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought moſt precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when (either angred with ſlow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exerciſed his ſpeech in the praiſe of his faculty. He ſaid, Soldiers were the nobleſt eſtate of mankind, and horſemen the nobleſt of ſoldiers. He ſaid, They were the maſters of war, and ornaments of peace, ſpeedy goers, and ſtrong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts: nay, to ſo unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred ſuch

* *Potiùs* Equerry.

wonder to a prince, as to be a good horſeman: Skill of government, was but a *Pedanteria* in compariſon. Then would he add certain praiſes, by telling what a peerleſs beaſt the horſe was, the only ſerviceable courtier, without flattery, the beaſt of moſt beauty, faithfulneſs, courage, and ſuch more, that if I had not been a piece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I think he would have perſuaded me to have wiſhed myſelf a horſe. But thus much, at leaſt, with his no few words, he drove into me, That ſelf-love is better than any gilding, to make that ſeem gorgeous wherein ourſelves be parties. Wherein, if *Pugliano*'s ſtrong affection, and weak arguments, will not ſatisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myſelf, who, I know not by what miſchance, in theſe my not old years and idleſt times, having ſlipped into the title of a Poet, am provoked to ſay ſomething unto you in the defenſe of that my un-elected vocation; which if I handle with more good will, than good reaſons, bear with me, ſince the ſcholar is to be pardoned that followeth the ſteps of his maſter. And yet I muſt ſay, That as I have more juſt cauſe to make a * pitiful defenſe of poor Poetry, which, from almoſt the higheſt eſtimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing-ſtock of children; ſo have I need to bring ſome more available proofs, ſince the former is by no man barred of his deſerved credit, whereas the ſilly latter hath had even the names of *Philoſophers* uſing to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the muſes. And firſt, truly, to all them that, profeſſing learning, inveigh againſt Poetry may juſtly be objected, That they go very near to ungratefulneſs, to ſeek to deface that, which, in the nobleſt nations and languages that are known, hath been the firſt light-giver to ignorance, and firſt nurſe, whoſe milk by little and little, enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the hedghog, that being received into the den, drove out his hoſt? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece*, in any of her manifold ſciences, be able to ſhew me one book before *Muſæus*, *Homer*, and *Heſiod*, all three nothing elſe but poets. Nay, let any hiſtory be brought, that can ſay any writ-

* Compaſſionate.

ters were there before them, if they were not men of the ſame skill, as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and ſome others are named, who having been the firſt of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to poſterity, may juſtly challenge to be called their Fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority (although in itſelf antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as cauſes to draw, with their charming ſweetneſs, the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was ſaid to move ſtones with his poetry to build *Thebes*, and *Orpheus* to be liſtened to by beaſts, indeed ſtony and beaſtly people: So among the *Romans* were *Livius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*: So in the *Italian* language, the firſt that made it to aſpire to be a treaſure-houſe of ſcience, were the poets *Dante*, *Boccace*, and *Petrarch*: So in our, *Engliſh*, were *Gower* and *Chaucer*; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother-tongue, as well in the ſame kind, as other arts. This did ſo notably ſhew itſelf, that the *Philoſophers* of *Greece* durſt not a long time appear to the world, but under the mask of Poets: So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, ſang their natural philoſophy in verſes: So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocyllides* their moral counſels: So did *Tyrteus* in war matters, and *Solon* in matters of policy; or rather, they being poets, did exerciſe their delightful vein in thoſe points of higheſt knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world: For that wiſe *Solon* was directly a poet, it is manifeſt, having written, in verſe, the noble fable of the *Atlantick* iſland, which was continued by *Plato*. And, truly, even *Plato*, whoſoever well conſidereth, ſhall find, that in the body of his work, though the inſide and ſtrength were Philoſophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty, depended moſt of Poetry. For all ſtands upon dialogues, wherein he feigns, many honeſt burgeſſes of *Athens* ſpeaking of ſuch matters, that if they had been ſet on the rack, they would never have confeſſed them: beſides, his poetical deſcribing the circumſtances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, and interlacing mere tales, as *Gyges's Ring*, and others, which, who knows not to be flowers of poetry, did never walk into *Apollo*'s garden. And

even *Hiſtoriographers*, although their lips ſound of things done, and verity be written in their fore-heads, have been glad to borrow, both faſhion, and, perchance, weight, of the Poets: So *Herodotus* intituled the Books of his hiſtory by the names of *The nine Muſes*, and both he; and all the reſt that followed him, either ſtole or uſurped, of poetry, their paſſionate deſcribing of paſſions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm, or, if that be denied me, long orations, put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which, it is certain, they never pronounced. So that, truly, neither *Philoſopher*, nor *Hiſtoriographer*, could, at the firſt, have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great diſport of Poetry, which in all nations, at this day, where learning flouriſheth not, is plain to be ſeen: in all which, they have ſome feeling of Poetry. In *Turkey*, beſides their law-giving divines, they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbour-country *Ireland*, where, truly, learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the moſt barbarous and ſimple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make, and ſing ſongs, which they call *Arentos*, both of their anceſtors deeds, and praiſes of their gods. A ſufficient probability, that if ever learning come among them, it muſt be by having their hard, dull wits ſoftned and ſharpned with the ſweet delight of Poetry; for until they find a pleaſure in the exerciſe of the mind, great promiſes of much knowledge, will little perſuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the antient *Britons*, as there are good authorities to ſhew the long time they had poets, which they called *Bards*, ſo through all the conqueſts of *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, ſome of whom did ſeek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, laſt; ſo as it is not more notable in the ſoon beginning, than in long continuing. But ſince the authors of moſt of our ſciences were the *Romans*, and, before them, the *Greeks*, let us, a little, ſtand upon their authorities, but even ſo far, as to ſee what names they have given unto this now ſcorned skill. Among the *Romans*, a poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a diviner, foreſeer, or prophet, as by his conjoined

words

words *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari*, is manifeſt, ſo heavenly a title did that excellent people beſtow upon this heart-raviſhing knowledge! And ſo far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the changeable hitting upon any ſuch verſes, great fore-tokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgilianæ*, when, by ſudden opening *Virgil*'s book, they lighted upon ſome verſe, as it is reported by many, whereof the hiſtories of the *emperors* lives are full. As of *Albinus*, the governor of our Iſland, who, in his childhood, met with this verſe,

Arma amens capio nec ſat rationis in armis;

And in his age performed it: Although it were a very vain and godleſs ſuperſtition; as alſo it was, to think ſpirits were commanded by ſuch verſes: whereupon this word *charms*, derived of *Carmina*, cometh, ſo yet ſerveth it to ſhew the great reverence thoſe wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, ſince both the oracles of *Delphos* and the *Sybils* propheſies were wholly delivered in verſes; for that ſame exquiſite obſerving of number and meaſure in the words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did ſeem to have ſome divine force in it. And may not I preſume a little farther, to ſhew the reaſonableneſs of this word *Vates*, and ſay, That the holy *David*'s Pſalms are a divine *Poem*? If I do, I ſhall not do it without the teſtimony of great learned men, both antient and modern. But even the name of Pſalms, will ſpeak for me, which being interpreted, is nothing but Songs: then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned *Hebricians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Laſtly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what elſe is the awaking his muſical inſtruments; the often and free changing of perſons; his notable *Proſopopœias*, when he maketh you, as it were, ſee God coming in his majeſty; his telling of the beaſts joyfulneſs, and hills leaping, but a heavenly Poeſy; wherein, almoſt, he ſheweth himſelf a paſſionate lover of that unſpeakable and everlaſting beauty, to be ſeen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But, truly, now, having named him, I fear I ſeem to pro-

phane that holy name, applying it to Poetry, which is, among us, thrown down to ſo ridiculous an eſtimation. But they that, with quiet judgments, will look a little deeper into it, ſhall find the end and working of it ſuch, as being rightly applied, deſerveth not to be ſcourged out of the church of *God*. But now let us ſee how the *Greeks* have named it, and how they deemed of it. The *Greeks* named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the moſt excellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word ποιεῖν, which is *to make*: wherein, I know not whether by luck or wiſdom, we *Engliſhmen* have met with the *Greeks* in calling him Maker! which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the ſcope of other ſciences, than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind, that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which, they could not conſiſt, and on which they ſo depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have ſet forth. So doth the *Aſtronomer* look upon the ſtars, and by that he ſeeth ſet down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician*, in their diverſe ſorts of quantities. So doth the *Muſician*, in times, tell you, which by nature agree, which not. The *natural Philoſopher* thereon hath his name, and the *moral Philoſopher* ſtandeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or paſſions of man: And follow nature, ſaith he, therein, and thou ſhalt not err. The *Lawyer* ſaith what men have determined. The *Hiſtorian*, what men have done. The *Grammarian*, ſpeaketh only of the rules of ſpeech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Logician*, conſidering what in nature will ſooneſt prove, and perſuade thereon, give artificial rules, which ſtill are compaſſed within the circle of a queſtion, according to the propoſed matter. The *Phyſician* weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the *Metaphyſick*, though it be in the ſecond, and abſtract notions, and therefore be counted ſupernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the *Poet*, diſdaining to be tied to any ſuch ſubjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature: in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or

quite

quite anew, forms ſuch as never were in nature, as the *Heroes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and ſuch like; ſo as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not incloſed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiack of his own wit. Nature never ſet forth the earth in ſo rich tapeſtry as diverſe poets have done; neither with ſo pleaſant rivers, fruitful trees, ſweet-ſmelling flowers, nor whatſoever elſe may make the too much loved earth more lovely; Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. But let thoſe things alone, and go to Man, for whom, as the other things are, ſo it ſeemeth in him her uttermoſt cunning is employed, and know, Whether ſhe have brought forth ſo true a lover as *Theagenes*, ſo conſtant a friend as *Pylades*, ſo valiant a man as *Orlando*, ſo right a prince as *Xenophon's Cyrus*, and ſo excellent a man every way as *Virgil's Æneas*? Neither let this be jeſtingly conceived, becauſe the works of the one be eſſential, the other in imitation or fiction; for every underſtanding knoweth the skill of each artificer ſtandeth in that *idea*, or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work it ſelf. And that the poet hath that *idea*, is manifeſt, by the delivering them forth in ſuch excellency as he had imagined them; which delivering forth, alſo, is not wholly imaginative, as we were wont to ſay by them that build caſtles in the air; but ſo far ſubſtantially it worketh, not only to make a *Cyrus*, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to beſtow a *Cyrus* upon the world to make many *Cyruſſes*, if they will learn aright, why, and how that Maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too ſaucy a compariſon, to ballance the higheſt point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeneſs, ſet him beyond, and over all the works of that ſecond nature, which in nothing he ſhewed ſo much as in Poetry, when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth ſurpaſſing her doings, with no ſmall arguments to the incredulous of that firſt accurſed fall of *Adam*, ſince our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But theſe arguments will by few be underſtood, and by fewer

fewer granted: Thus much I hope will be given me, that the *Greeks*, with ſome probability of reaſon, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and ſo, I hope, though we get not ſo unmatched a praiſe, as the *etymology* of his names will grant, yet his very deſcription, which no man will deny, ſhall not juſtly be barred from a principal Commendation. *Poeſy* therefore, is an Art of *imitation*; for ſo *Ariſtotle* termeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to ſay, A repreſenting, counterfeiting, or figuring forth, to ſpeak metaphorically. A ſpeaking *picture*, with this end, To teach and delight. Of this have been three general kinds; the chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the unconceivable excellencies of God; ſuch were *David* in his *Pſalms*; *Solomon* in his *Song of Songs*, in his *Eccleſiaſtes* and *Proverbs*; *Moſes* and *Deborah* in their hymns; and the writer of *Job*; which, beſides others, the learned *Emanuel Tremellius*, and *Fr. Junius* do intitle, The poetical part of the ſcripture: Againſt theſe none will ſpeak that hath the Holy Ghoſt in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymns, and many others, both *Greeks* and *Romans*. And this *Poeſy* muſt be uſed by whoſoever will follow St. *Paul*'s counſel, in ſinging pſalms when they are merry; and I know is uſed with the fruit of comfort by ſome, when, in ſorrowful pangs of their death-bringing ſins, they find the conſolation of the never-leaving goodneſs. The ſecond kind, is of them that deal with matter philoſophical; either Moral, as *Tyrteus*, *Phocylides*, *Cato*; or Natural, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*; or Aſtronomical, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Hiſtorical, as *Lucan*; which who miſlike, the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taſte, and not in the ſweet food of ſweetly uttered knowledge. But becauſe this ſecond ſort is wrapped within the fold of the propoſed ſubject, and takes not the free courſe of his own invention, whether they properly be Poets, or no, let *Grammarians* diſpute, and go to the third, indeed right Poets, of whom chiefly this queſtion ariſeth: Betwixt whom and theſe ſecond is ſuch a kind of difference, as betwixt the meaner ſort

of

of Painters, who counterfeit only ſuch faces as are ſet before them; and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, beſtow that in colours upon you which is fitteſt for the eye to ſee, as the conſtant, though lamenting look of *Lucretia*, when ſhe puniſhed in her ſelf another's fault: Wherein he painteth not *Lucretia*, whom he never ſaw, but painteth the outward beauty of ſuch a vertue. For theſe three be they which moſt properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or ſhall be, but range only, reined with learned diſcretion, into the divine conſideration of what may be, and ſhould be. Theſe be they, that, as the firſt and moſt noble ſort, may juſtly be termed *Vates*: So theſe are waited on in the excellenteſt languages and beſt underſtandings, with the fore-deſcribed name of *Poets*. For theſe, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodneſs in hand, which, without delight, they would fly as from a ſtranger, and teach to make them know that goodneſs whereunto they are moved; which being the nobleſt ſcope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them. Theſe be ſubdivided into ſundry more ſpecial denominations: The moſt notable be the *heroick*, *lyrick*, *tragick*, *comick*, *ſatirick*, *iambick*, *elegiack*, *paſtoral*, and certain others; ſome of theſe being termed according to the matter they deal with; ſome by the ſort of verſe they liked beſt to write in; for indeed the greateſt part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called *verſe*. Indeed but apparelled verſe, being but an ornament, and no cauſe to poetry, ſince there have been many moſt excellent poets that never verſified, and now ſwarm many verſifiers that need never anſwer to the name of poets. For *Xenophon*, who did imitate ſo excellently as to give us *effigiem juſti imperii*, the portraiture of a juſt empire, under the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* ſaith of him, made therein an abſolute heroical poem. So did *Heliodorus*, in his ſugared invention of that picture of love in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both theſe wrote in proſe; which I ſpeak to ſhew, that it is not rhyming and verſing that maketh a poet (no more

more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armour, ſhould be an advocate and no ſoldier;) but it is that feigning notable images of vertues, vices, or what elſe, with that delightful teaching, which muſt be the right deſcribing note to know a poet by. Although indeed the ſenate of poets have choſen verſe as their fitteſt rayment; meaning, as in matter they paſſed all in all, ſo in manner to go beyond them, not ſpeaking, table-talk faſhion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each ſyllable of each word by juſt proportion, according to the dignity of the ſubject. Now therefore it ſhall not be amiſs, firſt, To weigh this latter ſort of poetry, By his works, and then, By his parts; and if in neither of theſe anatomies he be commendable, I hope we ſhall receive a more favourable ſentence. This purifying of wit, this inriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name ſoever it come forth, or to what immediate end ſoever it be directed, the final end is, To lead and draw us to as high a perfection, as our degenerate ſouls, made worſe by their clay lodgings, can be capable of: This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impreſſions: for ſome that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be ſo high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the ſtars, gave themſelves to *aſtronomy*; others perſuading themſelves to be *demi-gods*, if they knew the cauſes of things, became natural and ſupernatural *philoſophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *muſick*; and ſome the certainty of demonſtrations to the *mathematicks*; but all one and other having this ſcope, To know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body, to the enjoying his own divine eſſence. But when, by the ballance of experience, it was found that the *aſtronomer*, looking to the ſtars, might fall in a ditch; that the enquiring *philoſopher* might be blind in himſelf; and the *mathematician* might draw forth a ſtrait line with a crooked heart; then, lo! did proof, the over-ruler of opinions, make manifeſt, that all theſe are but ſerving ſciences, which, as they have a private end in themſelves, ſo yet are they all directed to the higheſt end of the

miſtreſs

miſtreſs knowledge, by the *Greeks* [called] ἀρχιτεκτονικὴ, which ſtands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's ſelf, in the ethick and politick conſideration, with the end of well-doing, and not of well-knowing only: Even as the ſadler's next end is to make a good ſaddle, but his farther end, to ſerve a nobler faculty, which is horſemanſhip; ſo the horſeman's to ſoldiery; and the ſoldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a ſoldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning, being vertuous action, thoſe skills that moſt ſerve to bring forth that, have a moſt juſt title to be princes over all the reſt; wherein, if we can ſhew it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors; Among whom principally to challenge it, ſtep forth the moral *Philoſophers*, whom, methinks, I ſee coming towards me with a ſullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by day-light, rudely cloathed, for to witneſs outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands againſt glory, whereto they ſet their names; ſophiſtically ſpeaking againſt ſubtlety, and angry with any man in whom they ſee the foul fault of anger. Theſe men caſting largeſſes as they go, of definitions, diviſions, and diſtinctions, with a ſcornful interrogative, do ſoberly ask, Whether it be poſſible to find any path ſo ready to lead a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is; and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his cauſes and effects, but alſo by making known his enemy Vice, which muſt be deſtroyed, and his cumberſome ſervant Paſſion, which muſt be maſtered, by ſhewing the generalities that contain it, and by the ſpecialities that are derived from it: laſtly, by plain ſetting down how it extends it ſelf out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of publick ſocieties? The *Hiſtorian* ſcarce gives leiſure to the *Moraliſt* to ſay ſo much, but that he, (loaden with old mouſe-eaten records, authorizing himſelf, for the moſt part, upon other hiſtories, whoſe greateſt authorities are built upon the notable foundation *Hearſay*, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thouſand years ago, than with the preſent age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, than how

his

his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquiſitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk) denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Teſtis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magiſtra vitæ, nuncia vetuſtatis.* The *philoſopher*, ſaith he, teacheth a diſputative vertue, but I do an active; his vertue is excellent in the dangerleſs *academy* of *Plato*, but mine ſheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon*, *Pharſalia*, *Poictiers*, and *Agincourt*: He teacheth vertue by certain abſtract conſiderations; but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you: Old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted *philoſopher*; but I give the experience of many ages: Laſtly, If he make the ſong-book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light. Then would he alledge you innumerable examples, confirming ſtory by ſtories, How much the wiſeſt ſenators and princes have been directed by the credit of hiſtory, as *Brutus*, *Alphonſus* of *Aragon*, (and who not? if need be.) At length, the long line of their diſputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom ſhall we find, ſince the queſtion ſtandeth for the higheſt form in the ſchool of learning, to be mediator? Truly, as me ſeemeth, the Poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other ſerving ſciences. Therefore compare we the *Poet* with the *Hiſtorian*, and with the moral *Philoſopher*; and if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him: For as for the *Divine*, with all reverence, he is ever to be excepted, not only for having his ſcope as far beyond any of theſe, as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for paſſing each of theſe in themſelves: And for the *Lawyer*, though *Jus* be the daughter of *Juſtice*, the chief of vertues, yet becauſe he ſeeks to make men good rather *formidine pœnæ*, than *virtutis amore*, or, to ſay righter, doth not endeavour to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care ſo he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: Therefore, as our wickedneſs maketh him neceſſary, and neceſſity maketh him honourable, ſo is he

not

not in the deepeſt truth to ſtand in rank with theſe, who all endeavour to take naughtineſs away, and plant goodneſs even in the ſecreteſt cabinet of our ſouls: and theſe four, are all that any way deal in the conſideration of mens manners, which being the ſupreme knowledge, they that beſt breed it, deſerve the beſt commendation. The *Philoſopher* therefore, and the *Hiſtorian*, are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the *Philoſopher* ſitting down with the thorny arguments, the bare rule is ſo hard of utterance, and ſo miſty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him, ſhall wade in him until he be old, before he ſhall find ſufficient cauſe to be honeſt. For his knowledge ſtandeth ſo upon the abſtract and general, that happy is that man who may underſtand him, and more happy, that can apply what he doth underſtand. On the other ſide, The *Hiſtorian*, wanting the precept, is ſo tied, not to what ſhould be, but to what is; to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reaſon of things; that his example draweth not neceſſary conſequence, and therefore a leſs fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerleſs Poet perform both; for whatſoever the Philoſopher ſaith ſhould be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by ſome one by whom he pre-ſuppoſeth it was done, ſo as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I ſay) for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philoſopher beſtoweth but a wordiſh deſcription, which doth neither ſtrike, pierce, nor poſſeſs the ſight of the ſoul, ſo much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never ſeen an *elephant*, or a *rhinoceros*, who ſhould tell him moſt exquiſitely, all their ſhape, colour, bigneſs, and particular marks? or of a gorgeous palace, an *architect*, who declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were, by rote, all he had heard, yet ſhould never ſatisfy his inward conceit, with being witneſs to itſelf of a true living knowledge: But the ſame man, as ſoon as he might ſee thoſe beaſts well painted, or that houſe well in model, ſhould ſtraitways grow, without need of any deſcription, to a judicial comprehending of them: So, no doubt, the

Philo-

Philoſopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of publick policy or private government, repleniſheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wiſdom, which, notwithſtanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the ſpeaking picture of *Poeſy*. *Tully* taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know what force the love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old *Anchiſes*, ſpeaking in the midſt of *Troy*'s flames, or ſee *Ulyſſes*, in the fulneſs of all *Calypſo*'s delights, bewail his abſence from barren and beggarly *Ithaca*: Anger, the *Stoicks* ſaid, was a ſhort madneſs; let but *Sophocles* bring you *Ajax* on a ſtage, killing or whipping ſheep and oxen, thinking them the army of *Greeks*, with their chieftains *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: and tell me, If you have not a more familiar inſight into anger, than finding in the ſchoolmen his *genus* and *difference*? See whether wiſdom and temperance in *Ulyſſes* and *Diomedes*, valour in *Achilles*, friendſhip in *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, even to an ignorant man, carry not an apparent ſhining; and, contrarily, the remorſe of conſcience in *Oedipus*; the ſoon repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the ſelf-indevouring cruelty in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the ſowre ſweetneſs of revenge in *Medea*; and, to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnatho*, and our *Chaucer*'s *Pander*, ſo expreſſed, that we now uſe their names, to ſignify their trades: And, finally, all virtues, vices, and paſſions, ſo, in their own natural ſtates, laid to the view, that we ſeem not to hear of them, but clearly to ſee through them? But even in the moſt excellent determination of goodneſs, what *Philoſopher*'s counſel can ſo readily direct a Prince, as the feigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*? Or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as *Æneas* in *Virgil*? Of a whole common-wealth, as the way of Sir *Thomas Moore*'s *Utopia*? I ſay, The way, becauſe where Sir *Thomas Moore* erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet: for that way of patterning a common-wealth, was moſt abſolute, though he, perchance, hath not ſo abſolutely performed it. For the queſtion is, Whether the feigned image of Poetry, or the regular inſtruction of Philoſophy, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein, if the *Philoſophers*

loſophers have more rightly ſhewed themſelves *Philoſophers*, than the *Poets* have attained to the high top of their profeſſion (as in truth,

——— *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non Dij, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ.) *

It is, I ſay again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accompliſhed. Certainly, even our Saviour Chriſt, could as well have given the moral common places of uncharitableneſs and humbleneſs, as the divine narration of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, or of diſobedience and mercy; as the heavenly diſcourſe of the loſt child and the gracious father; but that his thorough-ſearching wiſdom knew the eſtate of *Dives* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* boſom, would more conſtantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myſelf (me ſeems) I ſee before mine eyes, the loſt child's diſdainful prodigality turned to envy a ſwine's dinner: which, by the learned *Divines*, are thought not hiſtorical acts, but inſtructing parables.

For concluſion, I ſay, The *Philoſopher* teacheth, but he teacheth obſcurely, ſo as the learned only, can underſtand him; that is to ſay, He teacheth them that are already taught. But the Poet is the food for the tender ſtomachs; the Poet is, indeed, the right popular *Philoſopher*. Whereof *Æſop's* tales give good proof, whoſe pretty Allegories, ſtealing under the formal tales of beaſts, make many more beaſtly than beaſts, begin to hear the ſound of virtue from thoſe dumb ſpeakers.

But now may it be alledged, That if this managing of matters be ſo fit for the imagination, then muſt the *Hiſtorian* needs ſurpaſs, who brings you images of true matters, ſuch as, indeed, were done, and not ſuch as fantaſtically or falſely may be ſuggeſted to have been done. Truly, *Ariſtotle* himſelf, in his Diſcourſe of *Poeſy*, plainly determineth this queſtion, ſaying, That *Poetry* is φιλοσοφώτερόν & σπουδαιότερον, that is to ſay, It is more philoſophical, and more than hiſtory. His reaſon is,

* HORATIUS.

Becauſe *Poeſy* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to ſay, With the univerſal conſideration, and the hiſtory with καθέκαστον, the particular. Now, ſaith he, the univerſal ways, what is fit to be ſaid or done, either in likelihood or neceſſity, which the Poeſy conſidereth in his impoſed names: and the particular only maketh, whether *Alcibiades* did or ſuffered this or that: thus far *Ariſtotle*. Which reaſon of his, as all his, is moſt full of reaſon. For, indeed, if the queſtion were, Whether it were better to have a particular act truly, or falſely ſet down? there is no doubt which is to be choſen, no more than whether you had rather have *Veſpaſian*'s picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleaſure, nothing reſembling? But if the queſtion be, for your own uſe and learning, Whether it be better to have it ſet down as it ſhould be, or as it was? then, certainly, is more doctrinable the feigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, than the true *Cyrus* in *Juſtin*; and the feigned *Æneas* in *Virgil*, than the right *Æneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: As to a lady that deſired to faſhion her countenance to the beſt grace, a painter ſhould more benefit her to portrait a moſt ſweet face, writing *Canidia* upon it, than to paint *Canidia* as ſhe was, who, *Horace* ſweareth, was full ill-favoured. If the *Poet* do his part aright, he will ſhew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, and ſuch like, nothing that is not to be ſhunned; in *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Ulyſſes*, each thing to be followed: where the *Hiſtorian*, bound to tell things, as things were, cannot be liberal, without he will be poetical of a perfect pattern; but, as in *Alexander*, or *Scipio* himſelf, ſhew doings, ſome to be liked, ſome to be miſ-liked; And then how will you diſcern what to follow, but by your own diſcretion, which you had without reading *Q. Curtius*? And whereas, a man may ſay, though in univerſal conſideration of doctrine, the *Poet* prevaileth, yet that the hiſtory, in his ſaying ſuch a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he ſhall follow. The anſwer is manifeſt, That if he ſtand upon that *was*, as if he ſhould argue, becauſe it rained yeſterday, therefore it ſhould rain to day, then, indeed, hath it ſome advantage to a groſs conceit. But if he know an example only informs a conjectured likelihood, and ſo go by reaſon, the *Poet* doth ſo far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is moſt reaſonable,

ſonable, be it in warlike, politick, or private matters, where the *Hiſtorian* in his bare, *was*, hath, many times, that which we call fortune, to over-rule the beſt wiſdom. Many times he muſt tell events, whereof he can yield no cauſe, or if he do, it muſt be poetically. For, that a feigned example hath as much force to teach, as a true example, for as for to move, it is clear, ſince the feigned may be tuned to the higheſt key of paſſion: let us take one example wherein an *Hiſtorian* and a *Poet* did concur. *Herodotus* and *Juſtin*, do both teſtify, That *Zopyrus*, King *Darius*'s faithful ſervant, ſeeing his maſter long reſiſted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, feigned himſelf in extreme diſgrace of his king; for verifying of which, he cauſed his own noſe and ears to be cut off, and ſo flying to the *Babylonians*, was received, and, for his known valour, ſo far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to *Darius*. Much-like matters doth *Livy* record of *Tarquinius* and his ſon. *Xenophon* excellently feigned ſuch another ſtratagem, performed by *Abradatus* in *Cyrus*'s behalf. Now would I fain know, If occaſion be preſented unto you, to ſerve your prince by ſuch an honeſt diſſimulation, why do you not as well learn it of *Xenophon*'s fiction, as of the other's verity? and, truly, ſo much the better, as you ſhall ſave your noſe by the bargain; for *Abradatus* did not counterfeit ſo far. So, then, the beſt of the *Hiſtorians* is ſubject to the *Poet*; for, whatſoever action or faction, whatſoever counſel, policy, or war-ſtratagem, the *Hiſtorian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet*, if he liſt, with his imitation, make his own, beautifying it both for farther teaching, and more delighting, as it pleaſe him, having all, from *Dante*'s heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen. Which, if I be asked, What *Poets* have done ſo? as I might well name ſome, ſo yet, ſay I, and ſay again, I ſpeak of the art, and not of the artificer. Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praiſe of hiſtory, in reſpect of the notable learning which is got by marking the ſucceſs, as tho' therein a man ſhould ſee virtue exalted, and vice puniſhed: truly, that commendation is peculiar to Poetry, and far off from Hiſtory; for, indeed, Poetry ever ſets virtue ſo out in her beſt colours, making fortune her well-waiting hand-maid, that one muſt needs

be enamoured of her. Well may you ſee *Ulyſſes* in a ſtorm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exerciſes of patience and magnanimity, to make them ſhine the more in the near following proſperity: And, of the contrary part, if evil men come to the ſtage, they ever go out (as the tragedy-writer anſwered to one that miſliked the ſhew of ſuch perſons) ſo manacled, as they little animate folks to follow them: But the Hiſtory being captived to the truth of a fooliſh world, is many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedneſs. For ſee we not valiant *Miltiades* rot in his fetters? The juſt *Phocion*, and the accompliſhed *Socrates*, put to death like traytors? The cruel *Severus* live proſperouſly? The excellent *Severus* miſerably murthered? *Sylla* and *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* and *Cicero* ſlain then when they would have thought exile a happineſs? See we not virtuous *Cato* driven to kill himſelf, and rebel *Cæſar* ſo advanced, that his name yet, after Sixteen hundred years, laſteth in the higheſt honour? And mark but even *Cæſar*'s own words of the fore-named *Sylla* (who, in that, only, did honeſtly to put down his diſhoneſt tyranny) *Literas neſcivit:* as if want of learning cauſed him to do well. He meant it not by Poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviſeth new puniſhments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philoſophy, which teacheth *Occidentes eſſe*, but, no doubt, by skill in Hiſtory; for that, indeed, can afford you *Cypſelus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionyſius*, and I know not how many more of the ſame kennel, that ſpeed well enough in their abominable injuſtice of uſurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth Hiſtory, not only in furniſhing the mind with knowledge, but in ſetting it forward to that which deſerves to be called and accounted good: which ſetting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, ſetteth the lawrel crown upon the *Poets* as victorious, not only of the *Hiſtorian*, but over the *Philoſopher*, howſoever, in teaching, it may be queſtionable. For ſuppoſe it be granted, that which I ſuppoſe, with great reaſon, may be denied, That the *Philoſopher*, in reſpect of his methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the *Poet*, yet do I think, That no man is ſo much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the

Philo-

Philoſopher in moving with the *Poet*. And, that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well-nigh both the cauſe and effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with deſire to be taught? And what ſo much good doth that teaching bring forth (I ſpeak ſtill of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach. For, as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, It is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις muſt be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can be, without being moved to practiſe, it is no hard matter to conſider. The *Philoſopher* ſheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the rediouſneſs of the way, as of the pleaſant lodging you ſhall have when your journey is ended, as of the many bye-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive ſtudious painfulneſs; which conſtant deſire whoſoever hath in him, hath already paſt half the hardneſs of the way, and therefore is beholden to the *Philoſopher* but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reaſon hath ſo much overmaſtered paſſion, as that the mind hath a free deſire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itſelf, is as good as a *Philoſopher*'s book, ſince in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although, not in the words of art which *Philoſophers* beſtow upon us; for out of natural conceit the *Philoſophers* drew it: But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with deſire to know, *hoc opus, hic labor eſt*.

Now, therein, of all Sciences, I ſpeak ſtill of human, and, according to the human conceit, is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For he doth not only ſhew the way, but giveth ſo ſweet a proſpect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay, he doth, as if your journey ſhould lie through a fair vineyard, at the very firſt, give you a cluſter of grapes, that, full of that taſte, you may long to paſs farther. He beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulneſs; but he cometh to you with words ſet in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well-inchanting skill of *muſick*, and with a tale, forſooth,

he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedneſs to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take moſt wholeſome things by hiding them in ſuch other as have a pleaſant taſte: which, if one ſhould begin to tell them the nature of the *Aloes* or *Rhabarbarum* they ſhould receive, would ſooner take their phyſick at their ears than at their mouth; ſo is it in men (moſt of which are childiſh in the beſt things, 'till they be cradled in their graves) glad they will be to hear the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, and hearing them, muſt needs hear the right deſcription of wiſdom, valour and juſtice; which, if they had been barely (that is to ſay, Philoſophically) ſet out, they would ſwear they be brought to ſchool again. That imitation whereof *Poetry* is, hath the moſt conveniency to nature of all other: inſomuch that, as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, Thoſe things which in themſelves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monſters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading *Amadis de Gaul*, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect *Poeſy*, have found their hearts moved to the exerciſe of courteſy, liberality, and eſpecially courage. Who readeth *Æneas* carrying old *Anchiſes* on his back, that wiſheth not, it were his fortune to perform ſo excellent an act? Whom doth not thoſe words of *Turnus* move (the tale of *Turnus* having planted his image in the imagination)

——— *Fugientem hæc terra videbit?*
Uſque adeone mori miſerum eſt? *

Where the *Philoſophers* (as they think) ſcorn to delight, ſo much they be content little to move, ſaving wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: Which *Plato* and *Boetius* well knew; and therefore made miſtreſs *Philoſophy* very often borrow the masking raiment of *Poeſy*.

* VIRGILIUS.

For

For even thoſe hard hearted evil men, who think virtue a ſchool-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore deſpiſe the auſtere admonitions of the *Philoſopher*, and feel not the inward reaſon they ſtand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow *Poet* ſeems to promiſe; and ſo ſteal to ſee the form of goodneſs, which ſeen, they cannot but love, e'er themſelves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the ſtrange effects of this poetical invention might be alledged; only two ſhall ſerve, which are ſo often remembred, as, I think, all men know them. The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had reſolutely divided themſelves from the *Senate*, with apparent ſhew of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon truſt, either of figurative ſpeeches, or cunning inſinuations, and much leſs with far-fetched *maxims* of *Philoſophy*, which, eſpecially if they were *Platonick*, they muſt have learned *Geometry* before they could have conceived: but, forſooth, he behaveth himſelf like a homely and familiar *Poet*. He telleth them a tale, That there was a time, when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conſpiracy againſt the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labour: they concluded, they would let ſo unprofitable a ſpender ſtarve. In the end, to be ſhort, (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale) with puniſhing the belly, they plagued themſelves. This, applied by him, wrought ſuch effect in the people, as I never read that only words brought forth; but then, ſo ſudden, and ſo good an alteration, for upon reaſonable conditions, a perfect reconcilement enſued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who, when the holy *David* had ſo far forſaken God, as to confirm adultery with murther, when he was to do the tendereſt office of a friend, in laying his own ſhame before his eyes, being ſent by God to call again ſo choſen a ſervant, how doth he it? but by telling of a man whoſe beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his boſom. The application moſt divinely true, but the diſcourſe itſelf feigned; which made *David* (I ſpeak of the ſecond and inſtrumental cauſe) as in a glaſs ſee his own

filthineſs, as that heavenly Pſalm of mercy well teſtifieth.*

By theſe, therefore, examples and reaſons, I think it may be manifeſt, that the *Poet*, with that ſame hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And ſo a concluſion, not unfitly, enſues, That as Virtue is the moſt excellent reſting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, ſo *Poetry*, being the moſt familiar to teach it, and moſt princely to move towards it, in the moſt excellent work, is the moſt excellent workman. But I am content, not only to decypher him by his works (although works in commendation and diſpraiſe, muſt ever hold a high authority) but more narrowly will examine his parts; ſo that (as in a man) though all together may carry a preſence full of majeſty and beauty, perchance, in ſome one defectuous piece we may find blemiſh.

Now in his parts, kinds, or ſpecies, as you liſt to term them, it is to be noted, that ſome *Poeſies* have coupled together two or three kinds, as the *Tragical* and *Comical*, whereupon is riſen, the *Tragi-Comical*; ſome, in the manner, have mingled proſe and verſe, as *Sannazara* and *Boetius*; ſome have mingled matters *heroical* and *paſtoral*, but that cometh all to one in this queſtion; for if ſevered they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful: Therefore, perchance, forgetting ſome, and leaving ſome as needleſs to be remembred, it ſhall not be amiſs, in a word, to cite the ſpecial kinds, to ſee what faults may be found in the right uſe of them.

Is it then the *paſtoral Poem* which is miſliked? (For, perchance, where the hedge is loweſt, they will ſooneſt leap over) is the poor pipe diſdained, which ſometimes, out of *Melibeus*'s mouth, can ſhew the miſery of people under hard lords and ravening ſoldiers? And again, by *Tyterus*, What bleſſedneſs is derived to them that lie loweſt, from the goodneſs of them that ſit higheſt? Sometimes under the pretty tales of wolves and ſheep, can include the whole conſiderations of wrong doing,

* PSAL. LI.

and

and patience; ſometimes ſhew, that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victory; where, perchance, a man may ſee, that even *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they ſtrove who ſhould be cock of this world's dunghil, the benefit they got, was, that the after livers may ſay,

Hæc memini & victum fruſtra contendere Thyrſim;
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis. *

Or is it the lamenting *Elegiack*, which, in a kind heart, would move rather pity than blame, who bewaileth, with the great Philoſopher *Heraclitus*, the weakneſs of mankind, and the wretchedneſs of the world; who, ſurely, is to be praiſed, either for compaſſionately accompanying juſt cauſes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weak be the paſſions of wofulneſs?

Is it the bitter, but wholeſome, *Iambick*, who rubs the galled mind, in making ſhame the trumpet of villainy, with bold and open crying out againſt naughtineſs?

Or the *Satirick*, who,

Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit Amico,

Who ſportingly never leaveth, until he make a man laugh at folly, and at length, aſhamed to laugh at himſelf; which he cannot avoid, without avoiding the folly? who, while *Circum præcordia ludit*, giveth us to feel how many head-aches a paſſionate life bringeth to? How, when all is done,

Eſt ulubris animus, ſi nos non deficit æquus?

No, perchance, it is the *Comick*, whom naughty playmakers and ſtage-keepers, have juſtly made odious. To the arguments of abuſe, I will after anſwer, only thus much now is to be ſaid, That the *Comedy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he repreſenteth in the moſt ridiculous and ſcornful ſort that

* VIRGILIUS.

may

may be; ſo as it is impoſſible that any beholder can be content to be ſuch a one. Now, as in *Geometry*, the oblique muſt be known as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odd as well as the even; ſo in the actions of our life, who ſeeth not the filthineſs of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the *Comedy* handle ſo in our private and domeſtical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a crafty *Davus*, of a flattering *Gnatho*, of a vain-glorious *Thraſo*: and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be ſuch, by the ſignifying badge given them by the *Comedian*. And little reaſon hath any man to ſay, That men learn the evil by ſeeing it ſo ſet out, ſince, as I ſaid before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature, no ſooner ſeeth theſe men play their parts, but wiſheth them in *Piſtrinum*, although, perchance, the ſack of his own faults lie ſo behind his back, that he ſeeth not himſelf to dance the ſame meaſure: whereto, yet, nothing can more open his eyes, than to ſee his own actions contemptibly ſet forth So that the right uſe of *Comedy*, will, I think, by no body be blamed.

And much leſs of the high and excellent *Tragedy*, that openeth the greateſt wounds, and ſheweth forth the *Vlcers* that are covered with *Tiſſue*; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifeſt their tyrannical humours; that with ſtirring the affections of *admiration* and *commiſeration*, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded: that maketh us know, *Qui ſceptra ſævus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.* But how much it can move, *Plutarch* yieldeth a notable teſtimony of the abominable tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whoſe eyes a *Tragedy*, well made and repreſented, drew abundance of tears, who, without all pity, had murthered infinite numbers, and ſome of his own blood; ſo as he that was not aſhamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet would not reſiſt the ſweet violence of a *Tragedy*. And if it wrought no farther good in him, it was, that he, in deſpight of himſelf, withdrew himſelf from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it

is

is not the *Tragedy* they do miſlike, for it were too abſurd to caſt out ſo excellent a repreſentation of whatſoever is moſt worthy to be learned.

Is it the *Lyrick* that moſt diſpleaſeth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, and well accorded voice, giveth praiſe, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who ſometimes raiſeth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in ſinging the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly, I muſt confeſs mine own barbarouſneſs, I never heard the old * ſong of *Piercy* and *Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is it ſung but by ſome blind crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude ſtile: which being ſo evil apparelled in the duſt and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindar*? In *Hungary*, I have ſeen it the manner at all feaſts, and other ſuch-like meetings, to have ſongs of their anceſtors valour, which that right ſoldier-like nation, think one of the chiefeſt kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable *Lacedæmonians* did not only carry that kind of *muſick* ever with them to the field, but even at home, as ſuch ſongs were made, ſo were they all content to be ſingers of them: when the luſty men were to tell what they did, the old men, what they had done, and the young, what they would do. And where a man may ſay, That *Pindar*, many times, praiſeth highly victories of ſmall moment, rather matters of ſport than virtue; as it may be anſwered, It was the fault of the *Poet*, and not of the *Poetry*, ſo, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and cuſtom of the *Greeks*, who ſet thoſe toys at ſo high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckoned a horſe-race won at *Olympus*, among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable *Pindar* often did, ſo is that kind moſt capable, and moſt fit, to awake the thoughts from the ſleep of idleneſs, to embrace honourable enterprizes.

There reſts the *Heroical*, whoſe very name, I think, ſhould daunt all back-biters. For by what conceit can

* The Ballad of *Chevy-Chaſe*.

a tongue

a tongue be directed to ſpeak evil of that which draweth with him no leſs champions than *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Turnus*, *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*? Who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the moſt high and excellent truth? Who maketh magnanimity and juſtice ſhine through all miſty fearfulneſs and foggy deſires? Who, if the ſaying of *Plato* and *Tully* be true, That who could ſee virtue, would be wonderfully raviſhed with the love of her beauty. This man ſetteth her out, to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to diſdain until they underſtand. But if any thing be already ſaid in the defenſe of ſweet *Poetry*, all concurreth to the maintaining the *Heroical*, which is not only a kind, but the beſt and moſt accompliſhed kind of *Poetry*. For, as the image of each action ſtirreth and inſtructeth the mind, ſo the lofty image of ſuch worthies, moſt inflameth the mind with deſire to be worthy, and informs with counſel how to be worthy. Only let *Æneas* be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himſelf in the ruin of his country, in the preſerving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandments, to leave *Dido*, though not only all paſſionate kindneſs, but even the human conſideration of virtuous gratefulneſs, would have craved other of him: How in ſtorms, how in ſports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how beſieged, how beſieging, how to ſtrangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; laſtly, How in his inward ſelf, and how in his outward government; and, I think, in a mind moſt prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as *Horace* ſaith, *Melius, Chryſippo, & Crantore*: But, truly, I imagine it falleth out with theſe Poet-whippers, as with ſome good women, who often are ſick, but, in faith, they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetry* is odious to them, but neither his cauſe nor effects, neither the ſum that contains him, nor the particularities deſcending from him, give any faſt handle to their carping diſpraiſe.

Since, then, *Poetry* is of all human learning the moſt antient, and of moſt fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; Since it is

ſo

ſo univerſal, that no learned nation doth deſpiſe it, nor barbarous nation is without it: Since both *Roman* and *Greek* gave ſuch divine names unto it, the one of *propheſying*, the other of *making*, and that, indeed, that name of *making* is fit for him, conſidering, that where all other arts retain themſelves within their ſubject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the *Poet* only, only bringeth his own ſtuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit. Since neither his deſcription, nor end, containing any evil, the thing deſcribed cannot be evil; Since his effects be ſo good as to teach goodneſs, and delight the learners of it; Since therein (namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far paſs the *Hiſtorian*, but, for inſtructing, is well nigh comparable to the *Philoſopher*; for moving, leaveth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanneſs) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Chriſt vouchſafed to uſe the flowers of it: Since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their ſevered diſſections fully commendable, I think (and think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the *Poet*'s triumph.

But becauſe we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lighteſt reaſons that may be, will ſeem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-ballance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder what objections be made againſt this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or anſwering. Firſt, truly, I note, not only in theſe *μωσομύσοι* Poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who ſeek a praiſe by diſpraiſing others, that they do prodigally ſpend a great many wandering words in quips and ſcoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by ſtirring the ſpleen, may ſtay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthineſs of the ſubject. Thoſe kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle eaſineſs, ſince there is nothing of ſo ſacred a majeſty, but that an itching tongue may rub itſelf upon it, ſo deſerve they no other anſwer, but, inſtead of laughing at the jeſt, to laugh at the jeſter. We know a playing wit can praiſe the diſcretion of an aſſe, the comfortableneſs of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being ſick

ſick of the plague: So, of the contrary ſide, if we will turn *Ovid*'s verſe,

Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali.

That good lies hid in nearneſs of the evil, *Agrippa* will be as merry in the ſhewing the vanity of ſcience, as *Eraſmus* was in the commending of folly: neither ſhall any man or matter eſcape ſome touch of theſe ſmiling railers. But for *Eraſmus* and *Agrippa*, they had another foundation than the ſuperficial part would promiſe. Marry, theſe other pleaſant fault-finders, who will correct the *Verb* before they underſtand the *Noun*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember, That ſcoffing cometh not of wiſdom; ſo as the beſt title in true *Engliſh* they get with their merriments, is to be called *good fools*; for ſo have our grave fore-fathers ever termed that humorous kind of Jeſture. But that which giveth greateſt ſcope to their ſcorning humour, is rhyming and verſing. It is already ſaid (and, as I think, truly ſaid) It is not rhyming and verſing that maketh *Poeſy*: one may be a *Poet* without verſing, and a Verſifier without *Poetry*. But yet, preſuppoſe it were inſeparable, as, indeed, it ſeemeth *Scaliger* judgeth truly, it were an inſeparable commendation: For if *Oratio* next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reaſon, be the greateſt gift beſtowed upon *mortality*, that cannot be praiſeleſs, which doth moſt poliſh that bleſſing of ſpeech; which conſidereth each word, not only, as a man may ſay, by his forcible quality, but by his beſt meaſured quantity; carrying even in themſelves a *harmony*, without, perchance, number, meaſure, order, proportion, be in our time grown odious. But lay aſide the juſt praiſe it hath, by being the only fit ſpeech for *muſick* (*muſick*, I ſay, the moſt divine ſtriker of the ſenſes;) thus much is undoubtedly true, That if reading be fooliſh without remembring, memory being the only treaſure of knowledge, thoſe words which are fitteſt for memory, are likewiſe moſt convenient for knowledge. Now, that verſe far exceedeth proſe, in the knitting up of the memory, the reaſon is manifeſt, the words (beſides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory) being ſo ſet, as one cannot be

be loſt, but the whole work fails: which accuſing itſelf, calleth the remembrance back to itſelf, and ſo moſt ſtrongly confirmeth it. Beſides, one word ſo, as it were, begetting another, as be in rhyme or meaſured verſe, by the former a man ſhall have a near gueſs to the follower. Laſtly, even they that have taught the art of memory, have ſhewed nothing ſo apt for it, as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known: Now that hath the verſe in effect perfectly, every word having his natural ſeat, which ſeat muſt needs make the word remembred. But what needs more in a thing ſo known to all men? Who is it, that ever was a ſcholar, that doth not carry away ſome verſes of *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age ſerve him for hourly leſſons? as,

Percontatorem fugito nam garrulus idem eſt;
Dum tibi quiſque placet credula turba ſumas.

But the fitneſs it hath for memory, is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the moſt part, from *Grammar* to *Logick*, *Mathematicks*, *Phyſick*, and the reſt, the rules chiefly neceſſary to be borne away, are compiled in verſes. So that verſe being in itſelf ſweet and orderly, and being beſt for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it muſt be in jeſt that any man can ſpeak againſt it.

Now, then, go we to the moſt important imputations laid to the poor *Poets*; for aught I can yet learn, they are theſe.

Firſt, That there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better ſpend his time in them, than in this.

Secondly, That it is the mother of lyes.

Thirdly, That it is the nurſe of abuſe, infecting us with many peſtilent deſires, with a *Syren* ſweetneſs, drawing the mind to the ſerpent's tail of ſinful fancies; and herein, eſpecially, *Comedies* give the largeſt field to ear, as *Chaucer* ſaith, How both in other nations,

and

and in ours, before *Poets* did ſoften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exerciſes, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled aſleep in ſhady idleneſs with *Poets* paſtimes.

And, *laſtly*, and chiefly, They cry out, with open mouth, as if they had over-ſhot *Robin Hood*, That *Plato* baniſhed them out of the Common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it.

Firſt, To the firſt, That a man might better ſpend his time, is a reaſon indeed: but it doth, as they ſay, but *petere principium*. For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is ſo good, as that which teacheth and moveth to vertue, and that none can both teach and move thereto ſo much as *Poeſy*, then is the concluſion manifeſt, That ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpoſe employed. And certainly, though a man ſhould grant their firſt aſſumption, it ſhould follow (methinks) very unwillingly, that good is not good, becauſe better is better. But I ſtill and utterly deny, that there is ſprung out of the earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the *Second*, therefore, That they ſhould be the principal lyars, I anſwer *Paradoxically*, but truly, I think truly, That of all writers under the Sun, the *Poet* is the leaſt lyar, and though he would, as a *Poet*, can ſcarcely be a lyar. The *Aſtronomer*, with his couſin the *Geometrician*, can hardly eſcape when they take upon them to meaſure the height of the ſtars. How often, think you, do the *Phyſicians* lye, when they aver things good for ſickneſſes, which afterwards ſend *Charon* a great number of ſouls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? And no leſs of the reſt which take upon them to affirm: Now for the *Poet*, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lyeth; for, as I take it, to lye, is to affirm that to be true which is falſe: So as the other *Artiſts*, and eſpecially the *Hiſtorian*, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly eſcape from many lyes: But the *Poet*, as I ſaid before, never affirmeth, the *Poet* never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth: He citeth not authorities of other hiſtories, but even for his entry, calleth the ſweet *Muſes* to aſpire unto him a good invention: In troth, not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but

what

what ſhould, or ſhould not be. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet becauſe he telleth them not for true, he lyeth not, unleſs we will ſay, That *Nathan* lyed in his ſpeech, before alledged, to *David*; which, as a wicked man durſt ſcarce ſay, ſo think I, none ſo ſimple would ſay, That *Æſop* lyed in the tales of his beaſts; for who thinketh that *Æſop* wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beaſts he writeth of. What child is there, that coming to play, and ſeeing *THEBES* written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arrive to the child's age, to know that the *Poets* perſons and doings, are but pictures what ſhould be, and not ſtories what have been, they will never give the lye to things not affirmitively, but allegorically and figuratively, written; and therefore, as in Hiſtory, looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falſhood, ſo in *Poeſy*, looking but for fiction, they ſhall uſe the narration but as an imaginative ground-plat of a profitable invention. But hereto is replied, That the *Poets* give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and ſo not being true, proveth a falſhood. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when, under the names of *John* of the *Stile*, and *John* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his caſe? But that is eaſily anſwered, Their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any hiſtory. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameleſs: We ſee we cannot play at Cheſs, but that we muſt give names to our cheſs-men; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth, that would ſay we lyed, for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a Biſhop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Æneas* no other way, than to ſhew what men of their fames, fortunes, and eſtates, ſhould do.

Their *Third* is, How much it abuſeth mens wit, training it to a wanton ſinfulneſs, and luſtful love. For, indeed, that is the principal, if not, only, abuſe, I can hear alledged. They ſay, The *Comedies* rather teach then reprehend amorous conceits. They ſay the *Lyrick* is larded with paſſionate *ſonnets*, the *Elegiack* weeps the want of his miſtreſs, and that even to the *Heroical*, *Cupid* hath ambitiouſly climbed. Alas! Love, I would

thou couldſt as well defend thy ſelf, as thou canſt offend others! I would thoſe on whom thou doſt attend, could either put thee away, or yield good reaſon why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beaſtly fault, although it be very hard, ſince only man, and no beaſt, hath that gift to diſcern beauty; grant that lovely name of Love to deſerve all hateful reproaches, although even ſome of my maſters the *Philoſophers* ſpent a good deal of their lamp-oyl in ſetting forth the excellency of it; Grant, I ſay, what they will have granted, That not only love, but luſt, but vanity, but, if they liſt, ſcurrility, poſſeſs many leaves of the *Poet*'s books, yet, think I, when this is granted, they will find their ſentence may, with good manners, put the laſt words foremoſt; and not ſay, that *Poetry* abuſeth man's wit, but that man's wit abuſeth *Poetry*. For I will not deny, but that man's wit may make *Poeſy*, which ſhould be μιμαστικὴ: which ſome learned have defined figuring forth good things, to be φανταστικὴ, which doth contrariwiſe infect the fancy with unworthy objects, as the painter, who ſhould give to the eye either ſome excellent perſpective, or ſome fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it ſome notable example, as *Abraham* ſacrificing his ſon *Iſaac*, *Judith* killing *Holofernes*, *David* fighting with *Goliah*, may leave thoſe, and pleaſe an ill pleaſed eye with wanton ſhews of better hidden matters. But what! ſhall the abuſe of a thing make the right uſe odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that *Poeſy* may not only be abuſed, but that being abuſed, by the reaſon of his ſweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet ſhall it be ſo far from concluding, that the abuſe ſhall give reproach to the abuſed, that, contrariwiſe, it is a good reaſon, that whatſoever being abuſed, doth moſt harm, being rightly uſed (and upon the right uſe, each thing receives his title) doth moſt good. Do we not ſee skill of Phyſick, the beſt rampire to our often aſſaulted bodies, being abuſed, teach poyſon, the moſt violent deſtroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whoſe end is, to even and right all things, being abuſed, grow the crooked ſofterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go in the higheſt) God's word abuſed, breed hereſy, and his name abuſed, become blaſphemy? Truly, a needle

needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it ſpoken) it cannot do much good. With a ſword thou mayſt kill thy father, and with a ſword thou mayſt defend thy prince and country: ſo that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they ſaid nothing, ſo in this their argument of abuſe, they prove the commendation.

They alledge herewith, That before *Poets* began to be in price, our nation had ſet their heart's delight upon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I think ſcarcely *Sphynx* can tell: ſince no memory is ſo ancient, that gives not the precedence to *Poetry*. And certain it is, that in our plaineſt homelineſs, yet never was the *Albion* nation without *Poetry*. Marry, this Argument, though it be levelled againſt *Poetry*, yet is it indeed a chain-ſhot againſt all learning or bookiſhneſs, as they commonly term it. Of ſuch mind were certain *Goths*, of whom it is written, That having in the ſpoil of a famous city, taken a fair library, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would have ſet fire in it. *No*, ſaid another, very gravely, *take heed what you do, for while they are buſy about thoſe toys, we ſhall, with more leiſure, conquer their countries.* This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words ſometimes I have heard ſpent in it: but becauſe this reaſon is generally againſt all learning, as well as *Poetry*, or rather all learning but *Poetry*; becauſe it were too large a digreſſion to handle it, or at leaſt too ſuperfluous, ſince it is manifeſt that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge beſt, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only ſay with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion,

Jubeo ſtultum eſſe libenter——

For as for *Poetry* it ſelf, it is the freeſt from this objection, for *Poetry* is the companion of camps. I dare undertake, *Orlando Furioſo*, or honeſt king *Arthur*, will never diſpleaſe a ſoldier: but the quiddity of *Ens* and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a corſelet.

And therefore, as I ſaid in the beginning, even *Turks* and *Tartars* are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greek*, flouriſhed before *Greece* flouriſhed: and if a ſlight conjecture, a conjecture may be oppoſed, truly it may ſeem, that as by him their learned men took almoſt their firſt light of knowledge, ſo their active men received their firſt motions of courage. Only *Alexander*'s example may ſerve, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of ſuch vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his footſtool, whoſe acts ſpeak for him, though *Plutarch* did not, to be indeed the *Phœnix* of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoolmaſter, living *Ariſtotle*, behind him, but took dead *Homer* with him. He put the Philoſopher *Calliſthenes* to death, for his ſeeming philoſophical, indeed mutinous ſtubborneſs; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wiſh for, was, that *Homer* had been alive. He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of *Achilles*, than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore, if *Cato* miſliked *Fulvius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may be anſwered, That if *Cato* miſliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it, or elſe he had not done it, for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticenſis*, whoſe authority I would much more have reverenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter puniſher of faults, but elſe a man that had never ſacrificed to the *Graces*. He miſliked and cried out againſt all *Greek* learning, and yet, being fourſcore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that *Pluto* underſtood not *Latin*. Indeed the *Roman* laws allowed no perſon to be carried to the wars, but he that was in the ſoldiers roll. And therefore though *Cato* miſliked his muſtered perſon, he miſliked not his work. And if he had, *Scipio Nyſica* (judged by common conſent the beſt *Roman*) loved him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no leſs ſurnames then of *Aſia* and *Africk*, ſo loved him, that they cauſed his body to be buried in their ſepulture. So as *Cato*'s authority being but againſt his perſon, and that anſwered with ſo far greater than himſelf, is herein of no validity.

But now indeed my burthen is great, that *Plato*'s name is laid upon me, whom I muſt confeſs of all *Philoſophers*, I have ever eſteemed moſt worthy of reverence;

rence; and with good reaſon, ſince of all *Philoſophers*, he is the moſt *Poetical*: yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing ſtreams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reaſons he did it.

Firſt, truly, a man might maliciouſly object, That *Plato*, being a *Philoſopher*, was a natural enemy of *Poets*. For, indeed, after the *Philoſophers* had picked out of the ſweet myſteries of *Poetry*, the right diſcerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method, and making a ſchool art of that which the *Poets* did only teach by a divine delightfulneſs, beginning to ſpurn at their guides, like ungrateful apprentices, were not content to ſet up ſhop for themſelves, but ſought by all means to diſcredit their maſters, by the force of delight being barred them, the leſs they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed they found for *Homer*, ſeven cities ſtrove who ſhould have him for their citizen, where many cities baniſhed *Philoſophers*, as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of *Euripides*'s Verſes, many *Athenians* had their lives ſaved of the *Syracuſians*, where the *Athenians* themſelves thought many *Philoſophers* unworthy to live. Certain *Poets*, as *Simonides*, and *Pindar*, had ſo prevailed with *Hiero* the firſt, that of a tyrant they made him a juſt king: where *Plato* could do ſo little with *Dionyſius*, that he himſelf, of a *Philoſopher*, was made a ſlave. But who ſhould do this, I confeſs, ſhould requite the objections made againſt *Poets*, with like cavilations againſt *Philoſophers*: as likewiſe one ſhould do, that ſhould bid one read *Phædrus* or *Sympoſium* in *Plato*, or the diſcourſe of Love in *Plutarch*, and ſee whether any *Poet* do authorize abominable filthineſs as they do.

Again, A man might ask, Out of what commonwealth *Plato* doth baniſh them? In ſooth, thence where he himſelf alloweth community of women. So as belike, this baniſhment grew not for effeminate wantonneſs, ſince little ſhould poetical *ſonnets* be hurtful, when a man might have what woman he liſted. But I honour philoſophical inſtructions, and bleſs the wits which bred them, ſo as they be not abuſed, which is likewiſe ſtretched to *Poetry*. Saint *Paul* himſelf ſets

a watch-word upon *Philoſophy*, indeed upon the abuſe. So doth *Plato* upon the abuſe, not upon *Poetry*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, filled the world with wrong opinions of the Gods, making light tales of that unſpotted eſſence; and therefore would not have the youth depraved with ſuch opinions. Herein may much be ſaid: Let this ſuffice; The *Poets* did not induce ſuch Opinions, but did imitate thoſe opinions already induced. For all the *Greek* ſtories can well teſtify, that the very religion of that time, ſtood upon many, and many-faſhioned Gods: not taught ſo by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who liſt may read in *Plutarch*, the diſcourſes of *Iſis*, and *Oſiris*, Of the cauſe why Oracles ceaſed, Of the divine providence, and ſee whether the *Theology* of that nation, ſtood not upon ſuch dreams, which the *Poets* indeed ſuperſtitiouſly obſerved. And truly ſince they had not the light of Chriſt, did much better in it than the *Philoſophers*, who ſhaking off ſuperſtition, brought in *Atheiſm*.

Plato, therefore, whoſe authority I had much rather juſtly conſtrue, than unjuſtly reſiſt, meant not in general of *Poets*, in thoſe words of which *Julius Scaliger* ſaith; *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque inſipidi abuti velint ad Poetas Reſpublica exigendos.* But only meant to drive out thoſe wrong opinions of the deity: whereof now, without farther law, *Chriſtianity* hath taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance as he thought, nouriſhed by then eſteemed *Poets*. And a man need go no farther than to *Plato* himſelf, to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giveth high, and rightly, divine commendation unto *Poetry*. So as *Plato* baniſhing the abuſe, not the thing, not baniſhing it, but giving due honour to it, ſhall be our patron, and not our adverſary. For, indeed, I had much rather, ſince truly I may do it, ſhew their miſtaking of *Plato*, under whoſe lyon's skin they would make an aſs-like braying againſt *Poeſy*, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiſer a man is, the more juſt cauſe he ſhall find to have in admiration: eſpecially ſince he attributeth unto *Poeſy* more than my ſelf do; namely, To be a very inſpiring of a divine force,

orce, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed Dia-ogue is apparent.

Of the other ſide, who would ſhew the honours have been by the beſt ſort of judgments granted them, a whole ſea of examples would preſent themſelves; *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Scipios*, all favourers of *Poets*: *Lælius*, called the Roman *Socrates*, himſelf a *Poet*; ſo as part of *Heautontimeroumenon* in *Terence*, was ſuppoſed to be made by him. And even the *Greek Socrates*, whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the only wiſe man, is ſaid to have ſpent part of his old time in putting *Æſop*'s Fables into verſe. And therefore, full evil ſhould it become his ſcholar *Plato*, to put ſuch words in his maſter's mouth againſt *Poets*. But what needs more? *Ariſtotle* writes the Art of *Poeſy*; and why, if it ſhould not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the uſe to be gathered of them, and how, if they ſhould not be read? And who reads *Plutarch*'s either Hiſtory or *Philoſophy*, ſhall find he trimmeth both their garments with gards of *Poeſy*.

But I liſt not to defend *Poeſy* with the help of his underling *Hiſtoriographer*. Let it ſuffice to have ſhewed, it is a fit ſoil for praiſe to dwell upon, and what diſpraiſe may be ſet upon it, is either eaſily overcome, or transformed into juſt commendation. So that ſince the excellencies of it may be ſo eaſily and ſo juſtly confirmed, and the low creeping objections ſo ſoon trodden down; it not being an art of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateneſs, but of notable ſtirring of courage; nor of abuſing man's wit, but of ſtrengthening man's wit; not baniſhed, but honoured by *Plato*; let us rather plant more laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heads (which humour of being laureat, as beſides them only triumphant captains were, is a ſufficient authority to ſhew the price they ought to be held in) than ſuffer the ill-favoured breath of ſuch wrong ſpeakers once to blow upon the clear ſprings of *Poeſy*.

But ſince I have run ſo long a carreer in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full ſtop, it ſhall be but a little more loſt time to inquire, Why *England*, the mother of excellent minds, ſhould be grown ſo hard a ſtep-mother to *Poets*, who, certainly, in wit, ought to

paſs all others, ſince all only proceeds from their wit, being, indeed, makers of themſelves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

Muſa mihi cauſas memora quo numine læſo.

Sweet *Poeſy*, that hath antiently had kings, emperors, ſenators, great captains, ſuch as, beſides a thouſand others, *David*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not only to favour *Poets*, but to be *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can preſent for her patrons, a *Robert* king of *Sicily*, the great king *Francis* of *France*, king *James* of *Scotland*; ſuch cardinals as *Bembus* and *Bibiena*; ſuch famous preachers and teachers as *Beza* and *Melanchthon*; ſo learned *philoſophers* as *Fracaſtorius* and *Scaliger*; ſo great orators as *Pontanus* and *Muretus*; ſo piercing wits as *George Buchanan*; ſo grave counſellors, as beſides many, but before all, that *Hoſpital* of *France*; than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accompliſhed judgment, more firmly builded upon virtue; I ſay, Theſe, with numbers of others, not only to read others *Poeſies*, but to *poetiſe* for others reading: that *Poeſy*, thus embraced, in all other places, ſhould only find, in our time, a hard welcome in *England*. I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our ſoyl with fewer laurels than it was accuſtomed; for heretofore *Poets* have in *England* alſo flouriſhed, and, which is to be noted, even in thoſe times when the trumpet of *Mars* did ſound loudeſt. And now, that an over-faint quietneſs ſhould ſeem to ſtrew the houſe for *Poets*, they are, almoſt, in as good reputation, as the *mountebanks* at *Venice*. Truly, even that, as of the one ſide it giveth great praiſe to *Poeſy*, which, like *Venus* (but to better purpoſe) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, than enjoy the homely quiet of *Vulcan*; ſo ſerveth it for a piece of a reaſon, why they are leſs grateful to idle *England*, which now can ſcarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this, neceſſarily followeth, That baſe men, with ſervile wits, undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer: and ſo as *Epaminondas* is ſaid, with the honour of his virtue, to have made an office, by his exerciſing it, which before was contemptible, to become highly

highly reſpected; ſo theſe men, no more but ſetting their names to it, by their own diſgracefulneſs, diſgrace the moſt graceful *Poeſy*. For now, as if all the *muſes* were got with child, to bring forth baſtard Poets, without any commiſſion, they do poſt over the banks of *Helicon*, until they make the readers more weary than poſt-horſes; while, in the mean time, they

Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

Are better content to ſuppreſs the out-flowings of their wit, than by publiſhing them to be accounted knights of the ſame order. But I that, before ever I durſt aſpire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurrers*, do find the very true cauſe of our wanting eſtimation, is want of deſert, taking upon us to be *Poets* in deſpite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want deſert, were a thank-worthy labour to expreſs. But if I knew, I ſhould have mended myſelf; but as I never deſired the title, ſo have I neglected the means to come by it, only, over-maſtered by ſome thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in *Poeſy* itſelf, ſhould ſeek to know what they do: and how they do, eſpecially, look themſelves in an unflattering glaſs of reaſon, if they be inclinable unto it. For *Poeſy* muſt not be drawn by the ears, it muſt be gently led, or rather it muſt lead, which was partly the cauſe that made the antient learned affirm, It was a divine, and no human skill, ſince all other knowledges lie ready for any that have ſtrength of wit: A *Poet* no induſtry can make, if his own *genius* be not carried into it. And therefore is an old proverb, *Orator fit, Poeta naſcitur*. Yet confeſs I always, That as the fertileſt ground muſt be manured, ſo muſt the higheſt flying wit have a *Dædalus* to guide him. That *Dædalus*, they ſay, both in this, and in other, hath three wings to bear itſelf up into the air of due commendation: that is, *Art*, *Imitation*, and *Exerciſe*. But theſe, neither artificial rules, nor imitative patterns, we much cumber ourſelves withal. Exerciſe, indeed, we do, but that, very fore-backwardly; for where we ſhould exerciſe to know, we exerciſe as having known; and ſo is our brain delivered of much matter, which never was begotten by know-

knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expreſſed by words, and words to expreſs the matter, in neither, we uſe art or imitation rightly. Our matter is *Quodlibet*, indeed, though wrongly performing *Ovid*'s Verſe:

Quicquid conabor dicere, verſus erit.

Never marſhalling it into any aſſured rank, that, almoſt, the readers cannot tell where to find themſelves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he, in that miſty time, could ſee ſo clearly, or that we, in this clear age, go ſo ſtumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in ſo great an antiquity. I account *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, meetly furniſhed of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of *Surrey*'s *Lyricks*, many things taſting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd*'s *Kalander* * hath much *Poetry* in his Eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That ſame framing of his ſtile to an old ruſtick language, I dare not allow: ſince neither *Theocritus* in *Greek*, *Virgil* in *Latin*, nor *Sannazara* in *Italian*, did affect it. Beſides theſe, I do not remember to have ſeen but few (to ſpeak boldly) printed that have poetical ſinews in them. For proof whereof, let but moſt of the verſes be put in proof, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found, that one verſe did but beget another, without ordering, at the firſt, what ſhould be at the laſt, which becomes a confuſed maſs of words, with a tinkling ſound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reaſon. Our tragedies and comedies, not without cauſe, cried out againſt, obſerving rules neither of honeſt civility, nor skilful *poetry*. Excepting *Gorboduc* † (again I ſay of thoſe that

* By SPENSER.

† This Play was written by THOMAS SACKVILE, Eſq; (afterwards Lord BUCKHURST, and Earl of DORSET) and Mr. THOMAS NORTON. It was firſt printed in the year

that I have ſeen) which notwithſtanding, as it is full of ſtately ſpeeches, and well-ſounding phraſes, climbing to the height of *Seneca* his ſtile, and as full of notable morality, which it doth moſt delightfully teach, and ſo obtain the very end of *Poeſy*, yet, in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumſtances, which grieves me, becauſe it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two neceſſary companions of all corporal actions. For where the ſtage ſhould always repreſent but one place; and the uttermoſt time pre-ſuppoſed in it, ſhould be, both by *Ariſtotle*'s precept, and common reaſon, but one day; there is both many days and many places, inartificially imagined.

But if it be ſo in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the reſt? where you ſhall have *Aſia* of the one ſide, and *Affrick* of the other, and ſo many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceived. Now, you ſhall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we muſt believe the ſtage to be a garden. By-and-by, we hear news of a ſhipwreck in the ſame place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monſter with fire and ſmoke, and then the miſerable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, repreſented with four ſwords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time, they are much more liberal: For ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverſes, ſhe is got with child; delivered of a fair boy, he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours ſpace: which, how abſurd it is in ſenſe, even ſenſe may imagine: and art hath taught, and all anci-

---

year 1565. under the title of FERREX and PORREX; but in 1590. it was changed to that of *The Tragedy of* GORBODUC. It was preſented by the Gentlemen of the *Inner-Temple*, before Queen ELIZABETH, and accounted an excellent piece. See *The Poetical Regiſter*, p. 193.

ent

ent examples juſtified, and at this day, the ordinary players in *Italy* will not err in. Yet will ſome bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of two days, yet far ſhort of twenty years. True it is; and ſo was it to be played in two days, and ſo fitted to the time it ſet forth. And though *Plautus* have in one place done amiſs, let us hit it with him, and not miſs with him.

But they will ſay, How then ſhall we ſet forth a ſtory which contains both many places, and many times? And do they not know, That a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poeſy, and not of Hiſtory, not bound to follow the ſtory, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the hiſtory to the moſt tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be ſhewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and repreſenting. As for example, I may ſpeak, though I am here, of *Peru*, and in ſpeech digreſs from that, to the deſcription of *Calecut:* but in action, I cannot repreſent it, without *Pacolet*'s horſe. And ſo was the manner the ancients took by ſome *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Laſtly, If they will repreſent an Hiſtory, they muſt not (as *Horace* ſaith) begin *above*, but they muſt come to the principal point of that one action which they will repreſent. By example this will be beſt expreſſed. I have a ſtory of young *Polydorus*, delivered, for ſafety's ſake, with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polymneſtor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Trojan* war time. He, after ſome years, hearing of the overthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treaſure his own, murthereth the child; the body of the child is taken up, *Hecuba*, ſhe, the ſame day, findeth a ſleight to be revenged moſt cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then ſhould he ſail over into *Thrace*, and ſo ſpend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the reſt to be told by the ſpirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dulleſt wit may conceive it.

But

But beſides theſe groſs abſurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies, nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not becauſe the matter ſo carrieth, but thruſt in the clown by head and ſhoulders to play a part in majeſtical matters, with neither decency nor diſcretion: ſo as neither the admiration and commiſeration, nor the right ſportfulneſs, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know *Apuleius* did ſomewhat ſo, but that is a thing recounted with ſpace of time, not repreſented in one moment: and I know, the antients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphytrio*. But if we mark them well, we ſhall find, That they never, or very daintily, match horn-pipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having, indeed, no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but ſcurrility, unworthy of any chaſte ears, or ſome extream ſhew of doltiſhneſs, indeed, fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing elſe: where the whole tract of a comedy ſhould be full of delight, as the tragedy ſhould be ſtill maintained in a well raiſed admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight ſhould be the cauſe of laughter; but well may one thing breed two together. Nay, in themſelves, they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we ſcarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourſelves, or to the general nature. Laughter, almoſt ever cometh of things moſt diſproportioned to ourſelves and nature: Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or preſent: Laughter hath only a ſcornful tickling. For example, We are raviſhed with delight to ſee a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter: We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein, certainly, we cannot delight: We delight in good chances: We laugh at miſchances: We delight to hear the happineſs of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh: We ſhall, contrarily, ſometimes laugh to find a matter quite miſtaken, and go down the hill againſt the byaſs; in the mouth of ſome ſuch men, as for the reſpect of them, one ſhall be heartily ſorry, he cannot chuſe but laugh,

and

and ſo is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may go well together; for, as in *Alexander*'s picture well ſet out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad anticks we laugh without delight: ſo in *Hercules*, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, ſpinning at *Omphale*'s commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the repreſenting of ſo ſtrange a power in love, procures delight, and the ſcornfulneſs of the action ſtirreth laughter.

But I ſpeak to this purpoſe, That all the end of the comical part be not upon ſuch ſcornful matters as ſtir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching, which is the end of *Poeſy*. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Ariſtotle*, is, That they ſtir laughter in ſinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miſerable, which are rather to be pitied than ſcorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown: or, againſt the law of hoſpitality, to jeſt at ſtrangers, becauſe they ſpeak not *Engliſh* ſo well as we do? What do we learn, ſince it is certain,

> *Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in ſe,*
> *Quam quod ridiculos homines facit?*

But rather a buſy loving courtier, and a heartleſs threatning *Thraſo*; a ſelf-wiſe ſeeming ſchool-maſter; a wry-transformed traveller: theſe, if we ſaw walk in ſtage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulneſs; as in the other, the tragedies of *Buchanan* do juſtly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have laviſhed out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, becauſe, as they are excelling parts of *Poeſy*, ſo is there none ſo much uſed in *England*, and none can be more pitifully abuſed; which, like an unmannerly daughter, ſhewing a bad education, cauſeth her mother *Poeſy*'s honeſty to be called in queſtion.

Other ſort of *Poetry*, almoſt, have we none, but that *Lyrical* kind of ſongs and ſonnets,* which, if the Lord gave

* The PSALMS of DAVID.

us ſo good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and publick, in ſinging the praiſes of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodneſs of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we ſhould ever have new budding occaſions.

But, truly, many of ſuch writings as come under the banner of unreſiſtable love, if I were a miſtreſs, would never perſuade me they were in love; ſo coldly they apply fiery ſpeeches, as men that had rather read lovers writings, and ſo caught up certain ſwelling phraſes, which hang together like a man that once told me, *The wind was at North-weſt and by South*, becauſe he would be ſure to name winds enough, than that, in truth, they feel thoſe paſſions, which eaſily, as I think, may be bewrayed by the ſame forcibleneſs, or *Energia* (as the *Greeks* call it) of the writer. But let this be a ſufficient, though ſhort note, that we miſs the right uſe of the material point of *Poeſy*.

Now for the outſide of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) *Diction*, it is even well worſe: ſo is it the honey-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather diſguiſed in a courtezan-like painted affectation. One time with ſo far-fetcht words that many ſeem monſters, but muſt ſeem ſtrangers to any poor *Engliſhman*: Another time with courſing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a Dictionary: Another time with figures and flowers, extreamly winter-ſtarved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to verſifiers, and had not as large poſſeſſion among proſe-printers: and, which is to be marvailed, among many ſcholars, and, which is to be pitied, among ſome preachers. Truly, I could wiſh, if at leaſt I might be ſo bold to wiſh, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*, moſt worthy to be imitated, did not ſo much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures and phraſes, as by attentive tranſlation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they caſt ſugar and ſpice upon every diſh that is ſerved at the table: like thoſe

Indians

Indians, not content to wear ear-rings, at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thruſt jewels through their noſe and lips, becauſe they will be ſure to be fine. *Tully*, when he was to drive out *Catiline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often uſeth the figure of repetition, as *Vivit & vincit, imo in ſenatum venit, imo in ſenatum venit, &c.* Indeed inflamed with a well grounded rage, he would have his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, and ſo do that artificially, which we ſee men in choler do naturally. And we having noted the grace of thoſe words hale them in ſometimes to a familiar epiſtle, when it were too much choler to be cholerick.

How well, ſtore of *Similiter Cadences* doth ſound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke *Demoſthenes*'s ſoul to tell, who with a rare daintineſs uſeth them. Truly, they have made me think of the *ſophiſter*, that with too much ſubtlety would prove two eggs three, and though he might be counted a *ſophiſter*, had none for his labour. So theſe men bringing in ſuch a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a ſeeming fineneſs, but perſuade few, which ſhould be the end of their fineneſs.

Now for ſimilitude in certain printed diſcourſes, I think all herbaliſts, all ſtories of beaſts, fouls and fiſhes are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as abſurd a ſurfeit to the ears as is poſſible. For the force of a ſimilitude not being to prove any thing to a contrary diſputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer, when that is done, the reſt is a moſt tedious pratling, rather overſwaying the memory from the purpoſe whereto they were applied, then any whit informing the judgment already either ſatisfied, or by ſimilitudes not to be ſatisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Craſſus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* teſtifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to ſet by it, becauſe with a plain ſenſibleneſs they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the neareſt ſtep to perſuaſion (which perſuaſion is the chief mark of oratory) I do not doubt, I ſay, but that they uſed theſe knacks very ſparingly; which

which who doth generally uſe, any man may ſee, doth dance to his own muſick, and ſo to be noted by the audience, more careful to ſpeak curiouſly than truly. Undoubtedly (at leaſt to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in diverſe ſmall-learned courtiers a more ſound ſtile, than in ſome profeſſors of learning; of which I can gueſs no other cauſe, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fitteſt to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, uſing art to ſhew art, and not hide art (as in theſe caſes he ſhould do) flyeth from nature, and indeed abuſeth art.

But what? methinks I deſerve to be pounded for ſtraying from *Poetry* to *Oratory:* but both have ſuch an affinity in the wordiſh conſiderations, that I think this digreſſion will make my meaning receive the fuller underſtanding: which is not to take upon me to teach *Poets* how they ſhould do, but only finding my ſelf ſick among the reſt, to ſhew ſome one or two ſpots of the common infection grown among the moſt part of writers; that, acknowledging ourſelves ſomewhat awry, we may bend to the right uſe both of matter and manner: Whereto our language giveth us great occaſion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exerciſing of it. I know ſome will ſay, it is a mingled language: And why not ſo much the better, taking the beſt of both the other? Another will ſay, It wanteth Grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praiſe that it wants not Grammar; for Grammar it might have, but it needs it not, being ſo eaſy in itſelf, and ſo void of thoſe cumberſome difference of *Caſes*, *Genders*, *Moods*, and *Tenſes*, which, I think, was a piece of the tower of *Babylon*'s curſe, that a man ſhould be put to ſchool to learn his mother tongue. But for the utrering ſweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of ſpeech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in compoſitions of two or three words together, near the *Greek*, far beyond the *Latin*, which is one of the greateſt beauties can be in a language.

Now of verſifying, there are two ſorts, the one *antient*, the other *modern*; the *antient* marked the quantity of each ſyllable, and according to that framed his verſe; the *modern*, obſerving only number, with ſome regard

of the accent, the chief life of it ſtandeth in that like ſounding of the words, which we call rhime. Whether of thoſe be the more excellent, would bear many ſpeeches, the antient, no doubt, more fit for muſick, both words and time obſerving quantity, and more fit lively to expreſs diverſe paſſions by the low or lofty ſound of the well-weighed ſyllable. The latter likewiſe, with his rhime ſtriketh a certain muſick to the ear; and, in fine, ſince it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the ſame purpoſe, there being in either ſweetneſs, and wanting in neither majeſty. Truly, the *Engliſh*, before any vulgar language, I know, is fit for both ſorts; for, for the antient, the *Italian* is ſo full of vowels, that it muſt ever be cumbred with *Elyſions*. The *Dutch* ſo, of the other ſide, with conſonants, that they cannot yield the ſweet *ſliding* fit for a verſe. The *French*, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the laſt ſyllable, ſaving two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spaniſh*, and therefore very graceleſly may they uſe *Dactiles*. The *Engliſh* is ſubject to none of theſe defects. Now for rhime, though we do not obſerve quantity, yet we obſerve the accent very preciſely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do ſo abſolutely. That *cæſura*, or breathing-place, in the midſt of the verſe, neither *Italian* nor *Spaniſh* have, the *French*, and we never almoſt fail of. Laſtly, even the very rhime itſelf the *Italian* cannot put it in the laſt ſyllable, by the *French* named the *Maſculine* rhime, but ſtill in the next to the laſt, which the *French* call the *Female*; or the next before that, which the *Italian* call * *Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Buono*, *Suono*; of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina*, *Semina*. The *French*, of the other ſide, hath both the *Male*, as *Bon*, *Son*, and the *Female*, as *Plaiſe*, *Taiſe*; but the *Sdrucciola* he hath not: where the *Engliſh* hath all three, as *Due*, *True*, *Father*, *Rather*, *Motion*, *Potion*, with much more which might be ſaid, but that already I find the triflings of this diſcourſe is much too much inlarged.

---

* *i. e.* The eaſy *ſliding* of words of Three, or more, Syllables.

So

So that ſince the ever praiſe-worthy *Poeſy* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulneſs, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; ſince the blames laid againſt it are either falſe or feeble; ſince the cauſe why it is not eſteemed in *England*, is the fault of poet-apes, not Poets: Since, laſtly, our tongue is moſt fit to honour *Poeſy*, and to be honoured by *Poeſy*; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-waſting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine *Muſes*, no more to ſcorn the ſacred myſteries of *Poeſy*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jeſt at the reverend title of a rhymer, but to believe, with *Ariſtotle*, That they were the ancient treaſures of the *Grecians* divinity; To believe, with *Bembus*, That they were firſt bringers in of all civility; To believe, with *Scaliger*, That no *Philoſopher*'s precepts can ſooner make you an honeſt man, than the reading of *Virgil*; To believe, with *Clauſerus*, the tranſlator of *Cornutus*, That it pleaſed the heavenly Deity by *Heſiod* and *Homer*, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge; *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, *Philoſophy* Natural and Moral, and *Quid non*? To believe, with me, That there are many myſteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpoſe were written darkly, leſt by profane wits it ſhould be abuſed: To believe, with *Landin*, That they are ſo beloved of the gods, that whatſoever they write, proceeds of a divine fury. Laſtly, To believe themſelves, when they tell you, They will make you immortal by their verſes.

Thus doing, your names ſhall flouriſh in the printers ſhops: Thus doing, you ſhall be of kin to many a poetical preface: Thus doing, you ſhall be moſt fair, moſt rich, moſt wiſe, moſt all; You ſhall dwell upon ſuperlatives: Thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you ſhall ſuddenly grow *Herculea proles*.

Si quid mea Carmina poſſunt.

Thus doing, your ſoul ſhall be placed with *Dante*'s *Beatrix*, or *Virgil*'s *Anchiſes*.

But if (fie of ſuch a *But!*) you be born ſo near the dull-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot hear the planet-like muſick of *Poetry*; if you have ſo earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it ſelf up to look to the ſky of *Poetry*, or rather, by a certain ruſtical diſdain, will become ſuch a Mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry:* Then, though I will not wiſh unto you the aſs's ears of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a *Poet*'s verſes, as *Bubonax* was, to hang himſelf, not to be rhymed to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Ireland*; yet thus much curſe I muſt lend you in the behalf of all *Poets*, That while you live, you live in love, and ever get favour, for lacking skill of a ſonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

ASTRO-

ASTROPHEL

AND

*STELLA.**

LOVING in truth, and fain in verſe my love to ſhow,
That ſhe, dear ſhe! might take ſome pleaſure of my pain:
Pleaſure might cauſe her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain:
I ſought fit words to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:
Oft turning others leaves, to ſee if thence would flow
Some freſh and fruitful ſhowers upon my ſun-burn'd brain.

---

* This Piece is reputed to have been written in compliment to the Lady R·CH, who is ſhadowed under the name of PHILOCLEA in the ARCADIA. It was firſt printed in *Quarto*, 1591. *In it the Excellency of ſweet* Poeſy *is concluded.* See WOOD's *Athen. Oxon.* p. 228.

But words came halting forth, wanting invention's ſtay,
Invention, nature's child, fled ſtep-dame ſtudy's blows;
And others feet ſtill ſeem'd but ſtrangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to ſpeak, and helpleſs in my throws,
Biting my truant pen, beating myſelf for ſpite,
Fool! ſaid my muſe to me, look in thy heart, and write.

II.

Not at firſt ſight, nor with a dribbed ſhot,
Love gave the wound, which, while I breathe, will bleed;
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
'Till, by degrees, it had full conqueſt got.
I ſaw, and lik'd; I lik'd, but loved not;
I lov'd, but ſtraight did not what *love* decreed:
At length, to *love*'s decrees, I, forc'd, agreed,
Yet, with repining at ſo partial lot.

Now, ev'n, that foot-ſtep of loſt liberty
Is gone, and now, like ſlave-born *Muſcovit'*,
I call it praiſe to ſuffer tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make myſelf believe, that all is well,
While, with a feeling ſkill, I paint my hell.

III.

Let dainty wits cry on the ſiſters nine,
That, bravely mask'd, their fancies may be told:
Or, *Pindar*'s apes, flaunt they in phraſes fine,
Enam'ling, with py'd flowers, their thoughts of gold.

Or

Or elſe, let them in ſtatelier glory ſhine,
Ennobling new found tropes, with problems old:
Or, with ſtrange ſimiles, inrich each line,
Of herbs, or beaſts, which *Ind'* or *Aſrick* hold.

For me, in ſooth, no muſe but one I know,
Phraſes and problems from my reach do grow,
And ſtrange things coſt too dear for my poor ſp'rits.
How then? even thus, In *Stella*'s face I read,
What love and beauty be, then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

IV.

Virtue, alas! now let me take ſome reſt,
Thou ſett'ſt a bait betwixt my will and wit,
If vain love have my ſimple ſoul oppreſs'd,
Leave what thou likeſt not, deal not thou with it.
Thy ſcepter uſe in ſome old *Cato*'s breaſt;
Churches, or Schools, are for thy ſeat more fit:
I do confeſs, pardon a fault confeſs'd,
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But, if that needs thou wilt uſurping be,
The little reaſon that is left in me,
And ſtill th' effect of thy perſuaſions prove,
I ſwear, my heart ſuch one ſhall ſhew to thee,
That ſhrines in fleſh ſo true a deity,
That, *Virtue*, thou thy ſelf ſhalt be in love.

V.

It is moſt true, that eyes are form'd to ſerve
The inward light; and, that the heav'nly part
Ought to be king, from whoſe rules who do ſwerve,
Rebels to Nature, ſtrive for their own ſmart.

It is moſt true, what we call *Cupid*'s dart,
An image is, which for ourſelves we carve;
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
'Till that good god, make church, and church-men, ſtarve.

True, that true beauty virtue is, indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a ſhade,
Which, elements, with mortal mixture breed:
True, that, on earth, we are but pilgrims made,
And ſhould, in ſoul, up to our country move;
True! and yet true, that I muſt *Stella* love.

VI.

Some lovers ſpeak, when they their muſes entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what deſires,
Of force of heav'nly beams, infuſing helliſh pain,
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair ſtorms, and freezing fires;
Some one his ſong in *Jove*, and *Jove*'s ſtrange tales attires,
Border'd with bulls and ſwans, powder'd with golden rain:
Another, humbler wit, to ſhepherd's pipe retires,
Yet, hiding royal blood, full oft, in rural vein.

To ſome, a ſweeteſt plaint, a ſweeteſt ſtile affords,
While tears pour out his ink, and ſighs breathe out of words;
His paper pale deſpair, and pain his pen doth move:
I can ſpeak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
But think, that all the map of my ſtate I diſplay,
When trembling voice brings forth, That I do *Stella* love.

VII.

When Nature made her chief work, *Stella*'s eyes,
In colour black, why wrap'd ſhe beams ſo bright?
Would ſhe, in beamy black, like painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre, mix'd of ſhades and light?
Or, did ſhe, elſe, that ſober hue deviſe,
In object beſt, to knit and ſtrength our ſight,
Leſt, if no veil theſe brave gleams did diſguiſe,
They, ſun-like, ſhould more dazle than delight?

Or, would ſhe her miraculous power ſhow,
That, whereas black ſeems beauty's contrary,
She! even in black, doth make all beauty flow?
Both ſo, and thus, ſhe, minding *love*, ſhould be
Plac'd ever there, gave him his mourning weed,
To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

VIII.

Love, born in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
Forc'd, by a tedious proof, that *Turkiſh* harden'd heart
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart,
And, pleas'd with our ſoft peace, ſtaid here his flying race,
But, finding theſe north climes do coldly him embrace,
Not us'd to frozen clips, he ſtrave to find ſome part,
Where, with moſt eaſe and warmth, he might employ his dart;
At length, he pearch'd himſelf in *Stella*'s joyful face;

Whoſe

Whoſe fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning ſun on ſnow,
Deceiv'd the quaking boy, who thought, from ſo pure light,
Effects of lively heat, muſt needs in nature grow:
But ſhe! moſt fair, moſt cold, made him thence take his flight
To my cloſe heart, where, while ſome firebrands her did lay,
He burnt, un'wares, his wings, and cannot fly away.

IX.

Queen *Virtue*'s court, which ſome call *Stella*'s face,
Prepar'd by nature's choiceſt furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaſter pure;
Gold is the covering of that ſtately place.
The door, by which, ſometimes, comes forth her grace,
Red porphyr is, which lock of pearl makes ſure;
Whoſe porches rich (which name of cheeks endure)
Marble, mix'd red, and white, do interlace.

The windows now, thro' which this heav'nly gueſt
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing ſuch,
Which dare claim from thoſe lights the name of beſt,
Of touch they are, that, without touch, doth touch,
Which *Cupid*'s ſelf, from beauty's mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and, poor I! am their ſtraw.

X.

Reaſon! in faith, thou art well ſerv'd, that ſtill
Would'ſt brabling be with ſenſe and love in me;
I rather wiſh'd thee climb the muſes hill;
Or reach the fruit of nature's choiceſt tree;

Or ſeek heav'ns courſe, or heav'ns inſide to ſee:
Why ſhouldſt thou toil our thorny ſoil to till?
Leave ſenſe, and thoſe which ſenſes objects be,
Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.

But thou wouldſt needs fight, both with love and ſenſe,
With ſword of wit, giving wounds of diſpraiſe,
'Till down-right blows did foil thy cunning fence;
For ſoon as they ſtruck thee with *Stella*'s rays,
Reaſon, thou kneeld'ſt, and offered'ſt ſtraight to prove,
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to love.

XI.

In truth, O Love, with what a boyiſh kind
Thou doſt proceed, in thy moſt ſerious ways,
That when the heav'n to thee his beſt diſplays,
Yet of that beſt, thou leav'ſt the beſt behind:
For, like a child, that ſome fair book doth find,
With gilded leaves, or colour'd velum plays,
Or, at the moſt, on ſome fine picture ſtays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind:

So when thou ſaw'ſt, in nature's cabinet,
Stella, thou ſtraight look'ſt babies in her eyes,
In her cheeks pit, thou did'ſt thy pitfold ſet,
And in her breaſt, bo-peep, or couching, lies,
Playing, and ſhining in each outward part;
But, fool! ſeek'ſt not to get into her heart.

XII.

Cupid, becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stella*'s eyes,
That from her looks, thy dances none 'ſcapes free,
That thoſe lips ſwell'd, ſo full of thee they be,
That her ſweet breath, makes oft thy flames to riſe,

That

That in her breaſt thy pap well ſugar'd lies,
That her grace, gracious makes thy wrongs, that ſhe,
What words ſoe'er ſhe ſpeak, perſuades for thee,
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies.

Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry, Victory! This fair day all is ours!
O no, her heart is ſuch a citadel,
So fortified with wit, ſtor'd with diſdain,
That to win it, is all the skill and pain.

XIII.

Phœbus was judge between *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Love*,
Of thoſe three gods, whoſe arms the faireſt were:
Jove's golden ſhield did eagles ſables bear,
Whoſe talons held young *Ganymede* above:
But in *vert* field *Mars* bore a golden ſpear,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did ſhove:
Each had his *creſt*, *Mars* carry'd *Venus*' *glove*,
Jove, on his *helm*, the thunder-bolt did rear.

Cupid then ſmiles, for on his *creſt* there lies
Stella's fair hair, her face he makes his *ſhield*,
Where roſes *gules* are borne in *ſilver field*.
Phœbus drew wide the curtains of the skies,
To *blaze* theſe laſt, and ſware devoutly then,
The firſt, thus match'd, were ſcantly gentlemen.

XIV.

Alas! have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whoſe breaſt a fiercer gripe doth tire,
Than did on him who firſt ſtole down the fire,
While *Love* on me doth all his quiver ſpend;

But

But with your rhubarb words ye muſt contend,
To grieve me worſe, in ſaying, That deſire
Doth plunge my well-form'd ſoul even in the mire
Of ſinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?

If that be ſin which doth the manners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in word, and faith, of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but ſhame;
If that be ſin, which in fix'd hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe unchaſtity,
Then Love is ſin, and let me ſinful be.

XV.

You that do ſearch for every purling ſpring,
Which from the ribs of old *Parnaſſus* flows,
And ev'ry flower, not ſweet, perhaps, which grows
Near there-abouts, into our Poeſy-ring.
You that do *Dictionary*'s method bring
Into your rhymes, running in ratling rows;
You that poor *Petrarch*'s long deceaſed woes,
With new-born ſighs, and denizen'd wit to ſing:

You take wrong ways, thoſe far-fetch'd helps be ſuch,
As do bewray a want of inv ard touch.
And ſure, at length, ſtoll'n goods do come to light;
But if (both for your love and skill) your name
You ſeek to nurſe at fulleſt breaſts of fame,
Stella behold, and then begin t' indite.

XVI.

In nature, apt to like, when I did ſee,
Beauties, which were of many carets fine,
My boiling ſp'rits, did thither ſoon incline;
And, Love! I thought, that I was full of thee;

But,

But, finding not thoſe reſtleſs flames in me,
Which others ſaid, did make their ſouls to pine,
I thought thoſe babes of ſome pin's hurt did whine,
By my ſoul judging what love's pain might be:

But while I, fool! thus with this lyon play'd,
Mine eyes (ſhall I ſay curſt, or bleſt?) beheld
Stella; now ſhe is nam'd, need more be ſaid?
In her ſight, I a leſſon new have ſpell'd;
I now have learn'd Love right, and learn'd ev'n ſo,
As who, by being poiſon'd, doth poiſon know.

XVII.

His mother dear, *Cupid* offended late,
Becauſe that *Mars*, grown ſlacker in her love,
With pricking ſhot, he did not throughly move,
To keep the pace of their firſt loving ſtate.
The boy refus'd for fear of *Mars*'s hate,
Who threatned ſtripes, if he his wrath did prove;
But ſhe, in chafe, him from her lap did ſhove,
Brake bow, brake ſhafts, while *Cupid* weeping ſat;

'Till that his grandame *Nature*, pitying it,
Of *Stella*'s brows, made him two better bows,
And in her eyes, of arrows infinite:
O how for joy he leaps! O how he crows!
And ſtraight therewith, like wags new got to play,
Falls to ſhrewd turns, and I was in his way.

XVIII.

With what ſharp checks I in my ſelf am ſhent,
When into reaſon's audit I do go:
And by juſt 'compts my ſelf a bankrupt know
Of all thoſe goods, which heav'n to me hath lent!

Unable

Unable quite to pay even nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe:
And, which is worſe, no good excuſe can ſhow,
But that my wealth I have moſt idly ſpent?

My youth doth waſte, my knowledge brings forth toys,
My wit doth ſtrive thoſe paſſions to defend,
Which, for reward, ſpoil it with vain annoys.
I ſee, my courſe to loſe my ſelf doth bend:
I ſee and yet no greater ſorrow take,
Than that I loſe no more for *Stella*'s ſake.

XIX.

On *Cupid*'s bow how are my heart-ſtrings bent,
That ſee my wreck, and yet embrace the ſame?
When moſt I glory, then I feel moſt ſhame:
I willing run, yet while I run, repent;
My beſt wits ſtill their own diſgrace invent:
My very ink turns ſtraight to *Stella*'s name;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Aviſe themſelves that they are vainly ſpent.

For though ſhe paſs all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Looks to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?
O let me prop my mind yet in his growth,
And not in nature, for beſt fruits unfit:
Scholar, ſaith *Love*, bend hitherward your wit.

XX.

Fly, fly, my friends, I have my death's wound! fly,
See there that boy, that murthering boy, I ſay,
Who, like a thief, hid in dark buſh, doth lie,
Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey.

So,

So, tyrant he, no fitter place could ſpy,
Nor ſo fair level in ſo ſecret ſtay,
As that ſweet black which veils the heavenly eye:
There himſelf with his ſhot he cloſe doth lay.

Poor paſſenger! paſs now thereby I did;
And ſtaid, pleas'd with the proſpect of the place;
While that black hue from me the bad gueſt hid:
But ſtraight I ſaw motions of lightning grace;
And then deſcry'd the gliſtering of his dart:
But e'er I could fly thence, it pierc'd my heart.

XXI.

Your words, my friend (right healthful cauſticks) blame
My young mind marr'd, whom *Love* doth wind, as ſo:
That mine own writings, like bad ſervants, ſhow
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in vertue lame:
That *Plato* I read for nought; But if he tame
Such coltiſh years, that to my birth I owe
Nobler deſires, leſt elſe that friendly foe,
Great expectation, were a train of ſhame.

For ſince mad *March* great promiſe made of me,
If now the *May* of my years much decline,
What can be hop'd my harveſt-time will be?
Sure, you ſay well, your wiſdom's golden mine,
Dig deep with learning's ſpade, now tell me this,
Hath this world aught ſo fair as *Stella* is?

XXII.

In higheſt way of heav'n the ſun did ride,
Progreſſing then from fair twins golden place:
Having no ſcarf of clouds before his face,
But ſhining forth of heat in his chief pride;

When

When ſome fair Ladies, by hard promiſe ty'd,
On horſeback met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fans well-ſhading grace,
From that foe's wounds their tender skins to hide:

Stella, alone, with face unarmed, march'd
Either to do like him with open ſhone:
Or, careleſs of the wealth, becauſe her own:
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parch'd,
Her daintieſt bare went free; the cauſe was this,
The Sun, which others burn'd, did her but kiſs.

XXIII.

The curious wits, ſeeing dull penſiveneſs
Bewray it ſelf in my long ſettled eyes,
Whence thoſe ſame fumes of melancholy riſe,
With idle pains, and miſſing aim, do gueſs.
Some that know how my ſpring I did addreſs,
Deem that my muſe ſome fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, becauſe the Prince my ſervice tries,
Think that I think ſtate-errors to redreſs.

But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of it ſelf, ſtill climbing ſlipp'ry place,
Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
O fools, or over-wiſe, alas! the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But only *Stella*'s eyes, and *Stella*'s heart.

XXIV.

Rich fools there be, whoſe baſe and filthy heart,
Lies hatching ſtill the goods wherein they flow;
And damning their own ſelves to *Tantal*'s ſmart,
Wealth breeding want, more bleſt, more wretched grow;

Yet to thoſe fools heav'n doth ſuch wit impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
And knowing *love*, and loving lay apart,
As ſacred things, far from all dangers ſhow.

But that rich fool, who by blind Fortune's lot,
The richeſt gem of love and life enjoys,
And can with foul abuſe ſuch beauties blot;
Let him, depriv'd of ſweet, but unfelt joys,
(Exil'd for aye from thoſe high treaſures, which
He knows not) grow in only folly rich.

XXV.

The wiſeſt ſcholar of the wight moſt wiſe,
By *Phœbus'* doom, with ſugar'd ſentence ſays,
That vertue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of *Love* it in our ſouls would raiſe.
But for that man with pain this truth deſcries,
Whilſt he each thing in ſenſe's ballance weighs,
And ſo, nor will, nor can, behold thoſe skies,
Which inward ſun t' *heroick* mind diſplays.

Vertue of late, with vertuous care to ſtir
Love of her ſelf, took *Stella*'s ſhape, that ſhe
To mortal eyes might ſweetly ſhine in her,
It is moſt true, for ſince I her did ſee,
Vertue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find th'effect, for I do burn in love.

XXVI.

Though duſty wits dare ſcorn Aſtrology,
And fools can think thoſe lamps of pureſt light,
Whoſe numbers weigh greatneſs, eternity,
Promiſing wonders, wonder do invite:

To have, for no cauſe, birthright in the ſky,
But for to ſpangle the black weeds of night:
Or for ſome brawl, which in that chamber high,
They ſhould ſtill dance to pleaſe a gazer's ſight.

For me, I do nature un-idle know,
And know, great cauſes great effects procure:
And know, thoſe bodies high reign on the low.
And if theſe rules did fail, proof makes me ſure;
Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
By only thoſe two ſtars in *Stella*'s face.

XXVII.

Becauſe I oft, in dark abſtracted guiſe,
Seem moſt alone in greateſt company:
With dearth of words, or anſwers quite awry,
To them that would make ſpeech of ſpeech ariſe:
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poiſon foul of bubbling pride doth lie:
So in my ſwelling breaſt, that only I
Fawn on my ſelf, and others do deſpiſe.

Yet pride, I think, doth not my ſoul poſſeſs,
Which looks too oft in his unflatt'ring glaſs:
But one worſe fault, *Ambition*, I confeſs,
That makes me oft my beſt friends overpaſs,
Unſeen, unheard, while thought to higheſt place
Bends all his power, even unto *Stella*'s grace.

XXVIII.

You that with allegory's curious frame,
Of others children changlings uſe to make,
With me thoſe pains, for God's ſake, do not take;
I liſt not dig ſo deep for brazen fame.

When I ſay, *Stella*, I do mean the ſame
  Princeſs of beauty, for whoſe only ſake,
  The reins of *Love* I love, though never ſlack,
And joy therein, though nations count it ſhame.

I beg no ſubject to uſe eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide Philoſophy:
  Look at my hands for no ſuch quinteſſence;
But know, that I, in pure ſimplicity,
  Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
  Love only reading unto me this art.

XXIX.

Like ſome weak lords, neighbour'd by mighty kings,
To keep themſelves, and their chief cities free,
Do eas'ly yield, that all their coaſts may be
  Ready to ſtore their camps of needful things:
So *Stella*'s heart, finding what power *Love* brings,
  To keep it ſelf in life and liberty,
  Doth willing grant, that in the frontiers he
Uſe all to help his other conquerings:

And thus her heart eſcapes, but thus her eyes,
Serve him with ſhot, her lips his heralds are:
Her breaſts his tents, legs his triumphal car.
  Her fleſh his food, her ſkin his armour brave,
    And I, but for becauſe my proſpect lies
  Upon that coaſt, am giv'n up for a ſlave.

XXX.

Whether the *Turkiſh* new-moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Chriſtian coaſt?
How *Poles* right king means, without leave of hoſt,
  To warm, with ill-made fire, cold *Muſcovy*?

If

If *French* can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the *Dutch* in their full Diets boaſt?
How *Holland* hearts, now ſo good towns be loſt,
Truſt in the ſhade of pleaſant *Orange*-tree?

How *Ulſter* likes of that ſame golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it half tame?
If in the *Scotch* court be no weltring yet?
Theſe queſtions buſy wits to me do frame;
I, cumbred with good manners, anſwer do,
But know not how, for ſtill I think of You.

XXXI.

With how ſad ſteps, O Moon, thou climb'ſt the skies!
How ſilently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that, ev'n in heav'nly place
That buſy archer his ſharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long, with *Love*-acquainted eyes,
Can judge of *Love*, thou feel'ſt a lover's caſe;
I read it in thy looks, thy languiſh'd grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy ſtate deſcries.

Then ev'n of fellowſhip, O Moon, tell me,
Is conſtant *Love* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Thoſe lovers ſcorn, whom that *love* doth poſſeſs?
Do they call *Vertue* there Ungratefulneſs?

XXXII.

Morpheus, the lively ſon of deadly ſleep,
Witneſs of life to them that living die:
A prophet oft, and oft an hiſtory,
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creep,

Since thou in me ſo ſure a power doſt keep,
That never I with cloſe-up ſenſe do lie,
But by thy work (my *Stella*) I deſcry,
Teaching blind eyes both how to ſmile and weep:
Vouchſafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
Whence haſt thou ivory, rubies, pearl and gold,
To ſhew her skin, lips, teeth, and head ſo well?
Fool! anſwers he, no *Ind's* ſuch treaſure hold,
But from thy heart, while my fire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stella's* image I do ſteal to me.

XXXIII.

I might, unhappy word! O me! I might,
And then would not, or could not, ſee my bliſs:
Till now, wrapt in a moſt infernal night,
I find, how heav'nly day, wretch! I did miſs.
Heart! rent thy ſelf, thou doſt thy ſelf but right,
No lovely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his:
No force, no fraud, robb'd thee of thy delight,
Nor fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to my ſelf, my ſelf did give the blow,
While too much wit (forſooth) ſo troubled me,
That I reſpects for both our ſakes muſt ſhow:
And yet could not, by riſing Morn, foreſee
How fair a day was near. O puniſh'd eyes!
That I had been more fooliſh, or more wiſe!

XXXIV.

Come, let me write, and to what end? to eaſe
A burthen'd heart; how can words eaſe, which are
The glaſſes of the daily vexing care?
Oft cruel fights, well pictur'd forth, do pleaſe;

Art

Art not aſham'd to publiſh thy diſeaſe?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is ſo rare:
But will not wiſe men think thy words fond ware?
Then be they cloſe, and ſo none ſhall diſpleaſe.

What idler thing, than ſpeak, and not be heard?
What harder thing, than ſmart, and not to ſpeak?
Peace, fooliſh wit, with wit my wit is marr'd.
Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreak
My harms on ink's poor loſs, perhaps ſome find
Stella's great power, that ſo confuſe my mind.

XXXV.

What may words ſay? or what may words not ſay,
Where truth it ſelf muſt ſpeak like flattery?
Within what bounds can one his liking ſtay,
Where nature doth with infinite agree?
What *Neſtor*'s counſel can my flames allay,
Since reaſon ſelf doth blow the coal in me?
And, ah! what hope, that hope ſhould once ſee day,
Where *Cupid* is ſworn page to chaſtity?

Honour is honour'd, that thou doſt poſſeſs
Him as thy ſlave, and now long needy fame
Doth even grow rich, naming my *Stella*'s name.
Wit learns in thee perfection to expreſs,
Not thou by praiſe, but praiſe in thee is rais'd:
It is a praiſe to praiſe, when thou art prais'd.

XXXVI.

Stella, whence doth this new aſſault ariſe,
A conquer'd golden ranſack'd heart to win?
Whereto long ſince, through my long batter'd eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.

And there, long ſince, *Love*, thy lieutenant, lies,
My forces rais'd, thy banners rais'd within:
Of conqueſt, do not theſe effects ſuffice,
But wilt now war upon thine own begin?

With ſo ſweet voice, and by ſweet nature, ſo
In ſweeteſt ſtrength, ſo ſweetly skill'd withal,
In all ſweet ſtratagems, ſweet art can ſhow,
That not my ſoul, which at thy foot did fall,
Long ſince, forc'd by thy beams, but ſtone nor tree,
By ſenſe's privilege, can 'ſcape from thee.

XXXVII.

My mouth doth water, and my breaſt doth ſwell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be;
Liſten then, *lordings*, with good ear to me,
For of my life, I muſt a riddle tell.
Toward *Aurora*'s Court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can ſee;
Beauties ſo far from reach of words, that we,
Abaſe her praiſe, ſaying, She doth excel;

Rich in the treaſure of deſerv'd renown;
Rich in the riches of a royal heart;
Rich in thoſe gifts which give th' eternal crown;
Who, tho' moſt rich in theſe and ev'ry part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliſs,
Hath no misfortune, but that *Rich** ſhe is.

XXXVIII.

This night, while ſleep begins, with heavy wings,
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to ſtray, and my chief powers are brought
To leave the ſcepter of all ſubject things;

* *i. e.* The Lady *Rich* above-mentioned.

The firſt that ſtraight my fancy's error brings
Unto my mind, is *Stella*'s image, wrought
By *Love*'s own ſelf, but, with ſo curious draught,
That ſhe, methinks, not only ſhines, but ſings:

I ſtart, look, hark! but what, in clos'd-up ſenſe
Was held, in open'd ſenſe it flies away,
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence:
I, ſeeing better ſights, in ſights decay,
Call'd it anew, and wooed ſleep again;
But him, her hoſt, that unkind gueſt had ſlain.

XXXIX.

Come, ſleep: O ſleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the priſoner's releaſe,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With ſhield of proof, ſhield me from out the preſs
Of thoſe fierce darts, deſpair at me doth throw:
O make in me thoſe civil wars to ceaſe;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do ſo.

Take thou of me, ſmooth pillows, ſweeteſt bed;
A chamber deaf to noiſe, and blind to light;
A roſy garland, and a weary head:
And if theſe things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou ſhalt, in me,
Livelier than elſewhere, *Stella*'s image ſee.

XL.

As good to write, as for to lie and groan,
O *Stella* dear! how much thy power hath wrought,
That haſt my mind, none of the baſeſt, brought
My ſtill kept courſe, while others ſleep, to moan.

Alas!

Alas! if from the height of virtue's throne,
Thou canſt vouchſafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath ſought;
Weigh then, how I by thee am overthrown:

And then, think thus, Altho' thy beauty be
Made manifeſt by ſuch a victory,
Yet noble conquerors do wrecks avoid:
Since then thou haſt ſo far ſubdued me,
That, in my heart, I offer ſtill to thee,
O do not let thy temple be deſtroy'd.

XLI.

Having this day my horſe, my hand, my lance,
Guided ſo well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the *Engliſh* eyes,
And of ſome ſent from that ſweet en'my *France*;
Horſemen, my skill in horſemanſhip advance;
Town-folks, my ſtrength; a daintier judge applies
His praiſe to ſleight, which from good uſe doth riſe:
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance:

Others, becauſe of both ſides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make:
How far they ſhot awry! The true cauſe is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heav'nly face,
Sent forth the beams which made ſo fair my race.

XLII.

O eyes! which do the ſpheres of beauty move,
Whoſe beams be heav'n, whoſe joys all vertues be,
Who, while they make *Love* conquer, conquer *Love*,
The ſchools where *Venus* hath learn'd chaſtity.

O eyes!

O eyes! where humble looks moſt glorious prove,
Only lov'd tyrants, juſt in cruelty,
Do not, O do not, from poor me remove,
Keep ſtill my *Zenith*, ever ſhine on me:

For though I never ſee them, but ſtraightways
My life forgets to nouriſh languiſh'd ſp'rites,
Yet ſtill on me, O eyes! dart down your rays;
And it, from majeſty of ſacred lights
Oppreſſing mortal ſenſe, my death proceed,
Wrecks triumphs be, which *Love* (high ſet) doth breed.

XLIII.

Fair eyes, ſweet lips, dear heart, that fooliſh I,
Could hope, by *Cupid*'s help, on you to prey,
Since to himſelf, he doth your gifts apply,
As his main force, choice ſport, and eaſeful ſtay:
For when he will ſee who dare him gainſay,
Then with thoſe eyes he looks; lo! by-and-by,
Each foul doth at *Love*'s feet his weapon lay,
Glad, if, for her, he give them leave to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where bluſhing red, that *Love*'s ſelf them doth love,
With either lip he doth the other kiſs;
But when he will, for quiet-ſake, remove
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
Where, well he knows, no man to him can come.

XLIV.

My words, I know, do well ſet forth my mind,
My mind bemoans his ſenſe of inward ſmart;
Such ſmart may pity claim of any heart,
Her heart, ſweet heart, is of no tyger's kind:

And *

And yet ſhe hears, and yet no pity I find;
But now I cry, leſs grace ſhe doth impart,
Alas! what cauſe is there ſo overthwart,
That noblenеſs itſelf makes thus unkind?

I much do gueſs, yet find no truth, ſave this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth touch
Thoſe dainty doors unto the court of bliſs,
The heav'nly nature of that place is ſuch,
That, once come there, the ſobs of mine annoys
Are metamorphos'd ſtraight to tunes of joys.

XLV.

Stella oft ſees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclowded ſtormy face;
But cannot skill to pity my diſgrace,
Not though thereof the cauſe herſelf ſhe know.
Yet hearing late a fable, which did ſhow,
Of lovers, never known, a grievous caſe,
Pity thereof, 'gat in her breaſt ſuch place,
That, from that ſea deriv'd, tears ſpring did flow.

Alas! if fancy, drawn by imag'd things,
Tho' falſe, yet, if free ſcope, more grace doth breed
Than ſervants wreck, where new doubts honour brings;
Then think, my dear, that you in me do read,
Of lover's ruin, ſome ſad tragedy:
I am not I; pity the tale of me.

XLVI.

I curſt thee oft; I pity now thy caſe,
Blind-hitting boy, ſince ſhe, that thee and me
Rules with a beck, ſo tyrannizeth thee,
That thou muſt want or food or dwelling-place;

For

For ſhe proteſts to baniſh thee her face;
Her face? O *Love!* a rogue thou then ſhouldſt be!
If *Love* learn not alone to love and ſee,
Without deſire to feed of farther grace.

Alas! poor wag, that now a ſcholar art,
To ſuch a ſchool-miſtreſs, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needs muſt miſs, and ſo thou needs muſt ſmart.
Yet, dear, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (tho' he from book * myche to deſire)
Till without fewel you can make hot fire.

XLVII.

What! have I thus betray'd my liberty?
Can thoſe black beams ſuch burning marks engrave
In thy free ſide? or am I born a ſlave,
Whoſe neck becomes ſuch yoke of tyranny?
Or want I ſenſe to feel my miſery?
Or ſp'rite diſdain of ſuch diſdain to have?
Who for long faith, tho' daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but ſcorn of beggary.

Virtue, awake; Beauty, but beauty is,
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that, which it is gain to miſs.
Let her do — Soft! but here ſhe comes! Go to;
Unkind! I love you not: — O me! that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lye.

XLVIII.

Soul's joy, bend not thoſe morning ſtars from me,
Where virtue is made ſtrong by beauty's might;
Where *Love* is chaſteneſs, pain doth learn delight,
And humbleneſs grows on with majeſty:

* *i. e.* To play truant.

What-

Whatever may enſue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that ſight:
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light:
O look! O ſhine! O let me die, and ſee!

For though I oft myſelf of them bemoan,
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone:
Whoſe cureleſs wounds, e'en now, moſt freſhly bleed:
Yet, ſince my death-wound is already got,
Dear killer, ſpare not thy ſweet cruel ſhot:
A kind of grace it is to ſlay with ſpeed.

XLIX.

I on my horſe, and *Love* on me doth try
Our horſemanſhips, while, by ſtrange work, I prove
A horſeman to my horſe, a horſe to *Love*;
And now man's wrongs in me, poor beaſt, deſcry.
The rein wherewith my rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of rev'rence move;
Curb'd in with fear, but with gilt boſs above,
Of hope, which makes it ſeem fair to the eye.

The wand is will; thou, fancy, ſaddle art,
Girt faſt by memory, and while I ſpur
My horſe, he ſpurs, with ſharp deſire, my heart:
He ſits me faſt, however I do ſtir,
And now hath made me to his hand ſo right,
That in the menage myſelf takes delight.

L.

Stella! the fulneſs of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be ſtaid within my panting breaſt;
But they do ſwell and ſtruggle forth of me,
'Till that in words thy figure be expreſt:

And

And yet, as ſoon as they ſo formed be,
According to my lord *Love*'s own beheſt,
With ſad eyes I their weak proportion ſee,
To portrait that which in this world is beſt;

So that I cannot chuſe but write my mind,
And cannot chuſe but put out what I write,
While theſe poor babes their death in birth do find;
And now my pen theſe lines had daſhed quite;
But that they ſtopp'd his fury from the ſame,
Becauſe their fore-front bear ſweet *Stella*'s name.

LI.

Pardon mine ears, both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that do ſuch entertainment need;
So may you ſtill have ſomewhat new to ſay.
On ſilly me do not the burthen lay
Of all the grave conceits your brain doth breed;
But find ſome *Hercules* to bear, inſtead
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wiſdom's heav'nly ſway.

For me, while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreams,
Of ſtraying ways, when valiant error guides;
Mean while my heart confers with *Stella*'s beams,
And is e'en irkt that ſo ſweet comedy,
By ſuch unſuited ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

LII.

A ſtrife is grown between *Virtue* and *Love*,
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eyes, her lips, her all, ſaith *Love*, do this
(Since they do wear his badge) moſt firmly prove;

But

But *Virtue* thus that little doth diſprove,
That *Stella*, O dear name! that *Stella* is
That virtuous ſoul, ſure heir of heav'nly bliſs:
Not this fair outſide, which your hearts doth move;

And, therefore, tho' her beauty and her grace
Be *Love*'s, indeed, in *Stella*'s ſelf he may,
By no pretence, claim any manner place.
Well, *Love*, ſince this demur our ſuit doth ſtay,
Let *Virtue* have that *Stella*'s ſelf; yet thus,
That *Virtue* but that Body grant to us.

LIII.

In martial ſports I had by cunning try'd,
And yet, to break more ſtaves, did me addreſs,
While, with the people's ſhouts, I muſt confeſs,
Youth, luck and praiſe, e'en fill'd my veins with pride;
When *Cupid*, having me, his ſlave, deſcry'd
In *Mars*'s livery, prancing in the preſs:
What now, ſir fool? ſaid he, I would no leſs:
Look here, I ſay;—I look'd; and *Stella* ſpy'd;

Who, hard by, made a window ſend forth light:
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes;
One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight.
Nor trumpet's ſound I heard, nor friendly cries;
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
'Till that her bluſh taught me my ſhame to ſee.

LIV.

Becauſe I breathe not love to ev'ry one,
Nor do not uſe ſet colours for to wear;
Nor nouriſh ſpecial locks of vowed hair;
Nor give each ſpeech a full point of a groan;

The

The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them, who, in their lips, *Love*'s ſtandard bear;
Where he? ſay they of mè, now dare I ſwear,
He cannot love: no, no; let him alone.

And think ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* know my mind,
Profeſs, indeed, I do not *Cupid*'s art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true ſhall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb Swans, not charping Pies, do lovers prove,
They love, indeed, who quake to ſay they love.

LV.

Muſes! I oft invok'd your holy aid,
With choiceſt flowers, my ſpeech t' engarland ſo,
That it deſpis'd in true, but naked ſhew,
Might win ſome grace in your ſweet grace array'd;
And oft whole troops of ſaddeſt words I ſtaid,
Striving abroad a foraging to go,
Until, by your inſpiring, I might know,
How their black banner might be beſt diſplay'd;

But now I mean no more your help to try,
Nor other fug'ring of my ſpeech to prove,
But on her name inceſſantly to cry;
For let me but name her whom I do love,
So ſweet ſounds ſtraight mine ear and heart do hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI.

Fie, ſchool of patience, fie, your leſſon is
Far, far too long to learn it without book:
What! a whole week without one piece of look,
And think I ſhould not your large precepts miſs?

When I might read thoſe letters fair of bliſs,
Which in her face teach virtue, I could brook
Somewhat thy lead'n counſels, which I took,
As of a friend, that meant not much amiſs;

But now, that I, alas! do want her ſight,
What, doſt thou think, That I can ever take
In thy cold ſtuff a flegmatick delight?
No, patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and hear, with patience, my deſire,
And then, with patience, bid me bear my fire.

LVII.

Who having made, with many fights, his own,
Each ſenſe of mine, each gift, each power of mind,
Grown now his ſlaves, he forc'd them out to find
The thoroweſt words, fit for woe's ſelf to groan,
Hoping, that when they might find *Stella* alone,
Before ſhe could prepare to be unkind,
Her ſoul, arm'd but with ſuch a dainty rind,
Should ſoon be pierc'd with ſharpneſs of the moan:

She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
But them (ſo ſweet is ſhe) moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that fair breaſt, making woe's darkneſs clear:
A pretty caſe; I hoped her to bring
To feel my griefs, and ſhe, with face and voice,
So ſweets my pains, that my pains me rejoice.

LVIII.

Doubt there hath been, when, with his golden chain,
The orator ſo far mens hearts doth bind,
That no pace elſe, their guided ſteps can find,
But as he them more ſhort or ſlack doth rein;

Whe-

Whether with words this ſovereignty he gain,
Cloath'd with fine tropes, with ſtrongeſt reaſons lin'd?
Or elſe, pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his own lively form in rudeſt brain?

Now judge by this, in piercing phraſes late,
Th' anatomy of all my woes I wrate:
Stella's ſweet breath, the ſame to me did read:
O voice! O face! maugre my ſpeech's might,
Which wooed woe, moſt raviſhing delight;
Ev'n thoſe ſad words, ev'n in ſad me did breed.

LIX.

Dear! Why make you more of a dog than me?
If he do love, I burn, I burn in love;
If he wait well, I never thence would move:
If he be fair, yet but a dog can be:
Little he is, ſo little worth is he;
He barks, my ſongs thine own voice oft doth prove:
Bidden, perhaps, he fetcheth thee a glove,
But I, unbid, fetch ev'n my ſoul to thee.

Yet, while I languiſh, him that boſom clips,
That lap doth lap; nay, lets, in ſpite of ſpite,
This ſowre-breath'd mate, taſte of thoſe ſugar'd lips:
Alas! if you grant only ſuch delight
To witleſs things, then *Love*, I hope (ſince wit
Becomes a clog) will ſoon eaſe me of it.

LX.

When my good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in *Stella* ſee,
That heav'n of joys, throws only down on me,
Thund'ring diſdains, and lightnings of diſgrace;

But when the rugged'ſt ſtep of fortune's race
Makes me fall from her ſight, then, ſweetly, ſhe
With words, wherein the muſe's treaſures be,
Shews love and pity to my abſent caſe.

Now I, wit-beaten long by hardeſt fate,
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce *love*, and lovely *hate*;
Then, ſome good body, tell me, How I do,
Whoſe preſence abſence, abſence preſence is;
Bliſt in my curſe, and curſed in my bliſs?

LXI.

Oft with true ſighs, oft with uncalled tears,
Now with ſlow words, now with dumb eloquence,
I *Stella*'s eyes aſſay'd, invade her ears;
But this, at laſt, is her ſweet-breath'd defence:
That who, indeed, in felt affection bears,
So captives to his ſaint both ſoul and ſenſe;
That, wholly hers, all ſelfneſs he forbears,
Then his deſires he learns his life's courſe thence.

Now, ſince her chaſte mind hates this love in me,
With chaſten'd mind, I ſtraight muſt ſhew, That ſhe
Shall quickly me, from what ſhe hates, remove.
O doctor *Cupid!* thou for me reply,
Driv'n, elſe, to grant, by angels ſophiſtry,
That I love not, without I leave to love.

LXII.

Late tir'd with woe, 'ev'n ready for to pine
With rage of *Love*, I call'd my love unkind;
She, in whoſe eyes *Love*, tho' unfelt, doth ſhine,
Sweet ſaid, That I true love in her ſhould find;

I joy'd,

I joy'd, but ſtraight thus water'd was my wine,
That love ſhe did, but lov'd a love not blind,
Which would not let me, whom ſhe lov'd, decline
From nobler courſe, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore, by her love's authority,
Will'd me theſe tempeſts of vain love to fly,
And anchor faſt myſelf on *Virtue*'s ſhore.
Alas! if this the only metal be
Of *Love*, new-coin'd to help my beggary,
Dear! love me not, that you may love me more.

LXIII.

O Grammar rules! O now your virtues ſhow!
So children ſtill read you with awful eyes,
As my young dove, may, in your precepts wiſe,
Her grant to me, by her own virtue know;
For, late, with heart moſt high, with eyes moſt low,
I crav'd the thing which ever ſhe denies:
She, lightning *Love*, diſplaying *Venus*' skies,
Leſt once ſhould not be heard, twice ſaid, No, no.

Sing then, my muſe, now *Io Pean* ſing;
Heav'ns, envy not at my high-triumphing;
But Grammar's force, with ſweet ſucceſs confirm;
For Grammar ſays (O this, dear *Stella*! ſay)
For Grammar ſays (To Grammar who ſays nay?)
That in one ſpeech two Negatives affirm.

SONG.

DOUBT you to whom my muſe theſe notes intendeth,
Which now my breaſt, o'ercharg'd, to muſick lendeth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only in you my ſong begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry ſtate with pleaſure?
Who keeps the key of nature's chiefeſt treaſure?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only for you the heav'n forgat all meaſure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairneſs reigneth?
Who womankind, at once, both decks and ſtaineth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only by you Cupid *his crown maintaineth.*

Who hath the feet, whoſe ſtep of ſweetneſs planteth?
Who elſe for whom Fame-worthy *trumpets wanteth?*
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only to you her ſcepter Venus *graneteth.*

Who hath the breaſt, whoſe milk doth paſſions nouriſh?
Whoſe grace is ſuch, that when it chides doth cheriſh?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only thro' you the tree of life doth flouriſh.

Who hath the hand which, without ſtroke, ſubdueth?
Who long-dead beauty with increaſe reneweth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only at you all envy hopeleſs rueth.

Who hath the hair, which looſeſt, faſteſt tieth?
Who makes a man live then, glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice, which ſoul from ſenſes ſunders?
Whoſe force, but yours, the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only with you, not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you, to whom my muſe theſe notes intendeth,
Which now my breaſt, o'ercharg'd, to muſick lendeth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:
Only in you my ſong begins and endeth.

LXIV.

No more, my dear, no more theſe counſels try,
O give my paſſions leave to run their race:
Let fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace:
Let folk o'ercharg'd with brain, againſt me cry,
Let clouds bedim my face break in mine eye;
Let me no ſteps then of loſt labour trace:
Let all the earth with ſcorn recount my caſe,
But do not will me from my *love* to fly.

I do not envy *Ariſtotle*'s wit,
Nor do aſpire to *Ceſar*'s bleeding fame;
Nor aught do care, tho' ſome above me ſit:
Nor hope, nor with another courſe to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart;
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

LXV.

Love, by ſure proof, I may call thee unkind,
That giv'ſt no better ear to my juſt cries:
Thou whom to me ſuch my good turns ſhou'd bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:
For when, nak'd boy, thou could'ſt no harbour find
In this old world, grown now ſo too, too wiſe:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
By nature born, I gave to thee my eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas!
If ſo great ſervices may ſcorned be:
Yet let this thought thy tygriſh courage paſs;
That I perhaps am ſomewhat kin to thee;
Since in thine arms, if learn'd fame truth hath ſpread,
Thou bear'ſt the arrow, I the arrow-head.

LXVI.

And do I ſee ſome cauſe a hope to feed,
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weaken'd minds, quick apprehending breed
Of ev'ry image which may comfort ſhow?
I cannot brag of word, much leſs of deed,
Fortune's wheels ſtill with me in one ſort flow;
My wealth no more, and no whit leſs my need,
Deſire ſtill on the ſtilts of fear doth go.

And yet amid all fears, as hope there is,
Stol'n to my heart ſince laſt fair night, nay, day;
Stella's eyes ſent to me the beams of bliſs,
Looking on me, while I look'd other way:
But when mine eyes back to their heav'n did move,
They fled with bluſh, which guilty ſeem'd of love.

LXVII.

Hope! art thou true? or doſt thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with piteous eye,
The ruins of her conqueſt to eſpy?
Will ſhe take him, before all wreck'd he be?
Her eyes-ſpeech is tranſlated thus by thee:
But fail'ſt thou not in phraſe ſo heav'nly high?
Look on again, the fair text better try:
What bluſhing notes doſt thou in margin ſee?

What

What ſighs ſtol'n out, or kill'd before full born?
Haſt thou found ſuch and ſuch like arguments?
Or art thou elſe to comfort me forſworn?
Well, how ſo thou interpret the contents,
I am reſolv'd thy error to maintain,
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

LXVIII.

Stella, the only planet of my light;
Light of my life, and life of my deſire,
Chief good, whereto my hope doth only aſpire;
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight;
Why doſt thou ſpend the treaſures of thy ſp'rite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphion*'s lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy ſight?

And all in vain, for while thy breath moſt ſweet,
With choiceſt words, thy words with reaſons rare,
Thy reaſons firmly ſet on *Virtue*'s *feet*,
Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O, think I then, what paradiſe of joy
It is, ſo fair a Virtue to enjoy?

LXIX.

O joy! too high for my low ſtile to ſhow:
O bliſs! fit for a nobler ſtate then me:
Envy, put out thine eyes, leſt thou do ſee
What oceans of delight in me do flow.
My friend, that oft ſaw, through all masks, my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour my ſelf on thee;
Gone is the winter of my miſery:
My ſpring appears, O ſee what here doth grow.

For

For *Stella* hath his words, where faith doth ſhine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy;
I, I, O I may ſay, That ſhe is mine:
And though ſhe give but this, conditionally,
This realm of bliſs, while virtuous courſe I take,
No kings be crown'd, but they ſome cov'nants make.

LXX.

My muſe may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If ſtill I force her in ſad rhimes to creep:
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes t' enjoy
Nectar of mirth, ſince I *Love*'s cup do keep.
Sonnets, be not bound 'prentice to annoy:
Treble ſing high, as well as Baſes deep:
Grief, but *love*'s winter-livery is, the boy
Hath cheeks to ſmile, as well as eyes to weep.

Come then, my muſe, ſhew thou height of delight;
In well rais'd-notes, my pen, the beſt it may,
Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.
Ceaſe, eager muſe; peace, pen, for my ſake ſtay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,
Wiſe ſilence is beſt muſick unto bliſs.

LXXI.

Who will in faireſt book of Nature know,
How virtue may beſt lodg'd in beauty be,
Let him but learn of *love* to read in thee,
Stella, thoſe fair lines, which true goodneſs ſhow;
There ſhall he find all vices overthrow,
Not by rude force, but ſweeteſt ſoveraignty
Of reaſon, from whoſe light thoſe night-birds fly,
That inward ſun in thine eyes ſhineth ſo.

And

And not content to be perfection's heir
Thy ſelf, doſt ſtrive all minds that way to move:
Who mark in thee what is in thee moſt fair:
So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As faſt thy Virtue bends that love to good:
But, ah! deſire ſtill cries, Give me ſome food.

LXXII.

Deſire, tho' thou my old companion art,
And oft ſo clings to my pure love, that I
One from the other ſcarcely can deſcry,
While each doth blow the fire of my heart;
Now from thy fellowſhip I needs muſt part;
Venus is taught with *Dian*'s wings to fly:
I muſt no more in thy ſweet paſſions lie;
Virtue's gold now muſt head my *Cupid*'s dart.

Service and honour, wonder with delight,
Fear to offend, will worthy to appear;
Care ſhining in mine eyes, faith in my ſp'rite:
Theſe things are left me by my only dear;
But thou, deſire, becauſe thou would'ſt have all,
Now baniſh'd art; but yet, alas! how ſhall?

SONG.

HAVE I caught my heav'nly jewel,
Teaching ſleep moſt fair to be?
Now will I teach her too that ſhe,
When ſhe waketh, is too cruel.

Since

Since ſweet ſleep her eyes hath charm'd,
The two only darts of Love:
Now will I, with that boy, prove
Some play, while he is diſarm'd.

Her Tongue, waking, ſtill refuſeth,
Giving frankly niggard No:
Now will I attempt to know,
What No her Tongue, ſleeping, uſeth.

She the hand with waking guardeth;
Sleeping grants a free reſort:
Now will I invade the fort;
Cowards Love *with loſs rewardeth.*

But, O fool! think of the danger
Of her juſt and high diſdain:
Now will I, alas! refrain;
Love *fears nothing elſe but anger.*

Yet thoſe lips, ſo ſweetly ſmelling,
Do invite a ſtealing kiſs:
Now will I but venture this;
Who will read, muſt firſt learn ſpelling.

Oh! ſweet kiſs! but ah! ſhe's waking;
Lowring beauty chaſtens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Fool! more fool! for no more taking.

LXXIII.

Love, ſtill a boy, and oft a wanton, is
School'd only by his mother's tender eye:
What wonder then, if he his leſſon miſs,
When for ſo ſoft a rod, dear play he try?

And

And yet my Star, becauſe a ſugar'd kiſs
In ſport I ſuck'd, while ſhe aſleep did lie,
Doth low'r, nay, chide, nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was ſawcy *Love*, not humble I.

But no ſcuſe ſerves, ſhe makes her wrath appear
In beauty's throne; ſee now, who dares come near
Thoſe ſcarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heav'nly fool! thy moſt kiſs-worthy face,
Anger inveſts with ſuch a lovely grace,
That anger ſelf, I needs muſt kiſs again.

LXXIV.

I never drank of *Aganippe*'s well,
Nor ever did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorn with vulgar brains to dwell:
Poor layman I, for ſacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of Poets fury tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it:
And this I ſwear, by blackeſt brook of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of another's wit.

How falls it then, that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?
Gueſs we the cauſe? What, is it thus? Fie, no:
Or ſo? Much leſs: How then? Sure thus it is,
My lips are ſweet, inſpir'd with *Stella*'s kiſs.

LXXV.

Of all the kings, that ever here did reign,
Edward, nam'd fourth, as firſt in praiſe, I name,
Not for his fair outſide, nor well-lin'd brain;
Although leſs gifts imp feathers oft on fame:

Nor

Nor that he could, young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant, frame
His ſire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* ſo tame,
That ballance weigh'd what ſword did late obtain.

Nor that he made the *flower-de-luce* ſo 'fraid,
Though ſtrongly hedg'd, of bloody lyon's paws,
That witty *Lewis* to him a tribute paid:
Nor this, nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But only, for this worthy knight durſt prove
To loſe his crown, rather then fail his love.

LXXVI.

She comes, and ſtrait therewith her ſhining twins do move
Their rays to me, who in her tedious abſence lay
Benighted in cold woe; but now appears my day,
The only light of joy, the only warmth of *love*.
She comes with light and warmth, which, like *Aurora*, prove
Of gentle force, ſo that mine eyes dare gladly play
With ſuch a roſy morn, whoſe beams, moſt freſhly gay,
Scorch not, but only do dark chilling ſp'rits remove.

But, lo! while I do ſpeak, it groweth noon with me;
Her flamy gliſt'ring lights increaſe with time and place;
My heart cries Ah! it burns, mine eyes now dazled be:
No wind, no ſhade can cool; what help then in my caſe?
But with ſhort breath, long looks, ſtaid feet, and walking head,
Pray that my ſun go down, with meeker beams, to bed.

LXXVII. Thoſe

LXXVII.

Thoſe looks, whoſe beams be joy, whoſe motion is delight;
That face, whoſe lecture ſhews what perfect beauty is:
That preſence, which doth give dark hearts a living light:
That grace, which *Venus* weeps that ſhe her ſelf doth miſs:
That hand, which without touch holds more than *Atlas* might;
Thoſe lips, which makes death's pay a mean price for a kiſs:
That skin, whoſe paſs-praiſe hue ſcorns this poor term of white:
Thoſe words, which do ſublime the quinteſſence of bliſs:
That voice, which makes the ſoul plant himſelf in the ears:
That converſation ſweet, where ſuch high comforts be,
As conſtru'd, in true ſpeech, the name of heav'n it bears;
Makes me in my beſt thoughts, and quiet'ſt judgment, ſee
That in no more but theſe I might be fully bleſt:
Yet, ah! my maiden muſe doth bluſh to tell the beſt.

LXXVIII.

O how the pleaſant airs of true love be
Infected by thoſe vapours, which ariſe
From out that noiſom gulf, which gaping lies
Between the jaws of helliſh jealouſy!

A mon-

A monſter, others harm, ſelf-miſery,
Beauty's plague, virtue's ſcourge, ſuccour of lyes:
Who his own joy to his own hurt applies,
And only cheriſh doth with injury.

Who, ſince he hath, by Nature's ſpecial grace,
So piercing paws, as ſpoil when they embrace;
So nimble feet as ſtir ſtill, though on thorns:
So many eyes, aye ſeeking their own woe;
So ample ears, as never good news know:
Is it not evil, that ſuch a devil wants horns?

LXXIX.

Sweet kiſs, thy ſweets I fain would ſweetly indite,
Which ev'n of ſweetneſs, ſweeteſt ſweetner art:
Pleaſing'ſt conſort, where each ſenſe holds a part;
Which coupling doves guides *Venus'* chariot right:
Beſt charge, and brav'ſt retreat in *Cupid's* fight;
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Moſt rich, when moſt his riches is impart:
Neſt of young joys, ſchoolmaſter of delight;

Teaching the mean at once, to take and give;
The friendly fray, where blows both wound and heal:
The pretty death, while each in other live:
Poor hope's firſt wealth, hoſtage of promis'd weal,
Breakfaſt of *love*: — But, lo! lo! where ſhe is,
Ceaſe we to praiſe, now pray we for a kiſs.

LXXX.

Sweet ſwelling lip, well may'ſt thou ſwell in pride,
Since beſt wits think it wit thee to admire:
Nature's praiſe, Virtue's ſtall, *Cupid's* cold fire;
Whence words, not words, but heav'nly graces ſlide.

The

The new *Parnaſſus*, where the Muſes bide;
Sweetner of muſick, wiſdom's beautifier:
Breather of life, and faſtner of deſire,
Where Beauty's bluſh in Honour's grain is dy'd.

Thus much my heart compell'd my mouth to ſay,
But now, ſpite of my heart, my mouth will ſtay,
Loathing all lyes, doubting this flatt'ry is:
And no ſpur can his reſty race renew,
Without, how far this praiſe is ſhort of you;
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one ſweet kiſs.

LXXXI.

O kiſs! which doſt thoſe ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found *Paradiſe*:
Breathing all bliſs and ſweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exerciſe.
O kiſs! which ſouls, ev'n ſouls, together ties
By links of *Love*, and only Nature's art:
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at leaſt, ſhade out ſome part?

But ſhe forbids, with bluſhing words, ſhe ſays,
She builds her fame on higher-ſeated praiſe:
But my heart burns, I cannot ſilent be.
Then ſince (dear life) you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to ceaſe,
Stop you my mouth, with ſtill, ſtill kiſſing me.

LXXXII.

Nymph of the garden, where all beauties be,
Beauties, which do in excellency paſs
His, who, till death, look'd in a watry glaſs;
Or hers, whom nak'd the *Trojan* boy did ſee:

Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the cherry-tree,
Whoſe fruit doth far th' *Heſperian* taſte ſurpaſs:
Moſt ſweet-fair, moſt fair-ſweet, do not, alas!
From coming near thoſe cherries baniſh me:

For tho', full of deſire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your beſt-graced grace,
I caught, at one of them, a hungry bit,
Pardon that fault, once more, grant me the place;
And I do ſwear, ev'n by the ſame delight,
I will but kiſs, I never more will bite.

LXXXIII.

Good brother *Philip*, I have borne you long,
I was content you ſhould in favour creep,
While craftily you ſeem'd your cut to keep,
As tho' that fair ſoft hand did you great wrong:
I bare (with envy) yet, I bare your ſong,
When in her neck, you did *love* ditties peep;
Nay, more, fool I, oft ſuffer'd you to ſleep,
In lilly's neſt, where *Love*'s ſelf lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is ſawcineſs reward of courteſy?
Cannot ſuch grace your ſilly ſelf content,
But you muſt needs with thoſe lips billing be?
And thro' thoſe lips drink nectar from that tongue,
Leave that, Sir *Phip*, leſt off your neck be wrung.

SONG.

IF Orpheus *voice had force to breathe ſuch muſick's love,*
Thro' pores of ſenſeleſs trees, as it could make them
move:

If

If ſtones good meaſure danc'd, the Theban *walls to build,*
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphion's *lyre did yield;*
More cauſe, a like effect, at leaſt-wiſe bringeth:
O ſtones! O trees! learn hearing, Stella *ſingeth.*

If love might ſweeten ſo a boy of ſhepherd brood,
To make a lizard dull, to taſte love's dainty food:
If eagle fierce could ſo in Grecian *maid delight,*
As his light was her eyes, her death his endleſs night:
Earth, give that love; heaven, I trow, love refineth:
O beaſts! O birds! look, love! lo! Stella *ſhineth.*

The birds, beaſts, ſtones, and trees feel this, and feeling love:
And if the trees, nor ſtones, ſtir not the ſame to prove;
Nor beaſts, nor birds do come unto this bleſſed gaze,
Know, that ſmall love is quick, and great love doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reaſon arm'd,
O eyes! O ears of men! how are you charm'd?

LXXXIV.

High-way, ſince you my chief *Parnaſſus* be;
And that my muſe, to ſome ears not unſweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horſe's feet,
More oft than to a chamber melody.
Now bleſſed you, bear onward bleſſed me,
To her, where I my heart ſafely'ſt ſhall meet;
My muſe and I muſt you of duty greet,
With thanks and wiſhes, wiſhing thankfully.

Be you ſtill fair, honour'd by publick heed;
By no incroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for blood, nor ſham'd for ſinful deed;
And that you know, I envy you no lot,
Of higheſt wiſh, I wiſh you ſo much bliſs,
Hundreds of years you *Stella*'s feet may kiſs.

LXXXV.

I ſee the houſe, my heart, thy ſelf contain;
Beware full ſails, drown not thy tottering barge:
Leſt joy by Nature apt ſpirits to inlarge,
Thee to thy wreck, beyond the limits ſtrain.
Nor do like lords, whoſe weak confuſed brain;
Not pointing to fit folks each under-charge,
While ev'ry office themſelves will diſcharge;
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain.

But give apt ſervants their due place, let eyes
See beauties to all ſum, ſumm'd in her face:
Let ears hear ſpeech, which wit to wonder ties;
Let breath ſuck up thoſe ſweets, let arms embrace
The globe of weal, lips *love*'s indentures make:
Thou, but of all the kingly tribute take.

SONG.

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and eaſe my care:
Let my whiſp'ring voice obtain,
Sweet reward for ſharpeſt pain:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Night

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling ſtars love-thoughts provoke:
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealouſy it ſelf doth ſleep:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's *yoke, to looſe or bind:*
Theſe ſweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their beſt language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

This ſmall light the moon beſtows,
Serves thy beams but to diſcloſe;
So to raiſe my hap more high;
Fear not elſe, none can us ſpy:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

That you heard was but a mouſe,
Dumb ſleep holdeth all the houſe:
Yet aſleep, methinks they ſay,
Young folks, take time, while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Niggard time threats, if we miſs,
This large offer of our bliſs:
Long ſtay, e'er he grant the ſame,
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

93709

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out, and curtains ſpread:
She thinks you do letters write:
Write, but let me firſt endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Sweet, alas! why ſtrive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us:
Leave to Mars *the force of hands,*
Your power in your beauty ſtands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Woe to me, and do you ſwear
Me to hate? But I forbear;
Curſed be my deſtin's all,
That brought me ſo high to fall:
Soon with my death I will pleaſe thee,
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

LXXXVI.

Alas! whence came this change of looks? If I
Have chang'd, let mine own conſcience be
A ſtill-felt plague, to ſelf-condemning me:
Let woe gripe on my heart, ſhame load mine eye.
But if all faith, like ſpotleſs Ermine, lie
Safe in my ſoul, which only doth to thee,
(As his ſole object of felicity)
With wings of *love* in air of wonder fly.

O eaſe your hand, treat not ſo hard your ſlave:
In juſtice, pains come not till faults do call;
Or, if I needs (ſweet judge) muſt torments have,
Uſe ſomething elſe to chaſten me withal,

Than

Than thoſe bleſt eyes, where all my hopes do dwell;
No doom ſhould make once heav'n become his hell.

SONG.

WHILE favour fed my hope, delight with hope is brought;
Thought waited on delight, and ſpeech did follow thought;
Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory:
I thought all words were loſt, that were not ſpent of thee;
I thought each place was dark, but where thy lights would be,
And all ears worſe than deaf, that heard not out thy ſtory.

I ſaid, Thou wert moſt fair, and ſo, indeed, thou art;
I ſaid, Thou art moſt ſweet, ſweet poiſon to my heart;
I ſaid, My ſoul was thine, O that I then had lyed!
I ſaid, Thine eyes were ſtars, thy breaſts the milken way,
Thy fingers Cupid's *ſhafts, thy voice the angels Lay:*
And all I ſaid ſo well, as no man it denied.

But now, that hope is loſt, unkindneſs kills delight,
Yet thought and ſpeech do live, tho' metamorphos'd quite;
For rage now rules the reins, which guided were by pleaſure;
I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praiſe;
That ſpeech falls now to blame, which did thy honour raiſe;
The ſame key open can, which can lock up a treaſure.

Thou, then, whom partial heav'ns conſpir'd in one to frame;
The proof of beauty's worth, th' inheretrix of fame;

The manſion ſeat of bliſs, and juſt excuſe of lovers;
See now thoſe feathers pluck'd, wherewith thou flew moſt high;
See what clouds of reproach ſhall dark thy honour's sky;
Whoſe own fault caſts him down, hardly high ſeat recovers.

And, O my muſe! though oft you lull'd her in your lap,
And then, a heav'nly child, gave her Ambroſian pap:
And to that brain of hers your hidden'ſt gifts infuſed,
Since ſhe diſdaining me, doth you, in me, diſdain,
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we ſuffer pain:
Princes in ſubjects wrong'd muſt deem themſelves abuſed.

Your client, poor my-ſelf, ſhall Stella *handle ſo?*
Revenge, revenge, my muſe! defiance trumpet blow,
Threaten what may be done, yet do no more than threaten:
Ah, my ſuit granted is, I feel my breaſt doth ſwell;
Now, child, a leſſon new you ſhall begin to ſpell:
Sweet babes muſt babies have, but ſhrewd girls muſt be beaten.

Think now no more to hear of warm fine odour'd ſnow,
Nor bluſhing lillies, nor pearls ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden ſea, whoſe waves in curls are broken;
But of thy ſoul, ſo fraught with ſuch ungrateſulneſs,
As where thou ſoon might'ſt help, moſt faith doſt moſt oppreſs:
Ungrateful who is call'd, the worſt of evils is ſpoken.

Yet worſe than worſt, I ſay, Thou art a thief.—A thief!
Now God forbid: A thief, and of worſt thieves, the chief!

Thieves

Thieves ſteal for need, and ſteal but goods which pain recover;
But thou, rich in all joys, doſt rob my joys from me,
Which cannot be reſtor'd by time nor induſtry:
Of foes the ſpoil is evil, far worſe of conſtant lovers.

Yet, gentle Engliſh *thieves do rob, but will not ſlay;*
Thou Engliſh *murdering thief, wilt have hearts for thy prey?*
The name of murd'rer now on thy fair forehead ſitteth:
And ev'n while I do ſpeak, my death-wounds bleeding be:
Which, I proteſt, proceed from only cruel thee,
Who may, and will not ſave, murder, in truth, committeth.

But, murder, private fault! ſeems but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge unjuſteſt tyranny,
If rule, by force, without all claim, a tyrant ſheweth;
For thou doſt load my heart, who am not born thy ſlave,
And, which is worſe, makes me moſt guiltleſs torments have,
A rightful prince, by unright deeds, a tyrant groweth.

Lo! you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folk bow:
Of ſoul rebellion then I do appeach thee now;
Rebel by nature's law, rebel by law of reaſon,
Thou, ſweeteſt ſubject, wert born in the realm of Love,
And yet, againſt the prince thy force doſt daily prove:
No virtue merits praiſe, once touch'd with blot of treaſon.

But valiant rebels oft, in fools mouths, purchaſe fame:
I now then ſtain thy white with vagabounding ſhame,

Both

Both rebel to the ſon, and vagrant from the mother;
For wearing Venus' *badge in every part of thee,*
Unto Diana's *train thou, run-away, didſt flee:*
Who faileth one is falſe, though truſty to another.

What! is not this enough? nay, far worſe cometh here;
A witch, I ſay, thou art, though thou ſo fair appear;
For, I proteſt, my ſight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am chang'd; I am alive and dead:
My feet are turn'd to roots, my heart becometh lead,
No witchcraft is ſo evil, as which man's mind deſtroyeth.

Yet witches may repent, thou art far worſe than they:
Alas! that I am forc'd ſuch evil of thee to ſay:
I ſay, Thou art a devil, tho' cloath'd in angel's ſhining;
For thy face tempts my ſoul to leave the heav'n for thee,
And thy words of refuſe, do pour even hell on me:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are devils in true defining.

You then, ungrateful thief, you murd'ring tyrant, you,
You rebel, runaway, to lord and lady untrue,
You witch, you devil (alas!) you ſtill of me beloved,
You ſee what I can ſay, mend yet your froward mind,
And ſuch skill in my muſe, you, reconcil'd, ſhall find,
That all theſe cruel words your praiſes ſhall be proved.

SONG.

O You that hear this voice,
O you that ſee this face,
Say, whether of the choice
Deſerves the former place?
Fear not to judge this hate,
For it is void of hate.

This

This ſide doth beauty take,
For that doth muſick ſpeak;
Fit orators to make
The ſtrongeſt judgments weak:
The bar to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
Theſe gentle lawyers wage,
Like loving brother's caſe,
For father's heritage:
That each, while each contends,
Itſelf to other lends.

For beauty beautifies,
With heav'nly hue and grace,
The heav'nly harmonies;
And in this faultleſs face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Muſick more lofty ſwells
In ſpeeches nobly placed;
Beauty as far excells,
In action aptly graced;
A friend each party draws
To countenance his cauſe.

Love more affected ſeems
To beauty's lovely light,
And wonder more eſteems
Of muſick's wondrous might;
But both to both ſo bent,
As both in both are ſpent.

Muſick doth witneſs call,
The ear his truth to try;
Beauty brings to the hall
Eye-judgment of the eye;
Both in their objects ſuch,
As no exceptions touch.

The common ſenſe, which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be, forſooth, upright,
To both ſides partial is:
He lays on this ſide chief praiſe,
Chief praiſe on that he lays.

Then reaſon, princes high,
Whoſe throne is in the mind,
Which muſick can in ſky
And hidden beauties find;
Say, whether thou wilt crown,
With limit, leſs renown?

SONG.

WHOSE ſenſes in ſo evil conſort their ſtep-dame nature lays,
That raviſhing delight in them moſt ſweet tunes do not raiſe;
Or if they do delight therein, yet are ſo clos'd with wit,
As with ſententious lips to ſet a little vein on it:
O let them here theſe ſacred tunes, and learn in wonders ſchools,
To be in things paſt bounds of wit-fools, if they be not fools.

Who

Who have ſo leaden eyes, as not to ſee ſweet beauty's ſhow;
Or, ſeeking, have ſo wooden wits, as not that worth to know;
Or, knowing, have ſo muddy minds, as not to be in love;
Or, loving, have ſo frothy thoughts, as eas'ly thence to move:
O let them ſee theſe heav'nly beams, and in fair letters read
A leſſon fit, both ſight, skill, love, and firm love to breed.

Hear then, but then with wonder hear; ſee, but adoring, ſee,
No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here deſcended be:
See! do you ſee this face? a face! nay, image of the skies,
Of which, the two life-giving lights are figur'd in her eyes?
Hear you this ſoul-invading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very eſſence of their tunes, when angels do rejoice.

SONG.

IN a grove moſt rich of ſhade,
Where birds wanton muſick made,
May, *then young, his py'd-weeds ſhewing,*
New perfum'd, with flowers freſh growing:

Aſtrophel *with* Stella *ſweet,*
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themſelves oppreſſed,
But each in the other bleſſed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare,
But her ſight his cares did baniſh,
In his ſight her yoke did vaniſh.

Wept

Wept they had, alas! the while,
But now tears themſelves did ſmile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now, betwixt
Sighs of woes, were glad ſighs mix'd;
With arms croſt, yet teſtifying
Reſtleſs reſt, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford;
But their tongues reſtrain'd from walking,
'Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not ſpeak,
Love itſelf did ſilence break;
Love did ſet his lips aſunder,
Thus to ſpeak in love and wonder.

Stella! *ſovereign of my joy,*
Fair triumpher of annoy:
Stella! *ſtar of heav'nly fire:*
Stella! *loadſtar of deſire:*

Stella! *in whoſe ſhining eyes*
Are the lights of Cupid's *skies,*
Whoſe beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is ſtraight imparted:

Stella! *whoſe voice, when it ſpeaks,*
Senſes all aſunder breaks;
Stella! *whoſe voice, when it ſingeth,*
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella! *in whoſe body is*
Writ each character of bliſs;
In whoſe face all beauty paſſeth,
Save thy mind, which yet ſurpaſſeth.

Grant! O grant! but ſpeech, alas!
Fails me, fearing one to paſs:
Grant!——O me! what am I ſaying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Grant——O dear! on knees I pray
(Knees on ground he then did ſtay)
That not I, but, ſince I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never ſeaſon was more fit;
Never room more apt for it;
Smiling air, allows my reaſon;
Theſe birds ſing, Now uſe the ſeaſon.

This ſmall wind which ſo ſweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiſs,
Each tree in his beſt attiring,
Senſe of love to love inſpiring.

Love makes earth the water drink;
Love to earth makes water ſink;
And, if dumb things be ſo witty,
Shall a heav'nly grace want pity?

There his hand, in their ſpeech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulſe all grace excelling.

Then

Then ſhe ſpake; her ſpeech was ſuch,
As not ear, but heart did touch:
While ſuch wiſe ſhe love denied,
As yet love ſhe ſignified.

Aſtrophel, *ſaid ſhe, my love,*
Ceaſe, in theſe effects, to prove;
Now be ſtill, yet ſtill believe me,
Thy grief, more than death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can taſte comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with helliſh anguiſh,
Joyleſs, hopeleſs, endleſs languiſh.

If thoſe eyes you praiſed, be
Half ſo dear as you to me,
Let me home return, ſtark blinded
Of thoſe eyes, and blinder minded.

If to ſecret of my heart,
I do any wiſh impart,
Where thou art not foremoſt placed,
Be both wiſh and I defaced.

If more may be ſaid, I ſay,
All my bliſs in thee I lay;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Truſt me, while I thee deny,
In myſelf the ſmart I try;
Tyrant honour doth thus uſe thee,
Stella's *ſelf might not refuſe thee.*

Therefore;

Therefore, dear! this no more move,
Leſt, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I ſhould bluſh when thou art named.

Therewithal away ſhe went,
Leaving him to paſſion rent,
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That therewith my ſong is broken.

SONG.

GO, my flock, go, get you hence,
Seek a better place of feeding,
Where you may have ſome defence
For the ſtorms in my breaſt breeding,
And ſhowers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch, in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no meaſure;
Merry flock, ſuch one forego,
Unto whom mirth is diſpleaſure,
Only rich in miſchiefs treaſure.

Yet, alas! before you go,
Hear your woeful maſter's ſtory,
Which to ſtones I elſe would ſhow,
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently ſorry.

Stella! *fierceſt ſhepherdeſs,*
Fierceſt, but yet faireſt ever;
Stella! *whom, O heav'ns! bleſs,*
Tho' againſt me ſhe perſever,
Tho' I bliſs inherit never.

Stella *hath refuſed me;*
Stella! *who more love hath proved,*
In this caitiff heart to be,
Then can in good eyes be moved
Toward lambkins *beſt beloved.*

Stella *hath refuſed me!*
Aſtrophel, *that ſo well ſerved*
In this pleaſant ſpring, muſt ſee,
While in pride flowers be preſerved,
Himſelf only winter-ſtarved.

Why, alas! doth ſhe then ſwear,
That ſhe loveth me ſo dearly,
Seeing me ſo long to bear,
Coals of love that burn ſo clearly;
And yet leave me helpleſs merely?

Is that love? forſooth, I trow,
If I ſaw my good dog grieved,
And a help for him did know,
My love ſhould not be believed,
But he were by me relieved.

No, ſhe hates me; well away,
Feigning love ſomewhat to pleaſe me;
For ſhe knows, if ſhe diſplay
All her hate, death ſoon would ſeize me,
And of hideous torments eaſe me.

Then

Then adieu, deer flock, adieu;
But, alas! if in your ſtraying
Heav'nly Stella *meet with you,*
Tell her, in piteous blaying,
Her poor ſlave's unjuſt decaying.

LXXXVII.

When I was forc'd from *Stella*, ever dear,
Stella! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart;
Stella! whoſe eyes make all my tempeſts clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart:
Alas! I found, that ſhe, with me, did ſmart;
I ſaw, that tears did in her eyes appear;
I ſaw, that ſighs her ſweeteſt lips did part,
And her ſad words, my ſaddeſt ſenſe did hear:

For me, I wept to ſee pearls ſcatter'd ſo,
I ſigh'd her ſighs, and wailed for her woe,
Yet ſwam in joy, ſuch love in her was ſeen:
Thus, while th' effect moſt bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cauſe more ſweet could be,
I had been vex'd, if vex'd I had not been.

LXXXVIII.

Out, traytor abſence! dar'ſt thou counſel me,
From my dear captainneſs to run away,
Becauſe, in brave array, here marcheth ſhe,
That, to win me, oft ſhews a preſent pay?
Is faith ſo weak? or is ſuch force in thee?
When ſun is hid, can ſtars ſuch beams diſplay?
Cannot heav'nly food, once felt, keep ſtomachs free
From baſe deſire, on earthly cates to prey?

Tuſh, abſence, while thy miſts eclipſe that light,
My orphan ſenſe flies to the inward ſight,
Where memory ſets forth the beams of love,
That were before heart-lov'd, and eyes did ſee,
In heart both ſight and love now coupled be;
United powers make each the ſtronger prove.

LXXXIX.

Now, that of abſence, the moſt irkſome night,
With darkeſt ſhade, doth overcome my day;
Since *Stella*'s eyes, wont to give me my day,
Leaving my hemiſphere, leave me in night:
Each day ſeems long, and longs for long-ſtaid night;
The night, as tedious, woos th' approach of day;
Tir'd with the duſty toils of buſy day,
Languiſh'd with horrors of the ſilent night;

Suff'ring the evils both of day and night,
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath leſs quiet than my night:
With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,
That living thus in blackeſt winter night,
I feel the flames of hotteſt ſummer day.

XC.

Stella! think not that I by verſe ſeek fame,
Who ſeek, who hope, who love, who live but thee?
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiſtory:
If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame.
Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my young praiſe in laurel tree:
In truth I ſwear, I wiſh not there ſhould be
Grav'd in my epitaph a Poet's name:

Ne, if I would, I could juſt title make,
That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow;
Without my plumes from others wings I take:
For nothing from my wit, or will, doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

XCI.

Stella, now while, by humour's cruel might,
I am from you, light of my life, miſled,
And that fair you, my ſun, thus overſpread
With abſence veil, I live in ſorrow's night.
If this dark place yet ſhew like candle-light;
Some beauty's piece, as amber-colour'd head,
Milk hands, roſe cheeks, or lips more ſweet, more red;
Or ſeeing jet's black, but in blackneſs bright;
They pleaſe, I do confeſs, they pleaſe mine eyes;
But why? becauſe of you they models be:
Models! ſuch be wood-globes of gliſt'ring skies.
Dear, therefore be not jealous over me,
If you hear that they ſeem my heart to move:
Not them, no, no, but you in them I love.

XCII.

Be your words made (good Sir) of *Indian* ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or do you courted *Spartans* imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to ſpare,
That to my queſtions you ſo total are?
When I demand of *Phœnix-Stella*'s ſtate,
You ſay (forſooth) you left her well of late:
O God! think you, that ſatisfies my care?

I would know whether ſhe do ſit or walk?
How cloath'd? How waited on? Sigh'd ſhe, or ſmil'd?
Whereof? With whom? how often did ſhe talk?
With what paſtime, time's journey ſhe beguil'd?
If her lips deign'd to ſweeten my poor name?
Say all, and all well ſaid, ſtill ſay the ſame.

SONG.

O Dear life, when ſhall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee;
And in them thy mind diſcover,
Whether abſence have had force,
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover?

Or, if I my ſelf find not,
After parting aught forgot:
Nor debarr'd from beauty's treaſure,
Let not tongue aſpire to tell,
In what high joys I ſhall dwell;
Only thought aims at the pleaſure.

Thought, therefore, I will ſend thee,
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry;
There, unſeen, thou may'ſt be bold
Thoſe fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, ſee then no place forbear,
Enter bravely every where;

Seize

Seize on all to her belonging:
But, if thou would'ſt guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that moſt grateful time,
When thy leaping heart will climb,
In my lips to have his biding;
There thoſe roſes for to kiſs,
Which do breathe a ſugar'd bliſs,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my moſt princely power,
Which I, bleſſed, ſhall devour
With my greedy liqu'riſh ſenſes,
Beauty, muſick, ſweetneſs, love,
While ſhe doth againſt me prove
Her ſtrong darts but weak defences.

Think, think, of thoſe dallyings:
When with dove-like murmurings:
With glad moaning paſſed anguiſh;
We change eyes, and heart for heart,
Each to other to depart,
Joying till joy makes us languiſh.

O my thoughts! my thoughts ſurceaſe,
Your delights my woes increaſe;
My life melts with too much thinking:
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou ſhalt revived be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

XCIII.

O fate! O fault! O curſe! child of my bliſs,
What ſobs can give words grace my grief to ſhow?
What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
Thro' me, wretch me! even *Stella* vexed is.
Yet, truth (if caitiff's breath may call thee) this
Witneſs with me, That my ſoul ſtumbling ſo,
From careleſneſs did in no manner grow;
But wit, confus'd with too much care, did miſs.

And do I then my life this vain ſenſe give?
I have (live I, and know this?) harmed thee,
Tho' words quit me, ſhall I my ſelf forgive?
Only with pains, my pains thus eaſed be;
That all my hurts, in my heart's wreck I read;
I cry, Thy ſighs, my dear, thy tears I bleed.

XCIV.

Grief, find thy words, for thou haſt made my brain
So dark with miſty vapours, which ariſe
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes,
Can ſcarce diſcern the ſhape of mine own pain.
Do thou then (for thou canſt) do thou complain
For my poor ſoul, which now that ſickneſs tries,
Which ev'n to ſenſe, ſenſe of itſelf denies,
Tho' harbinger of death lodge there his train.

Or, if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
As of a caitiff worthy ſo to dye,

Yet

Yet wail thyſelf, and wail, with cauſeful tears,
That tho' in wretchedneſs thy life doth lie,
Yet grow'ſt more wretched then thy nature bears,
By being plac'd in ſuch a wretch as I.

XCV.

Yet ſighs, dear ſighs! indeed true friends you are,
That do not leave your left friend at the worſt;
But as you with my breaſt I oft have nurſt,
So, grateful now, you wait upon my care.
Faint coward joy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yield, when this woe ſtrake him firſt:
Delight proteſts he is not for th' accurſt,
Tho' oft himſelf my mate in arms he ſware.

Nay, ſorrow comes with ſuch main rage, that he
Kills his own children tears, finding that they
By love were made apt to conſort with me.
Only, true ſighs, you do not go away;
Thank may you have for ſuch a thankful part;
Thank, worthieſt yet, when you ſhall break my heart.

XCVI.

Thought, with good cauſe, thou lik'ſt ſo well the night,
Since kin or chance gives both one livery;
Both ſadly black, both blackly darken'd be;
Night barr'd from ſun, thou from thy own ſun's light;
Silence in both diſplays his ſullen might,
Low heavineſs in both holds on degree;
That full of doubts, thou of perplexity!
Thy tears expreſs night's native moiſture right.

In both amazeful ſolitarineſs:
In night of ſpirits, the ghaſtly powers to ſtir;
In thee, or ſp'rits, or ſp'rited ghaſtlineſs:
But, but (alas!) night's ſide the odds hath far;
For that, at length, yet doth invite ſome reſt,
Thou, tho' ſtill tir'd, yet ſtill doſt it deteſt.

XCVII.

Dian', that fain would chear her friend the night,
Shews her oft, at the full, her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry nymphs, whoſe chace
From heav'nly ſtanding hits each mortal wight.
But ah! poor night, in love with *Phœbus'* light,
And endleſs deſpairing of his grace;
Her ſelf (to ſhew no other joy hath place)
Silent and ſad, in mourning weeds doth dight:

Even ſo (alas!) a lady, *Dian's* peer,
With choice delights, and rareſt company,
Wou'd fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer:
But, woe is me! tho' joy it ſelf were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind brain ways of joy,
While I deſpair my ſun's ſight to enjoy.

XCVIII.

Ah, bed! the field where joy's peace ſome do ſee;
The field where all my thoughts to war be train'd;
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtain'd!
How thy lee-ſhores by my ſighs ſtormed be!

With

With ſweet ſoft ſhades, thou oft inviteſt me
To ſteal ſome reſt; but, wretch! I am conſtrain'd,
(Spurr'd with love's ſpur, tho' gold and ſhortly rein'd
With care's hard hand) to turn and toſs in thee.

While the black horrors of the ſilent night
Paint woe's black face ſo lively to my ſight,
That tedious leiſure makes each winkled line:
But when *Aurora* leads out *Phœbus'* dance,
Mine eyes then only wink, for ſpite perchance,
That worms ſhould have their ſun, and I want mine.

XCIX.

When far-ſpent night perſuades each mortal eye,
To whom not art, nor nature, granteth light,
To lay his then mark-wanting ſhafts of ſight,
Clos'd with their quivers, in ſleep's armory;
With windows ope, then moſt my mind doth lie,
Viewing the ſhape of darkneſs and delight;
Takes in that ſad hue, which, with th' inward night
Of his maz'd powers, keep perfect harmony:

But when birds charm, and that ſweet air, which is
Morn's meſſenger, with roſe-enamell'd skies,
Calls each wight to ſalute the flower of bliſs;
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forc'd by their lord, who is aſham'd to find
Such light in ſenſe, with ſuch a darken'd mind.

C.

O tears! no tears, but rain, from beauty's skies,
Making thoſe lillies and thoſe roſes grow,
Which aye moſt fair, now more than moſt fair ſhow,
While graceful pity beauty beautifies.

O hony'd

O honey'd ſighs! which from that breaſt do riſe,
Whoſe pants do make unſpilling cream to flow;
Wing'd with whoſe breath, ſo pleaſing *Zephyrs* blow,
And can refreſh the hell where my ſoul fries.

O plaints! conſerv'd in ſuch a ſugar'd phraſe,
That eloquence itſelf envies your praiſe;
While ſobb'd, our words a perfect muſick give.
Such tears, ſighs, plaints, no ſorrow is, but joy:
Or, if ſuch heav'nly ſighs muſt prove annoy,
All mirth farewel, let me in ſorrow live.

CI.

Stella is ſick, and in that ſick-bed lies
Sweetneſs, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace, ſick too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickneſs brags itſelf beſt grace to be.
Beauty is ſick, but ſick in ſo fair guiſe,
That in that paleneſs beauty's white we ſee;
And joy, which is unſever'd from thoſe eyes,
Stella, now learn (ſtrange caſe!) to weep in thee.

Love moves thy pain, and like a faithful page,
As thy looks ſtir, comes up and down, to make
All folks preſs'd at thy will, thy pain t'aſſuage;
Nature with care ſweats for her darling's ſake,
Knowing worlds paſs, e'er ſhe enough can find,
Of ſuch heav'n-ſtuff to cloath ſo heav'nly mind.

CII.

Where be thoſe roſes gone, which ſweeten'd ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheeks, which oft, with fair increaſe, doth frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of ſhame?
Who hath the crimſon weeds ſtol'n from my morning skies?
How doth the colour fade of thoſe vermillion dies,
Which nature ſelf did make, and ſelf-ingrain'd the ſame?
I wou'd know by what right this paleneſs overcame
That hue, whoſe force my heart ſtill unto thraldom ties?

Galen's adoptive ſons, who by a beaten way
Their judgments hackney on, the fault on ſickneſs lay,
But feeling pulſe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it far.
It is but love which makes this paper perfect white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauty's reddeſt ink *Venus* for him doth ſtir.

CIII.

O happy *Thames*, that didſt my *Stella* bear,
I ſaw thee with full many a ſmiling line,
Upon thy chearful face joy's livery wear:
While thoſe fair planets on thy ſtreams did ſhine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties ſo divine,
Raviſh'd, ſtaid not, till in her golden hair
They did themſelves (O ſweeteſt priſon!) twine.

And

And fain thoſe *Æol's* youth there wou'd their ſtay
Have made, but forc'd by nature ſtill to fly,
First did with puffing kiſs thoſe locks diſplay:
She, ſo diſhevell'd, bluſh'd; from window I
With ſight thereof cry'd out, O fair diſgrace,
Let honour ſelf to thee grant higheſt place.

CIV.

Envious wits, what hath been mine offence,
That with ſuch pois'nous care my looks you mark,
That to each word, nay, ſigh of mine, you hark,
As grudging me my ſorrow's eloquence?
Ah! is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, ſo far thence, that ſcarcely any ſpark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark,
Where rig'rous exile locks up all my ſenſe?

But if I by a happy window paſs,
If I but ſtars upon mine armour bear;
Sick, thirſty, glad (tho' but of empty glaſs:)
Your mortal notes ſtraight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs, and, puffing, prove that I
Do *Stella* love: fools! who doth it deny?

SONG.

WHO is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one, who from thy ſight,
Being (ah!) exil'd, diſdaineth
Ev'ry other vulgar light.

Why,

Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet thoſe fancies chang'd?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Tho' from me you be eſtrang'd,
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in abſence this will die;
Leave to ſee, and leave to wonder.
Abſence ſure will help, if I
Can learn, how my ſelf to ſunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will theſe thoughts remove:
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the ſubject prove,
With time ſtill affection groweth,
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if ye new beauties ſee,
Will not they ſtir new affection?
I will think they pictures be,
(Image-like, of ſaint-perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reaſon's pureſt light,
Bids you leave ſuch minds to nouriſh.
Dear, do reaſon no ſuch ſpite;
Never doth thy beauty flouriſh
More, than in thy reaſon's ſight.

But the wrongs love bears, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it doth ſhake,
In a ground of ſo firm making;
Deeper ſtill they drive the ſtake.

Peace!

Peace! I think that ſome give ear;
Come no more, leſt I get anger.
Bliſs, I will my bliſs forbear;
Fearing (ſweet) you to endanger;
But my ſoul ſhall harbour there.

Well, begone; begone, I ſay,
Leſt that Argus' *eyes perceive you.*
O unjuſt is fortune's ſway!
Which can make me thus to leave you;
And from louts to run away.

CV.

Unhappy ſight, and hath ſhe vaniſh'd by
So near, in ſo good time, ſo free a place?
Dead glaſs, doſt thou thy object ſo embrace,
As what my heart ſtill ſees thou canſt not ſpy?
I ſwear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race,
Only unto the heav'n of *Stella*'s face;
Counting but duſt what in the way did lie.

But ceaſe, mine eyes, your tears do witneſs well,
That you, guiltleſs thereof, your Nectar miſs'd:
Curſt be the page from whom the bad torch fell:
Curſt be the night, which did your will reſiſt;
Curſt be the coach-man which did drive ſo faſt,
With no leſs curſe than abſence makes me taſte.

CVI. O abſent

CVI.

O abſent preſence, *Stella* is not here;
Falſe flattering hope, that with ſo fair a face
Bare me in hand, that in this orphan place,
Stella, I ſay, my *Stella*, ſhould appear?
What ſay'ſt thou now? where is the dainty cheer
Thou told'ſt mine eyes ſhou'd help their famiſh'd caſe?
But thou art gone, now that ſelf-felt diſgrace,
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort near.

But here I do ſtore of fair ladies meet,
Who may with charm of converſation ſweet,
Make in my heavy mould new thoughts to grow.
Sure they prevail as much with me, as he
That bad his friend, but then new maim'd, to be
Merry with him, and not think of his woe.

CVII.

Stella, ſince thou ſo right a Princeſs art
Of all the pow'rs which life beſtows on me,
That e'er by them aught undertaken be,
They firſt reſort unto that ſoveraign part;
Sweet, for a while give reſpite to my heart,
Which pants as though it ſtill ſhou'd leap to thee:
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy,
To this great cauſe, which needs both uſe and art.

And as a Queen, who from her preſence ſends
Whom ſhe employs, diſmiſs from thee my wit,
Till it hath wrought what thy own will attends.
On ſervants ſhame oft maſters blame doth ſit;
O! let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And ſcorning ſay, See what it is to love?

CVIII.

When ſorrow (uſing mine own fire's might)
Melts down his lead into my boiling breaſt,
Thro' that dark furnace to my heart oppreſt;
There ſhines a joy from thee my only light:
But ſoon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young ſoul flutters to thee his neſt;
Moſt rude deſpair, my daily unbidden gueſt,
Clips ſtraight my wings, ſtraight wraps me in his night:

And makes me then bow down my head, and ſay,
Ah! what doth *Phœbus'* gold that wretch avail,
Whom iron doors do keep from uſe of day?
So ſtrangely (alas!) thy works in me prevail,
That in my woes for thee, thou art my joy,
And in my joys for thee, my only annoy.

A

REMEDY

FOR

LOVE.

PHILOCLEA, and PAMELA ſweet,
By chance, in one great houſe did meet;
And meeting, did ſo join in heart,
That th' one from th' other could not part:
And who, indeed (not made of ſtones)
Would ſeparate ſuch lovely ones?
The one is beautiful, and fair
As orient pearls and rubies are;
And ſweet as, after gentle ſhow'rs,
The breath is of ſome thouſand flow'rs:
For due proportion, ſuch an air
Circles the other, and ſo fair,
That it her brownneſs beautifies,
And doth inchant the wiſeſt eyes.

Have you not ſeen, on ſome great day,
Two goodly horſes, white and bay,
Which were ſo beauteous in their pride,
You knew not which to chuſe or ride?
Such are theſe two; you ſcarce can tell,
Which is the daintier bonny *belle*;
And they are ſuch, as, by my troth,
I had been ſick with love of both,
And might have ſadly ſaid, Good-night
Diſcretion and good fortune quite;
But that young *Cupid*, my old maſter,
Preſented me a ſov'reign plaiſter:
Mopſa! ev'n *Mopſa!* (precious peat)
Whoſe lips of marble, teeth of jet,
Are ſpells and charms of ſtrong defenſe,
To conjure down concupiſcence.

How oft have I been reft of ſenſe,
By gazing on their excellence,
But meeting *Mopſa* in my way,
And looking on her face of clay,
Been heal'd, and cur'd, and made as ſound,
As though I ne'er had had a wound?
And when in tables of my heart,
Love wrought ſuch things as bred my ſmart,
Mopſa would come, with face of clout,
And in an inſtant wipe them out.
And when their faces made me ſick,
Mopſa would come, with face of brick,
A little heated in the fire,
And break the neck of my deſire.

Now

Now from their face I turn mine eyes,
But (cruel Panthers!) they ſurprize
Me with their breath, that incenſe ſweet,
Which only for the gods is meet;
And jointly from them doth reſpire,
Like both the *Indies* ſet on fire:
Which ſo o'ercomes man's raviſh'd ſenſe,
That ſouls, to follow it, fly hence.
No ſuch-like ſmell you, if you range
By th' *Stocks*, or *Cornhill*'s ſquare *Exchange*;
There ſtood I ſtill as any ſtock,
'Till *Mopſa* (with her *Puddle-dock*)
Her compound, or electuary,
Made of old ling, and young canary;
Bloat-herring, cheeſe, and voided phyſick,
Being ſomewhat troubled with a phthiſick,
Did cough, and fetch a ſigh ſo deep,
As did her very bottom ſweep:
Whereby to all ſhe did impart,
How love lay rankling at her heart:
Which, when I ſmelt, deſire was ſlain,
And they breath'd forth perfumes in vain.
Their angel-voice ſurpriz'd me now;
But *Mopſa*, her *Too-whit*, *To-hoo*,
Deſcending through her hoe-boy noſe,
Did that diſtemper ſoon compoſe.

And, therefore, O thou precious owl!
The wiſe *Minerva*'s only fowl;
What, at thy ſhrine, ſhall I deviſe
To offer up a ſacrifice?
Hang *Æſculapius*, and *Apollo*,
And *Ovid*, with his precious ſhallow.

Mopſa is love's beſt medicine,
True water to a lover's wine.
Nay, ſhe's the yellow antidote,
Both bred and born to cut Love's throat:
Be but my ſecond, and ſtand by,
(Mopſa) and I'll them both defy;
And all elſe of thoſe gallant races,
Who wear infection in their faces;
For thy face (that *Meduſa's* ſhield!)
Will bring me ſafe out of the field.

SONNETS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

SINCE ſhunning pain, I eaſe can never find;
Since baſhful dread ſeeks where he knows me harmed;
Since will is won, and ſtopped ears are charmed;
Since force doth faint, and ſight doth make me blind;
Since looſing long, the faſter ſtill I bind;
Since naked ſenſe can conquer reaſon armed;
Since heart, in chilling fear, with ice is warmed:
In fine, Since ſtrife of thought but mars the mind,
I yield, O Love! unto thy loathed yoke,
Yet craving law of arms, whoſe rule doth teach,
That, hardly uſ'd, who ever priſon broke,
In juſtice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas, if I a grateful garden have,
Thou art my lord, and I thy vowed ſlave.

WHEN Love, puft up with rage of high diſdain,
Reſolv'd to make me pattern of his might,
Like foe, whoſe wits, inclin'd to deadly ſpite,
Would often kill, to breed more feeling pain;

He would not, arm'd with beauty, only reign
On thoſe affects which eaſily yield to ſight;
But virtue ſets ſo high, that reaſon's light,
For all his ſtrife, can only bondage gain:

So that I live to pay a mortal foe,
Dead-palſy ſick of all my chiefeſt parts,
Like thoſe whom dreams make ugly monſters ſee,
And can cry help with naught but groans and ſtarts:

Longing to have, having no wit to wiſh,
To ſtarving minds ſuch is God *Cupid*'s diſh.

To the TUNE *of*

Non credo gia che piu infelice Amante.

I.

THE Fire, to ſee my wrongs, for anger burneth;
The Air in rain for my affliction weepeth:
The Sea to ebb, for grief, his flowing turneth;
The Earth, with pity, dull the center keepeth;

Fame is with wonder blazed;
Time runs away for ſorrow;
Place ſtandeth ſtill amazed
To ſee my night of evils, which hath no morrow.

Alas! a lovely She no pity taketh
To know my miſeries; but, chaſte and cruel,
My fall her glory maketh,
Yet ſtill her eyes give to my flames their fuel.

II.

Fire! burn me quite, 'till ſenſe of burning leave me;
Air! let me draw no more thy breath in anguiſh;
Sea! drown'd in thee, of tedious life bereave me;
Earth! take this earth, wherein my ſpirits languiſh:

Fame

Fame, ſay I was not born;
Time, haſte my dying hour;
Place, ſee my grave up-torn;
Fire, Air, Sea, Earth, Fame, Time, Place, ſhew your pow'r.

Alas! from all their help I am exiled;
For hers am I, and Death fears her diſpleaſure.
Fie, Death! thou art beguiled,
Tho' I be hers, ſhe makes of me no treaſure.

To the ſame Tune.

I.

THE nightingale, as ſoon as *April* bringeth,
Unto her reſted ſenſe, a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new cloathing, ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her ſong-book making;

And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expreſſeth
What grief her breaſt oppreſſeth,
For *Tereus*' force on her chaſte will prevailing.

O *Philomela* fair! O take ſome gladneſs,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintful ſadneſs:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without; my thorn my heart invadeth.

II. Alas!

II.

Alas! ſhe hath no other cauſe of anguiſh,
But *Therens'* love, on her by ſtrong-hand wroken,
Wherein ſhe ſuffering, all her ſpirits languiſh,
Full woman-like, complains her will was broken.

But I, who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cauſe to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.

O *Philomela* fair! O take ſome gladneſs,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintful ſadneſs:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without; my thorn my heart invadeth.

To the Tune of Baſcia mi vita mia.

SLEEP, baby mine, Deſire, nurſe-beauty, ſingeth;
Thy cries, O baby! ſet mine head on aking:
The babe cries, *'Way, thy love doth keep me waking.*

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good reſt taking:
The babe cries, *'Way, thy love doth keep me waking.*

Since, baby mine, from me thy watching ſpringeth,
Sleep then a little, pap Content is making;
The babe cries, *Nay, for that abide I waking.*

To the Tune of the Spaniſh *Song,*
Si tu ſennora no dueles de mi.

O Fair! O ſweet! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys ſo well agree,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.
This you hear, is not my tongue,
Which once ſaid what I conceived;
For it was of uſe bereaved,
With a cruel anſwer ſtung.
No! though tongue to roof be cleaved,
Fearing leſt he chaſtiſed be,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

O fair! O ſweet! *&c.*
Juſt accord all muſick makes;
In thee juſt accord excelleth,
Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,
One of other beauty takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth,
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

O fair! O ſweet! *&c.*
They that heav'n have known, do ſay,
That whoſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what fair ſight there reigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway:
So then ſince that heav'n remaineth
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

In

O fair! O ſweet! &c.
Sweet! think not I am at eaſe:
For becauſe my chief part ſingeth;
This ſong from death's ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swan in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dumbneſs, nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody:
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

Theſe Four following SONNETS *were made when his Lady had a Pain in her Face.*

I.

THE ſcourge of life, and death's extreme diſgrace;
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called Pain:
Long ſham'd to be accurs'd in ev'ry place,
By them who of his rude reſort complain;

Like crafty wretch, by time and travel taught,
His ugly evil in other's good to hide;
Late harbours in her face, whom nature wrought
As treaſure-houſe where her beſt gifts do bide;

And ſo by privilege of ſacred ſeat,
A ſeat where beauty ſhines and virtue reigns,
He hopes for ſome ſmall praiſe, ſince ſhe hath great,
Within her beams, wrapping his cruel ſtains.
Ah! ſaucy pain, let not thy terror laſt,
More loving eyes ſhe draws, more hate thou haſt.

II. WOE!

II.

WOE! woe to me, on me return the ſmart:
My burning tongue hath bred my miſtreſs pain;
For oft in pain, to pain my painful heart,
With her due praiſe did of my ſtate complain.

I prais'd her eyes, whom never chance doth move;
Her breath, which makes a ſowre anſwer ſweet;
Her milken breaſts, the nurſe of child like love:
Her legs (O legs!) her aye well-ſtepping feet:

Pain heard her praiſe, and full of inward fire;
(Firſt ſealing up my heart, as prey of his)
He flies to her, and, bolden'd with deſire,
Her face (this age's praiſe) the thief doth kiſs.

O pain! I now recant the praiſe I gave,
And ſwear, ſhe is not worthy thee to have.

III.

THOU pain, the only gueſt of loath'd conſtraint;
The child of curſe, man's weakneſs, foſter-child;
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou pain, thou hated pain, from heav'n exil'd;

How

How hold'ſt thou her, whoſe eyes conſtraint doth fear,
Whom curſt, do bleſs; whoſe weakneſs, virtue's arm;
Who others woes and plaints can chaſtely bear:
In whoſe ſweet heav'n angels of high thoughts ſwarm.

What courage ſtrange hath caught thy crafty heart?
Fear ſt not a face, that oft whole hearts devours?
Or, art thou from above bid play this part,
And ſo no help 'gainſt envy of thoſe powers?
If thus, alas! yet while thoſe parts have woe;
So ſtay her tongue, that ſhe no more ſay, No.

IV.

AND have I heard her ſay, O cruel pain!
And doth ſhe know what mould her beauty bears?
Mourns ſhe in truth, and thinks that others feign?
Fears ſhe to feel, and feels not others fears?

Or, doth ſhe think all pain the mind forbears?
That heavy earth, not fiery ſp'rits, may plain?
That eyes weep worſe than heart in bloody tears?
That ſenſe feels more than what doth ſenſe contain?

No, no, ſhe is too wiſe, ſhe knows her face
Hath not ſuch pain as it makes others have:
She knows the ſickneſs of that perfect place
Hath yet ſuch health, as it my life can ſave.
But this, ſhe thinks, our pain high cauſe excuſeth,
Where her, who ſhould rule pain, falſe pain abuſeth.

Tranſlated

Tranſlated out of HORACE, *Book* II. *Ode* x. *beginning*,

—— Rectius vives, Licini, &c.

YOU better ſure ſhall live, not evermore
Trying high ſeas; nor, while ſea's rage you flee,
Preſſing too much upon ill-harbour'd ſhore.

The golden mean who loves, lives ſafely free
From filth of foreworn houſe, and quiet lives,
Releas'd from court, where envy needs muſt be.

The wind moſt oft the hugeſt pine-tree grieves:
The ſtately towers come down with greater fall:
The higheſt hills the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope, good haps appall
With fear of change the courage well prepar'd:
Foul winters as they come, away they ſhall.

Though preſent times, and paſt, with evils be ſnar'd,
They ſhall not laſt: With Cittern ſilent muſe,
Apollo wakes, and bow hath ſometime ſpar'd.

In hard eſtate, with ſtout ſhows, valour uſe,
The ſame man ſtill, in whom wiſdom prevails;
In too full wind draw in thy ſwelling ſails.

Out

Out of CATULLUS.

NULLI ſe, dicit mulier mea, nubere malle,
Quam mihi, non ſi ſe Jupiter ipſe petat:
Dicit ſed mulier, Cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida ſcribere oportet aqua.

ENGLISHED.

UNTO no body, my woman ſaith, ſhe had rather a wife be
Than to my ſelf, not tho' *Jove* grew a ſuiter of hers:
Theſe be her words, but a woman's words to a love that is eager,
In wind or water's ſtream do require to be writ.

QUI ſceptra ſævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes: metum in auctorem redit.

FAIR, ſeek not to be fear'd; moſt lovely, beloved by thy ſervants;
For true it is, that they fear many, whom many fear.

LIKE as the Dove, which ſeeled up, doth fly:
Is neither freed, nor yet to ſervice bound;
But hopes to gain ſome help by mounting high,
Till want of force do force her fall to ground:

Right ſo my mind, caught by his guiding eye,
And thence caſt off, where his ſweet hurt he found,
Hath neither leave to live, nor doom to die;
Nor held in evil, nor ſuffer'd to be found.

But with his wings of fancies up he goes,
To high conceits, whoſe fruits are oft but ſmall;
Till wounded, blind, and wearied ſpirit, loſe
Both force to fly, and knowledge where to fall,
O happy Dove, if ſhe no bondage ty'd!
More happy I, might I in bondage bide!

E. D.*

I.

PRometheus, when firſt from heav'n high
He brought down fire, till then on earth not ſeen;
Fond of delight, a ſatyr ſtanding by,
Gave it a kiſs, as it like ſweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the ſmart, with ſhouts and ſhrieking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in river, field, and bower;
But for the time his grief went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I, with that unwonted ſight,
In human ſhape, an angel from above,
Feeding mine eyes, the impreſſion there did light;
That ſince I run and reſt as pleaſeth love,
The difference is, the ſatyr's lips, my heart,
He for a while, I evermore have ſmart.

* This Piece, Mr. *Wood* informs us, was wrote by Sir *Edward Dyer*, Chancellor of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter. See *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. 1. *p.* 14.

II.

A Satyr once did run away for dread,
With ſound of horn, which he himſelf did blow:
Fearing and fear'd, thus from himſelf he fled;
Deeming ſtrange evil in that he did not know.

Such cauſeleſs fears, when coward minds do take,
It makes them fly that which they fain would have:
As this poor beaſt, who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how, himſelf to ſave.

Ev'n thus might I, for doubts which I conceive
Of mine own words, my own good hap betray;
And thus might I for fear of may-be, leave
The ſweet purſuit of my deſired prey.
Better like I thy Satyr, deareſt dyer,
Who burnt his lips to kiſs fair ſhining fire.

MY miſtreſs lowers, and ſaith, I do not love:
I do proteſt, and ſeek with ſervice due,
In humble mind, a conſtant faith to prove;
But for all this, I cannot her remove
From deep vain thought, that I may not be true.

If others might ſerve, ev'n by the *Stygian* lake,
Which poets ſay, the gods themſelves do fear;
I never did my vowed word forſake:
For why ſhould I, whom free choice ſlave doth make,
Elſe-what in face than in my fancy bear?

My muſe, therefore, (for only thou canſt tell)
Tell me the cauſe of this my cauſeleſs woe?
Tell, how ill thought diſgrac'd my doing well?
Tell, how my joys and hopes thus foully fell
To ſo low ebb that wonted were to flow?

O this it is, the knotted ſtraw is found;
In tender hearts, ſmall things ingender hate:
A horſe's worth laid waſte the *Trojan* ground:
A three-foot ſtool in *Greece* made trumpets ſound:
An Aſs's ſhade e'er now hath bred debate.

If *Greeks* themſelves were mov'd with ſo ſmall cauſe,
To twiſt theſe broils, which hardly would untwine:
Should ladies fair be ty'd to ſuch hard laws,
As in their moods to take a ling'ring pauſe?
I would it not, their metal is too fine.

My hand doth not bear witneſs with my heart,
She ſaith, becauſe I make no woeful lays,
To paint my living death, and endleſs ſmart:
And ſo for one that felt god *Cupid*'s dart,
She thinks I lead and live too merry days.

Are *yours* then the only lovers true,
Whoſe hearts are ſet on meaſuring a verſe?
Who think themſelves well bleſt, if they renew
Some good old dump that *Chaucer*'s miſtreſs knew;
And uſe but you for matters to rehearſe.

Then, good *Apollo*, do away thy bow:
Take harp and ſing in this our verſing time:
And in my brain ſome ſacred humour flow:
That all the earth my woes, ſighs, tears may knew;
And ſee you not that I fall now to rhime.

As

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilſt that me thought I juſtly made my boaſt,
That only I the only Miſtreſs had?
But now, if e'er my face with joy be clad,
Think *Hannibal* did laugh when *Carthage* loſt.

Sweet Lady, as for thoſe whoſe ſullen chear,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightneſs found:
Who, black-like, in cloudy hue appear:
Who ſilence force to make their words more dear:
Whoſe eyes ſeem chaſte, becauſe they look on ground:

Believe them not, for Phyſick true doth find,
Choler aduſt is joy'd in woman-kind.

IN wonted walks, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range;
Part of my pain, me-ſeems, ingraved lies.

The rocks, which were of conſtant mind the mark,
In climbing ſteep, now hard refuſal ſhow:
The ſhading woods ſeem now my ſun to dark,
And ſtately hills diſdain to look ſo low.

The reſtful caves now reſtleſs viſions give;
In dales I ſee each way a hard aſcent:
Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live;
Alas! ſweet brooks do in my tears augment:

Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks,
anſwer me;
Infected minds infect each thing they ſee.

IF I could think how theſe my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking ſtill, my thoughts might have good end:
If rebel ſenſe would reaſon's law receive;
Or reaſon foil'd, would not in vain contend:
Then might I think what thoughts were beſt to think:
Then might I wiſely ſwim, or gladly ſink.

If either you would change your cruel heart,
Or cruel (ſtill) time did your beauties ſtain:
If from my ſoul this love would once depart,
Or for my love ſome love I might obtain;
Then might I hope a change, or eaſe of mind,
By your good help, or in my ſelf to find.

But ſince my thoughts in thinking ſtill are ſpent,
With reaſon's ſtrife, by ſenſes overthrown;
You fairer ſtill, and ſtill more cruel bent,
I loving ſtill a love that loveth none:
I yield and ſtrive, I kiſs and curſe the pain,
Thought, reaſon, ſenſe, time, You, and I, maintain.

A FARE-

A FAREWEL.

OFT have I mus'd, but now at length I find,
Why thoſe that Die, men ſay, They do Depart:
Depart! a word ſo gentle to my mind,
Weakly did ſeem to paint death's ugly dart.

But now the ſtars, with their ſtrange courſe, do bind
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart,
I hear a cry of ſpirits faint and blind,
That parting thus, my chiefeſt Part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Lives to impart my weary clay ſome breath;
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth ſhew departure is a death:

Yea, worſe than death, death's part both woe and joy,
From joy I part, ſtill living in annoy.

FINDING thoſe beams, which I muſt ever love,
To mar my mind, and with my hurt to pleaſe,
I deem'd it beſt, ſome abſence for to prove,
If farther place might further me to eaſe.

My eyes thence drawn, where lived all their light,
Blinded forthwith in dark deſpair did lie,
Like to the mole, with want of guiding ſight,
Deep plung'd in earth, deprived of the ſky.

In abſence blind, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes, by preſence, I return;
Even as the fly, which to the flame doth go,
Pleas'd with the light, that his ſmall coarſe doth burn.

Fair choice I have, either to live or dye
A blinded mole, or elſe a burned fly.

The SEVEN WONDERS *of England.*

I.

NEAR *Wilton* ſweet, huge heaps of ſtones are found,*
But ſo confus'd, that neither any eye
Can count them juſt, nor reaſon reaſon try,
What force brought them to ſo unlikely ground.

To ſtranger weights my mind's waſte ſoil is bound,
Of paſſion hills, reaching to reaſon's ſky,
From fancy's earth, paſſing all numbers bound,
Paſſing all gueſs, whence into me ſhould fly,
So maz'd a maſs; or, if in me it grows,
A ſimple ſoul ſhould breed ſo mixed woes.

---

* *Stone-Henge* on *Salisbury-Plain.*

II. The

II.

The *Bruertons* have a lake, which, when the ſun
Approaching warms (not elſe) dead logs up ſends
From hideous depth; which tribute, when it ends,
Sore ſign it is, the lord's laſt thread is ſpun.

My lake is ſenſe, whoſe ſtill ſtreams never run
But when my ſun her ſhining twins there bends;
Then from his depth with force in her begun,
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends;
But when that fails my dead hopes up to take,
Their maſter is fair warn'd his Will to make.

III.

We have a fiſh, by ſtrangers much admir'd,
Which caught, to cruel ſearch yields his chief part:
(With gall cut out) clos'd up again by art,
Yet lives until his life be new requir'd.

A ſtranger fiſh, myſelf, not yet expir'd,
Tho' wrap'd with beauty's hook, I did impart
My-ſelf unto th' anatomy deſir'd,
Inſtead of gall, leaving to her my heart:
Yet live with thoughts clos'd up, 'till that ſhe will,
By conqueſt's right, inſtead of ſearching, kill.

IV.

Peak hath a cave, whoſe narrow entries find
Large rooms within, where drops diſtil amain:
'Till knit with cold, tho' there unknown remain,
Deck that poor place with alabaſter lin'd.

Mine

Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomy cave, my mind;
Whoſe cloudy thoughts let fall an inward rain
Of ſorrows drops, 'till colder reaſon bind
Their running fall into a conſtant vein
Of truth, far more than alabaſter pure,
Which, tho' deſpis'd, yet ſtill doth truth endure.

V.

A field there is, where, if a ſtake be preſt
Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,
Is chang'd to ſtone in hardneſs, cold and weight,
The wood above doth ſoon conſuming reſt.

The earth her ears; the ſtake is my requeſt;
Of which, how much may pierce to that ſweet ſeat,
To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honour's neſt,
Keeping that form, tho' vain of wonted heat;
But all the reſt, which fear durſt not apply,
Failing themſelves, with wither'd conſcience die.

VI.

Of ſhips, by ſhipwreck caſt on *Albion* coaſt,
Which rotting on the rocks, their death do die:
From wooden bones, and blood of pitch, doth fly
A bird, which gets more life, than ſhip had loſt.

My ſhip, deſire, with wind of luſt long toſt,
Brake on fair cliffs of conſtant chaſtity:
Where plagu'd for raſh attempt, gives up his ghoſt,
So deep in ſeas of virtue, beauties lie;
But of this death flies up the pureſt love,
Which ſeeming leſs, yet nobler life doth move.

VII. Theſe

VII.

Theſe Wonders *England* breeds; the laſt remains
A lady, in deſpite of nature, chaſte,
On whom all love, in whom no love is plac'd,
Where fairneſs yields to wiſdom's ſhorteſt reins.

An humble pride, a ſcorn that favour ſtains;
A woman's mould, but like an an angel grac'd;
An angel's mind, but in a woman cas'd;
A heav'n on earth, or earth that heav'n contains:
Now thus this wonder to myſelf I frame;
She is the cauſe that all the reſt I am.

To the Tune of Wilhelmus van Naſſau, *&c.*

WHO hath his fancy pleaſed,
With fruits of happy ſight?
Let here his eyes be raiſed
On nature's ſweeteſt light:
A light which doth diſſever,
And yet unite the eyes;
A light which dying never,
Is, 'cauſe the looker dies.

She never dies, but laſteth
In life of lover's heart;
He ever dies that waſteth
In love his chiefeſt part.

Thus

Thus is her life ſtill guarded,
In never dying faith;
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since ſhe lives in his death.

Look then and die, the pleaſure.
Doth anſwer well the pain;
Small loſs of mortal treaſure,
Who may immortal gain.
Immortal be her graces,
Immortal is her mind;
They, fit for heav'nly places,
This heav'n in it doth bind.

But eyes theſe beauties ſee not,
Nor ſenſe that grace deſcries;
Yet eyes deprived be not
From ſight of her fair eyes:
Which, as of inward glory
They are the outward ſeal;
So may they live ſtill ſorry,
Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleaſed,
With fruits of happy ſight,
Let here his eyes be raiſed
On nature's ſweeteſt light.

The Smokes of MELANCHOLY.

I.

WHO hath e'er felt the change of love,
And known thoſe pangs that loſers prove,
May paint my face without ſeeing me,
And write the ſtate how my fancies be,
The loathſome buds grown on ſorrow's tree.

But who by hearſay ſpeaks, and hath not fully felt
What kind of fires they be, in which thoſe ſpirits melt,
Shall gueſs, and fail, what doth diſpleaſe,
Feeling my pulſe, miſs my diſeaſe.

II.

O no! O no! tryal only ſhows
The bitter juice of forſaken woes;
Where former bliſs, preſent evils do ſtain;
Nay, former bliſs adds to preſent pain,
While remembrance doth both ſtates contain.

Come, learners, then to me, the model of miſhap,
Ingulphed in deſpair, ſlid down from fortune's lap;
And, as you like my double lot,
Tread in my ſteps, or follow not.

III. For

III.

For me, alas! I am full reſolv'd
Thoſe bands, alas! ſhall not be diſſolv'd;
Nor break my word, though reward come late;
Nor fail my faith in my failing fate;
Nor change in change, tho' change change my ſtate:

But always own myſelf, with eagle-ey'd truth, to fly
Up to the ſun, altho' the ſun my wings do fry;
For if thoſe flames burn my deſire,
Yet ſhall I die in *Phœnix'* fire.

WHEN, to my deadly pleaſure,
When to my lively torment,
Lady, mine eyes remained
Joined, alas! to your beams.

With violence of heav'nly
Beauty, ty'd to virtue;
Reaſon abaſh'd retir'd;
Gladly my ſenſes yielded.

Gladly my ſenſes yielding,
Thus to betray my heart's fort,
Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamy ſuns went,
Whereby the death of all deaths,
Find to what harm they haſtned.

Like

Like to the ſilly *Sylvan*,
Burn'd by the light he beſt liked,
When with a fire he firſt met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady you have reſerved;
Lady the life of all love.

For though my ſenſe be from me,
And I be dead, who want ſenſe,
Yet do we both live in you.

Turned anew, by your means,
Unto the flower that turns,
As you, alas! my ſun bends.

Thus do I fall to riſe thus;
Thus do I die to live thus;
Changed to change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you;
Thus be my ſenſes on you;
Thus what I think is of you;
Thus what I ſeek is in you;
All what I am, it is you.

To the Tune of a Neapolitan *Song, which beginneth,* No, no, no, no.

NO, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho' with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my render'd sp'rite;
For so fair a flame embraces
All the places,
Where that heat, of all heats springeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart some pleasure,
Since his treasure
Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho' *&c.*
Since our lives be not immortal,
But to mortal
Fetters ty'd, do wait the hour
Of death's power,
They have no cause to be sorry,
Who, with glory,
End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No,

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho' &c.
No man doubts, whom beauty killeth,
Fair death feeleth,
And in whom fair death proceedeth,
Glory breedeth:
So that I, in her beams dying,
Glory trying,
Tho' in pain, cannot complain. No, no, no, no.

To the Tune of a Neapolitan *Villanel.*

ALL my ſenſe thy ſweetneſs gained;
Thy fair hair my heart inchained;
My poor reaſon thy words moved,
So that thee, like heav'n, I loved.

Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan:
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei;
While to my mind the outſide ſtood,
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſs ſowre is deemed;
Thy hair not worth a hair eſteemed;
Reaſon hath thy words removed,
Finding that but words they proved.

Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan,
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei:
For no fair ſign can credit win,
If that the ſubſtance fail within.

No more in thy ſweetneſs glory,
For thy knitting hair be ſorry;
Uſe thy Words but to bewail thee,
That no more thy beams avail thee;
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas! ſhe weepeth!
Fool! in me what folly creepeth?
Was I to blaſpheme enraged,
Where my ſoul I have engaged?
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And, wretched I, muſt yield to this;
The fault I blame, her chaſtneſs is.

Sweetneſs! ſweetly pardon folly;
Tie me, hair, your captive wholly:
Words! O words of heav'nly knowledge!
Know, my words their faults acknowledge;
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And all my life I will confeſs,
The leſs I love, I live the leſs.

Tranſlated

Tranſlated out of La DIANA de MONTE-MAYOR, *in* Spaniſh: *Where* Sireno, *a Shepherd, pulling out a little of his Miſtreſs* Diana's *Hair, wrapped about with Green Silk, who now had utterly forſaken him; To the Hair he thus bewailed himſelf.*

WHAT changes here, O Hair!
I ſee, ſince I ſaw you?
How ill fits you this green to wear,
For hope, the colour due?
Indeed, I well did hope,
Tho' hope were mix'd with fear,
No other ſhepherd ſhould have ſcope
Once to approach this Hair.

Ah, Hair! how many days
My *Diana* made me ſhow,
With thouſand pretty childiſh plays,
If I were you or no:
Alas! how oft with tears,
O tears of guileful breaſt!
She ſeemed full of jealous fears,
Whereat I do but jeſt?

Tell me, O Hair of gold,
If I then faulty be,
That truſt thoſe killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me?
Have you not ſeen her mood,
What ſtreams of tears ſhe ſpent,
'Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſtood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath ſuch beauty ſeen
In one that changeth ſo?
Or where one's love ſo conſtant been,
Who ever ſaw ſuch woe?
Ah, Hair! are you not griev'd
To come from whence you be,
Seeing, how once you ſaw I liv'd,
To ſee me as you ſee?

On ſandy bank of late,
I ſaw this woman ſit;
Where, *Sooner die than change my ſtate*,
She with her finger writ:
Thus my belief was ſtaid,
Behold Love's mighty hand
On things were by a woman ſaid,
And written in the ſand.

The ſame Sireno *in* MONTE-MAYOR, *holding his Miſtreſs's Glaſs before her, looking upon her while ſhe viewed herſelf, thus ſang:*

OF this high grace, with bliſs conjoyn'd,
No further debt on me is laid,
Since that in ſelf-ſame metal coin'd,
Sweet Lady, you remain well paid;
For if my place give me great pleaſure,
Having before my nature's treaſure,
In face and eyes unmatched being,
You have the ſame in my hands, ſeeing
What in your face mine eyes do meaſure.

Nor think the match unev'nly made,
That of thoſe beams in you do tarry,
The glaſs to you but gives a ſhade,
To me mine eyes the true ſhape carry;
For ſuch a thought, moſt highly prized,
Which ever hath Love's yoke deſpiſed,
Better than one captiv'd perceiveth,
Though he the lively form receiveth,
The other ſees it but diſguiſed.

RING out your bells, let mourning ſhews be ſpread,
For Love is dead:
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep diſdain:
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith fair ſcorn doth gain.
From ſo ungrateful fancy;
From ſuch a female frenzy;
From them that uſe men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not here it ſaid,
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding ſheet, is ſhame;
His will, falſe-ſeeming holy,
His ſole exec'tor, blame.
From ſo ungrateful, &c.

Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead:
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My miſtreſs' marble-heart;
Which epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From ſo ungrateful, &c.

Alas!

Alas! I lye: Rage hath this error bred;
  Love is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her unmatched mind:
  Where ſhe his counſel keepeth
'Till due deſerts ſhe find.
  Therefore from ſo vile fancy,
  To call ſuch wit a frenzy:
  Who Love can temper thus,
  Good Lord, deliver us.

THOU blind man's mark; thou fool's ſelf-choſen ſnare,
  Fond fancy's ſcum, and dregs of ſcatter'd thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of cauſeleſs care;
  Thou web of will, whoſe end is never wrought:

  Deſire! Deſire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthleſs ware;
  Too long, too long, aſleep thou haſt me brought,
Who ſhouldſt my mind to higher things prepare;

  But yet in vain thou haſt my ruin ſought;
In vain thou mad'ſt me to vain things aſpire;
In vain thou kindleſt all thy ſmoaky fire:
  For virtue hath this better leſſon taught,
Within myſelf to ſeek my only hire,
Deſiring nought but how to kill Deſire.

LEAVE me, O Love! which reacheſt but to duſt;
And thou, my mind, aſpire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh ruſt;
What ever fades, but fading pleaſure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that ſweet yoke, where laſting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both ſhine, and give us ſight to ſee.

O take faſt hold! let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe, which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.

Then farewell, World, thy uttermoſt I ſee,
Eternal Love, maintain thy Love in Me!

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

LADY of MAY.

A

MASQUE.

INTERLOCUTORES.

The SUITER, *Mother of the* MAY-LADY.

The MAY-LADY.

THERION, a Foreſter } Suiters of the *May-Lady.*

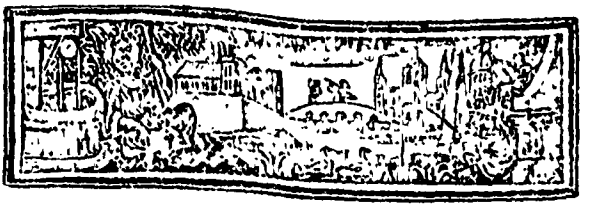
ESPILUS, a Shepherd }

ROMBUS, a School-maſter.

LALUS, an Old Shepherd.

DORCAS, a Shepherd.

RIXUS, a Foreſter.



The LADY *of* MAY.

A

MASQUE.

Her Moſt Excellent Majeſty walking in Wanſtead *Garden, as ſhe paſſed down into the Grove, there came ſuddenly among the Train one apparelled like an honeſt Man's Wife of the Country; where, crying out for Juſtice, and deſiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to ſpeak a good Word for her, ſhe was brought to the Preſence of Her Majeſty, to whom, upon her Knees, ſhe offered a Supplication, and uſed this Speech.*

The SUITER.

MOST fair Lady! for as for other your titles of ſtate, ſtatelier perſons ſhall give you, and thus much mine own eyes are witneſſes of; Take here the complaint of me, poor wretch! as deeply plunged in miſery, as I wiſh to you the higheſt point of happineſs.

Only one daughter I have, in whom I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, ſo well had ſhe, with her good parts, recompenced my pain of bearing her, and care

care of bringing her up: but now, alas! that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reap my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhe troubled with that notable matter, which we in the country call Matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but fear the loſs of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſty. Other women may think they may be unhappily cumbred with one maſter-husband; my poor daughter is oppreſſed with two, both loving her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriving to deſerve her. But now, laſtly (as this jealouſy, forſooth, is a vile matter) each have brought their partakers with them, and are, at this preſent, without your preſence redreſs it, in ſome bloody controverſy; Now, ſweet lady, help; your own way guides you to the place where they encumber her. I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the country, the ſight of you is infectious.

And with that ſhe went away a good pace, leaving the ſupplication with her Majeſty, which very formally containeth this.

SUPPLICATION.

Moſt Gracious Sovereign!

TO one, whoſe ſtate is raiſed over all,
Whoſe face doth oft the braveſt ſort inchant;
Whoſe mind is ſuch as wiſeſt minds appall;
Who in one's ſelf theſe divers gifts can plant:
How dare I, wretch! ſeek there my woes to reſt,
Where ears be burnt, eyes dazled, hearts oppreſt?

Your ſtate is great, your greatneſs is your ſhield;
Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight;
Your mind is wiſe, but ſtill it makes you mild:
Such planted gifts inrich ev'n beggars ſight:
So dare I, wretch! my baſhful fear ſubdue,
And feed mine ears, mine eyes, my heart in you.

Herewith,

Herewith, the woman-ſuiter being gone, there was heard in the wood, a confuſed noiſe, and forthwith there came out ſix ſhepherds, with as many ſolters, halling and pulling to whither ſide they ſhould draw the *Lady of May*, who ſeemed to incline neither to the one, nor the other ſide. Among them was maſter *Rombus* a School-maſter of a village thereby, who, being fully perſuaded of his own learned wiſdom, came thither, with his authority to part their fray; where, for anſwer, he received many unlearned blows. But the Queen coming to the place where ſhe was ſeen of them, tho' they knew not her eſtate, yet ſomething there was which made them ſtartle aſide, and gaze upon her: till old father *Lalus* ſtepped forth (one of the ſubſtantialleſt ſhepherds) and making a leg or two, ſaid theſe few words.

Lalus *the old Shepherd.*

May it pleaſe your dignity to give a little ſuperfluous intelligence to that, which, with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth ſhall deliver unto you. So it is, right worſhipful audience, that a certain ſhe-creature, which we ſhepherds call a Woman, of a minſical countenance; but (by my white lamb) not three quarters ſo beauteous as your ſelf, hath diſannulled the brain-pan of two of our ſeatiouſt young men. And will you wot how? By my mother *Kit*'s ſoul, with a certain frenzical malady they call Love: when I was a young man they called it flat Folly. But here is a ſubſtantial School-maſter can better diſnounce the whole foundation of the matter, altho', in ſooth, for all his loquence, our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkſhip. Come on, come on, maſter ſchool-maſter, be not ſo baſhleſs; we ſay, That the faireſt are ever the gentleſt: tell the whole caſe, for you can much better vent the points off than I.

Then came forward Maſter Rombus, *and, with many ſpecial Graces, made this Learned Oration.*

Now the thunder-thumping *Jove* transfund his dotes into your excellent formoſity, which have, with your reſplendent beams, thus ſegregated the enmity of theſe rural animals: I am *potentiſſima domina*, a School-maſter; that is to ſay, a Pedagogue, one not a little verſed in the diſciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein (to my laud, I ſay it) I uſe ſuch geometrical proportion, as neither wanted manſuetude nor correction: for ſo it is deſcribed

Parcare ſubjectos, & debellire ſuperbos.

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of theſe Plebeians; for coming, *ſolum modo*, to have parted their ſanguinolent fray, they yielded me no more reverence, than if I had been ſome *pecorius aſinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi*; *verbus ſapiento ſatum eſt*. But what ſaid that *Trojan Æneas*, when he ſojourn'd in the ſurging ſulks of the ſandiferous ſeas?

Hæc olim memonaſſe juvebit.

Well, well, *ad propoſitos revertelo*; The purity of the verity is, That certain *pulcra puella proſecto*, elected and conſtituted by the integrated determination of all this topographical region, as the ſovereign Lady of this dame *May*'s month, hath been, *quodammodo*, hunted, as you would ſay; purſued by two, a brace, a couple, a caſt of young men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had, *inquam*, delivered his dire-dolorous dart.

But

But here the May-*Lady interrupted his Speech, ſaying to him;*

Away, away, you tedious fool! your eyes are not worthy to look to yonder princely fight; much leſs your fooliſh tongue to trouble her wiſe ears.

At which Maſter Rombus, *in a great chafe, cried out,*

O Tempori, O Moribus! in profeſſion a child; in dignity a woman; in years a lady; in *cæteris* a maid; ſhould thus turpify the reputation of my doctrine, with the ſuperſcription of a fool!—*O Tempori, O Moribus!*

But here again the May-*Lady ſaying to him,*

Leave off, good *Latin* fool, and let me ſatisfy the long deſire I have had to feed mine eyes with the only ſight this age hath granted to the world.

The poor School-Maſter went his way back, and the Lady kneeling down, ſaid in this Manner:

Do not think (ſweet and gallant lady) that I do abaſe my ſelf thus much unto you becauſe of your gay apparel; for what is ſo brave as the natural beauty of the flowers? nor becauſe a certain gentleman here by ſeeks to do you all the honour he can in his houſe; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and theſe be our own groves; nor yet becauſe of your great eſtate, ſince no eſtate can be compar'd to be the lady of the whole month of *May*, as I am. So that ſince both this place, and this time are my ſervants, you may be ſure I would look for reverence at your hands, if I did not ſee ſomething in your face which makes

makes me yield to you: The truth is, You excel me in that wherein I deſire moſt to excel, and that makes me give this homage unto you, as to the beautifulleſt lady theſe woods have ever received. But now, as old father *Lalus* directed me, I will tell you my fortune, that you may be judge of my miſhaps, and others worthineſs. Indeed ſo it is, that I am a fair wench, or elſe I am deceived, and therefore by the conſent of all our neighbours, have been choſen for the abſolute lady of this merry month. With me have been (alas! I am aſham'd to tell it) two young men, the one a foreſter named *Therion*, the other *Eſpilus* a ſhepherd, very long even in love, forſooth. I like them both, and love neither: *Eſpilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the livelier. *Therion* doth me many pleaſures, as ſtealing me veniſon out of theſe foreſts, and many other ſuch like pretty and prettier ſervices; but withal, he grows to ſuch rages, that ſometimes he ſtrikes me, ſometimes he rails at me. This ſhepherd *Eſpilus*, of a mild diſpoſition; as his fortune hath not been to me great ſervice, ſo hath he never done me any wrong; but feeding his ſheep, ſitting under ſome ſweet buſh, ſometimes, they ſay, he records my name in doleful verſes. Now the queſtion I am to ask you, fair Lady, is, Whether the many deſerts and many faults of *Therion*; or the very ſmall deſerts, and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred? But before you give your judgment (moſt excellent lady) you ſhall hear what each of them can ſay for themſelves in their rural ſongs.

Thereupon Therion *challenged* Eſpilus *to ſing with him, ſpeaking theſe ſix Verſes.*

THERION.

COME, Eſpilus, *come, now declare thy skill;*
Shew how thou canſt deſerve ſo brave deſire:
Warm well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will;
For water cold did never promiſe fire:
Great, ſure, is ſhe, on whom our hopes do live,
Greater is She who muſt the judgment give.

But

But *Eſpilus*, as if he had been inſpired with the Muſes, began forthwith to ſing, whereto his fellow-ſhepherds ſet in with their Recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and ſo of *Therion*'s ſide did the Foreſters, with the Cornets they wore about their necks, like hunting-horns in baudrikes.

ESPILUS.

Tune up, my voice, a higher note I yield
To high conceits; the ſong muſt needs be high,
More high than ſtars; more firm than flinty field,
Are all my thoughts, in which I live or die:
Sweet ſoul, to whom I vowèd am a ſlave,
Let not wild woods ſo great a treaſure have.

THERION.

The higheſt note comes oft from baſeſt mind,
As ſhallow brooks do yield the greateſt ſound;
Seek other thoughts thy life or death to find,
Thy ſtars be fall'n, plow'd is thy flinty ground:
Sweet ſoul, let not a wretch that ſerveth ſheep,
Among his flock ſo ſweet a treaſure keep.

ESPILUS.

Two thouſand ſheep I have, as white as milk,
Tho' not ſo white as is thy lovely face;
The paſture rich, the wooll as ſoft as ſilk:
All this I give, let me poſſeſs thy grace:
But ſtill take heed, leſt thou thy ſelf ſubmit,
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

THERION.

Two thouſand deer in wildeſt woods I have;
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
He is not poor, who can his freedom ſave:
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:
But take this beaſt, if beaſts you fear to miſs,
For of his beaſts, the greateſt beaſt he is.

ESPILUS kneeling to the Queen.

Judge you, to whom all beauty's force is lent:

THERION.

Judge you of love, to whom all love is bent.

But as they waited for the judgment her Majeſty ſhould give of their deſerts, the Shepherds and Foreſters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellows had ſung better, and ſo whether the eſtate of Shepherds or Foreſters were the more worſhipful. The ſpeakers were *Dorcas* an old Shepherd, and *Rixus* a young Foſter, between whom the School-maſter *Rombus* came in as a moderator.

DORCAS *the Shepherd.*

Now all the bleſſing of my old grandame (ſilly *Eſpilus*) light upon thy ſhoulders for this honey-comb ſinging of thine; now, of my honeſty, all the bells in the town could not have ſung better: if the proud heart of the harlotry lie not down to thee now, the ſheeps rot catch her, to teach her that a fair woman hath not her fairneſs to let it grow ruſtiſh.

RIXUS

RIXUS *the Foſter.*

O *Midas!* why art not thou alive now to lend thine ears to this drivel? By the precious bone of a huntſman, he knows not the bleaying of a calf from the ſong of a nightingale; but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is fair, *Therion*, thou ſhalt have the prize; and thou, old *Dorcas*, with young maſter *Eſpilus*, ſhall remain tame fools, as you be.

Dorcas. And, with cap and knee be it ſpoken, it is your pleaſure, neighbour *Rixus*, to be a wild fool?

Rixus. Rather then a ſheepiſh dolt.

Dorcas. It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you have made your choice; for my ſhare, I will beſtow your leavings upon one of your fellows.

Rixus. And art not thou aſhamed (old fool!) to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepherd to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntſmen, in the preſence of ſuch an one as, even with her eye only can give thee cruel puniſhment?

Dorcas. Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her, nor her eyes; they feign in our town they are dangerous both; neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a thieviſh prowler, and the other is as quiet as lambs that now came from ſucking.

Rombus *the Schoolmaſter.*

Heu! Ebem! Hei! Inſipidum! Incitium vulgorum & populorum. Why, you brute *Nebulons*, have you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edify an argument? Attend and throw your ears to me, for I am gravidated with child, till I have

endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebrocities. Firſt, you muſt diviſionate your point, *quaſi* you ſhould cut a cheeſe into two particles; for thus muſt I uniform my ſpeech to your obtuſe conceptions: for *prius dividendum oratio antequam definiendum*; *exemplum gratia*, Either *Therion* muſt conquer this dame *Midas'* nymph, or *Eſpilus* muſt overthrow her, and that *ſecundum* their dignity, which muſt alſo be ſub-diviſionated into three equal *ſpecies*, either according to the penetrancy of their ſinging, or the meliority of their functions; or, laſtly, the ſuperancy of their merits. *De* ſinging *ſatis. Nunc*, are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their eſtate firſt; And then, Whether hath more infernally, I mean, deeply, deſerved.

Dorcas. O poor *Dorcas!* poor *Dorcas!* that I was not ſet in my young days to ſchool, that I might have purchaſed the underſtanding of maſter *Rombus*'s myſterious ſpeeches. But yet thus much I concern of them, that I muſt even give up what my conſcience doth find in the behalf of ſhepherds. O ſweet honey-milken lambs! And is there any ſo flinty a heart, that can find about him to ſpeak againſt them, that have the charge of ſuch good ſouls as you be, among whom there is no envy, and all obedience, where it is lawful for a man to be good if he liſt, and hath no outward cauſe to withdraw him from it? where the eye may be buſied in conſidering the works of nature, and the heart quietly rejoyced in the honeſt uſing them? If temptation, as clerks ſay, be the moſt excellent, which is ſo fit a life for templars as this is, neither ſubject to violent oppreſſion, nor ſervile flattery? How many courtiers, think you, have I heard under our field, in buſhes, making their woful complaints; ſome, Of the greatneſs of their miſtreſs's eſtate, which dazled their eyes, and yet burned their hearts; ſome, Of the extremity of her beauty mixed with extreme cruelty; ſome, Of her too much wit, which made all their loving labours folly? O how often have I heard one name ſound in many mouths, making our vales witneſſes of their doleful agonies! So that with long loſt labour, finding their thoughts bare no other wooll but deſpair, of young courtiers, they grew

old

old ſhepherds. Well, ſweet lambs, I will end with you as I began; He that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſouls, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox; let the taſte of him be worſe than muſty cheeſe; the ſound of him be more dreadful than the howling of a wolf; his ſight more odible than a toad in one's porrage.

Rixus. Your life, indeed, hath ſome goodneſs.

Rombus *the School-maſter.*

O tace, tace! or all the fat will be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſical marrow-bone of the matter. He doth uſe a certain rhetorical invaſion into the point, as if, indeed, he had conference with his lambs; but the truth is, He doth equitate you in the mean time, Maſter *Rixus*; for thus he ſaith, That the ſheep are good, *ergo*, the ſhepherd is good, an *Enthymeme a loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumb are *contingentes:* Again he ſaith, Who liveth well, is likewiſe good; but ſhepherds live well, *ergo* they are good; Syllogiſm in *Darius* king of *Perſia a conjugatis*; as you would ſay, A man coupled to his wife, two bodies, but one ſoul; but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, and you ſhall extinguiſh him. Tell him his *major* is a knave, his *minor* is a fool, and his *concluſion* both, *Et ecce homo dilaceratus quaſi lilium.*

Rixus. I was ſaying, The ſhepherd's life had ſome goodneſs in it, becauſe it borrowed of the country-quietneſs ſomething like ours, but that is not all; for ours, beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the bodies, and raiſe up the mind with this gallant ſort of activity. O ſweet contentation! to ſee the long life of the hurtleſs trees! to ſee how in ſtraight growing up, though never ſo high, they hinder not their fellows! they only enviouſly trouble which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours, where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſs? we have no hopes, but we may quickly go about them, and going about them, we ſoon obtain them; not like thoſe that have long followed

one (in troth) moſt excellent chaſe, do now, at length, perceive ſhe could never be taken, but that, if ſhe ſtaid at any time near the purſuers, it was never meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to fly farther from them. He therefore that doubts, that our life doth not ſo far excel all others, let him alſo doubt, that the well-deſerving and painful *Therion*, is not to be preferred before the idle *Eſpilus*; which is even as much as to ſay, As that the roes are not ſwifter than ſheep, nor the ſtags more goodly than goats.

Rombus. Bene, bene, nunc de quæſtione prepoſitus; that is as much as to ſay, Well, well, now of the propoſed queſtion; that was, Whether the many great ſervices, and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few ſmall ſervices, and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred, intepted or accepted by the former?

The May-Lady.

No, no, your ordinary brains ſhall not deal in that matter, I have already ſubmitted it to one, whoſe ſweet ſpirit hath paſſed through greater difficulties; neither will I that your blockheads lie in her way.

Therefore, O Lady! worthy to ſee the accompliſhment of your deſires, ſince all your deſires be moſt worthy of you, vouchſafe our ears ſuch happineſs, and me that particular favour, as that you will judge, Whether of theſe two be more worthy of me? or, Whether I be worthy of them? and this I will ſay, That in judging me, you judge more than me in it.

This being ſaid, it pleaſed her Majeſty to judge, That *Eſpilus* did the better deſerve her; but what words, what reaſons ſhe uſed for it, this paper, which carrieth ſo baſe names, is not worthy to contain. Sufficeth it, That upon the judgment given, the ſhepherds and foreſters made a full conſort of their Cornets and Recorders, and then did *Eſpilus* ſing this ſong, tending to the greatneſs of his own joy, and yet to the comfort of the other ſide, ſince they were overthrown by a moſt worthy adverſary. The ſong contained two ſhort tales; and thus it was.

SILVANUS,

SILVANUS, *long in love, and long in vain,*
At length obtain'd the point of his deſire;
Who being ask'd, Now that he did obtain
His wiſhed weal, What more he could require?
Nothing, ſaid he, for moſt I joy in this,
That Goddeſs mine my bleſſed being ſees.

When wanton Pan, *deceiv'd with lion's skin,*
Came to the bed, where wound for kiſs he got,
To woe and ſhame the wretch did enter in,
'Till this he took for comfort of his lot;
Poor Pan (*he ſaid*) *although thou beaten be,*
It is no ſhame, ſince Hercules *was he.*

Thus joyfully in choſen tunes rejoyce,
That ſuch an one is witneſs of my heart,
Whoſe cleareſt eyes I bleſs, and ſweeteſt voice;
That ſee my good, and judgeth my deſert:
Thus woful I, in woe, this ſalve do find,
My foul miſhap came yet from faireſt mind.

The Muſick fully ended, the May-Lady *took her leave in this ſort.*

Lady, YOUR-SELF, for other titles do rather diminiſh than add unto you; I and my little company muſt now leave you: I ſhould do you wrong to beſeech you to take our follies well, ſince your bounty is ſuch, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wiſh you good-night, praying to God, according to the title I poſſeſs, That, as hitherto it hath excellently done, ſo henceforward the flouriſhing of *May*, may long remain in you, and with you.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT.

IN the GUARDIAN (N° 18) is the following paſſage relating to our Author.

"Our gallant country-man, Sir *Philip* "*Sidney*, was a noble example of courage "and devotion. I am particularly pleaſed "to find, that he hath tranſlated the whole book of "*Pſalms* into *Engliſh* Verſe. A friend of mine in- "forms me, That he hath the Manuſcript by him, "which is ſaid, in the title, to have been done *By* "*the moſt noble and virtuous Gent.* Sir *Philip Sidney*, "Knight. They having never been printed, I ſhall "preſent the publick with one of them, which my "correſpondent aſſures me he hath faithfully tran- "ſcribed, and wherein I have taken the *liberty* only to "alter *one* word.*

* A *Liberty* which ought not to have been taken (and which *Liberties* are very injurious to the Memory of any Ancient Writer) notwithſtanding the Author of the *Guardian* was the Aggreſſor

PSALMS

POSTSCRIPT.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

NIGH ſeated where the river flows,
That wat'reth *Babel*'s thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of *Sion* bred ſuch woes,
That tho' our harps we did retain,
Yet uſeleſs and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged ſo,
Tho men, whoſe captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs inſulting go;
And, more to grieve us, thus did ſay;
You that of muſick make ſuch ſhow,
Come ſing us now a *Sion*'s lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand
For ſuch a ſong, in ſuch a land.

III.

Tho' far I be, ſweet *Sion* hill,
In foreign ſoil, exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his skill,
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue, faſt glewed ſtill
Unto my roof, lie mute in me,
If thy neglect within me ſpring,
Or aught I do but *Sion* ſing.

IV. But

POSTSCRIPT.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, ſhalt not forget
To quit the pains of *Edom*'s race,
Who cauſeleſly, yet hotly, ſet
Thy holy city to deface,
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd firſt the place,
Down, down with it at any hand,
Make all a waſte, let nothing ſtand.

V.

And, *Babylon*, that didſt us waſte,
Thyſelf ſhall one day waſted be:
And, happy he, who, what thou haſt
Unto us done, ſhalt do to thee;
Like bitterneſs ſhall make thee taſte;
Like woeful objects make thee ſee:
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take, and daſh againſt the ſtones.

FINIS.

THE

TABLE.

THE Defenſe *of* POESY *Page* 3

ASTROPHEL *and* STELLA 53

A Remedy *for* Love 131

SONNETS *and* TRANSLATIONS; *viz.*

Since, ſhunning Pain, I Eaſe can never find 135

When Love, puff'd up with rage of high diſdain 136

To the TUNE of,

Non credo gia che piu infelice Amante.

The Fire, to ſee my Wrongs, for Anger burneth 137

To the ſame TUNE.

The Nightingale, *as ſoon as* April *bringeth* 138

To

To the TUNE of,
Baſcia mi vita mia.

Sleep, Baby mine, Deſire, nurſe Beauty, ſingeth 139

O fair! O ſweet! when I do look on thee 140

Four SONNETS made when his LADY had a *Pain* in her *Face*, viz.

I. *The Scourge of Life, and Death's extreme Diſgrace* } 141

II. *Woe! woe to me, on me return the Smart*
III. *Thou Pain, the only Gueſt of loath'd conſtraint* } 142

IV. *And have I heard her ſay, O cruel Pain!* 143

Tranſlated out of *Horace* Book II. Ode X. beginning——*Reſtius vives, Licini, &c.* } 144

Out of *Catullus*.——*Nulli ſe dicit mulier, &c.* 145

SONNETS, *&c. viz.*

Like as the Dove, which ſeeled up, doth fly Ibid.

Prometheus, *when firſt from Heav'n high* 146

My Miſtreſs lowres, and ſaith I do not love 147

In

In wonted Walks, Time wonted Fancies change 149

If I could think how theſe my Thoughts to leave 150

A FAREWEL . . . . .
Finding thoſe Beams, which I muſt ever love 151

The Seven Wonders *of* England . . . 152

SONG. To the TUNE of,
Wilhelmus van Naſſau, &c.

Who hath his Fancy pleaſed 153

The Smokes *of* Melancholy 157

SONNET. *When to my deadly Pleaſure* . 158

To the Tune of a *Neapolitan* Song which begineth, *No, no, no, no,* 160

To the Tune of a *Neapolitan* Villanel . .
All my Senſe thy Sweetneſs gained . . . 161

Tranſlated out of La Diana de Monte-Mayor, *in* Spaniſh; *where* Sireno, *a Shepherd, pulling out a little of his Miſtreſs* Diana's Hair, *wrapped about with Green Silk, who had utterly forſaken him; bewails himſelf to the* Hair 163

Sireno, *holding his Miſtreſs's Glaſs before her, looking upon her, while ſhe viewed herſelf, ſang to her* 165

SON-

The TABLE.

SONNETS, *viz.*
Ring out your Bells, let mourning ſhews be ſpread 166

Thou blind Man's Mark; thou Fool's ſelf chooſing Snare 167

Leave me, O Love! which reacheſt but to duſt 168

The Lady *of* May. *A* Maſque. 169

POSTSCRIPT. *A Quotation from the* GUARDIAN, *with a Tranſlation of,*

PSALM CXXXVII. 186

00093709

Digitized with financial assistance from

Government of Maharashtra

on 30 January, 2020